PICTORIAL REVIEW

IN THIS ISSUE
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PRESIDENT WILSON
LLOYD GEORGE and CLEMENCEAU

JULY 1919 TWENTY CENTS

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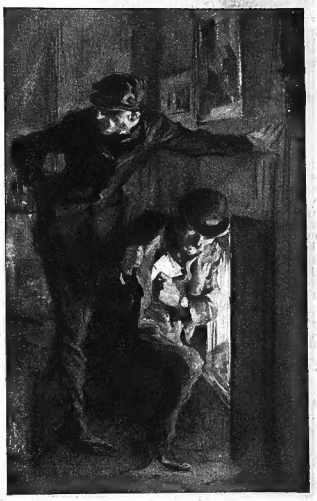

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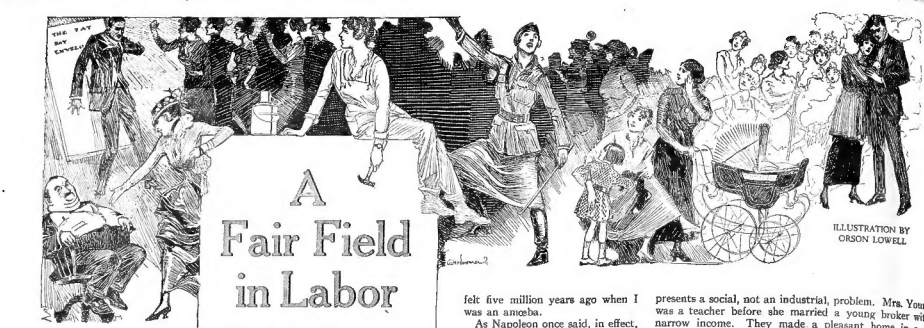

ILLUSTRATION BY ORSON LOWELL

A Fair Field in Labor

Third of the Series on "What We Women Want"

By Helen Ring Robinson

THIS story is going to be a little Adventure in Truth Telling.

One great reason for rejoicing that peace has come is that we can get down to a truth basis in discussing Women and Work. For it will generally be granted that much of our war-time discussion of the subject sounds to us now like a fog when it doesn't sound like an aurora borealis.

When we talked like an aurora borealis we assumed that the war was greatly improving the general economic position of women at all labor levels. There is no doubt that their position has improved, permanently, on some of the higher levels, that women are to-day filling more important positions—toward the top—than ever before, tho their number is relatively small.

On the other hand, the number of women who are paid less than men for equivalent work is relatively larger than when America entered the war.

And here, perhaps, is the place, in this Adventure in Truth Telling, to mention the merry fact that while the pamphlet entitled "Standards Governing Employment of Women in Industry," published by the U. S. Department of Labor, declares "Wages should be established on the basis of occupation and not on the basis of sex," no woman official in the Labor Department gets as high a salary as a man in a corresponding position.

While on the subject of the National Government I find it adventurous to put two other facts side by side. Former President Taft has spoken with just disapproval of the efforts of street-car men to sweep with squalid, grubby sex-strikes women conductors off the platforms of street-cars because "conductoring is not a woman's business."

Those were mere local efforts of men to fix women's proper places for them. But during the successive Liberty Loan campaigns there was hardly a State in the Union where patriotic women County Chairmen of the National Woman's Liberty Loan Committee were not martyred by men County Chairmen, drunk with a little brief importance, who declared that bond-selling was a mystic maze which no woman should be allowed to tread. I recall one such male in a rural county, with a wide desert-waste of face billowing away in a series of incessant chins. The woman chairman in the county went to this man, her natural born inferior, and told him that she had a committee of women ready, according to directions from Washington, and wished to co-operate with him and his committee in bond-selling. He responded that he "didn't need no help from hens." When she then tried to work independently with her Woman's Committee the male chairman made loud noises through all his chins. It was more unpleasant and the women finally gave up the struggle. Later he called up the woman chairman and told her to get her committee ready and feed his men workers at their noon luncheons. She said her committee had disbanded and, anyway, she had kitchen fever and didn't feel like suggesting it to them. So then, understand, the County Chairman complained to his superiors that the lady would not "co-operate"—which, as you will recall, Friendly Reader, was exactly what the Germans said about the Belgians.

Of course it was only the lesserlings among the male chairmen who behaved like that; but there were a good many lesserlings. The point of the matter is that the higher fiscal authorities could have freed the women from their uncomfortable morganatic position by a brief definite order—and they never gave the order. A drunk is a drunk whether induced by whisky or by temporary importance. The higher fiscal authorities knew that, but instead of sounding the police patrol they said "Hush-a-bye!"—and the martyrdom of the women went on.

I grant, there was high authority for the situation. St. Paul was always calling on women to be martyrs but never to be bishops or apostles.

Here, however, I feel a surge of sympathy with men. It is a situation for slow thinking, for looking backward as well as forward. And I can not utterly condemn even that Chairman with the incessant chins till I understand better how my own conduct may be shaped by the way I felt five million years ago when I was an amœba.

As Napoleon once said, in effect, men live by tin medals. That has been the way of the world for ages. And through all those ages women may have been doing the hardest and dirtiest work, or they may have been doing nothing but "sexing," but in neither case did they make any claim on the tin medals.

Men, very naturally, looked upon such things—upon honors and glory and titles—as purely masculine affairs. And, in any case, there were never tin medals enough to supply the regular masculine demand.

Then things began turning topsy-turvy. Women were trying to get votes in their hands and brains in their heads and tin medals on their uniforms. While the war lasted about the only masculine honor and glory they did not covet was spurs on their civilian heels.

Small wonder some men lost their bearing. Moreover, the roots of the matter lie deeper than any crop of tin medals. I recall a story told me once at a mountain camp-fire by an Old Settler. It was a vivid picture he gave of a fight he once saw between a herd of buffalo and a pack of wolves. In a circle of belligerent, bristling horns the old males of the herd met the enemy, with the young of the herd and the females protected in the center of the ring.

Some tales that are told of warfare among primitive peoples have much the same sound as the Old Settler's story: embattled males in a circle or hollow square defending their mates and their young from the intruding enemy.

Now, I will in no way consent to call women who are demanding a Fair Field in Labor "wolves" or "intruding enemies." But I can not forget that among the strongest instincts of the race—tho by no means so strong as the instinct of the mother to guard her young—is the male instinct to guard the things that are his, including his family. And, tho many of the interlocking horns that would keep women away from fat pay-envelops undoubtedly belong to bachelors, that fact has nothing to do with the surge, the reverberation of old racial instincts.

FAIRNESS to men demands that we make some allowance for these reverberations, while fairness to women demands that in the changed conditions of to-day industry shall not be governed by jungle yawpings. That women, as a sex, shall no longer be made to feel poor in order that men, as a sex, may be allowed to feel richer.

It is much worse to feel poor than to be poor!

This being an Adventure in Truth Telling, let us admit at once that much of the work of women head-lined and boiled during the war and afterwards has no permanent contact with industrial questions.

There is the case of Mrs. Schuyler who has been much haloed. She is a very rich woman, middle-aged, and with real brains. Her most serious interests used to be giving dinners, adapting her figure to the prevailing modes, and deciding on the best all-round color for her hair. She was getting desperately bored and might have been driven to take a young man "follower," after the Newport fashion, if America had not entered the war. Forthwith she developed a genius for management and systemization and was made chairman of an important division of the Red Cross service. It was big, constructive, satisfying work, and she had no wish to drop it when the armistice was signed. "We will go right on!" she said to the hundreds of women who had been working under her direction. But many of them had home duties they had been scanting at the call of the Red Cross, others were desperately tired with the strain of their own professional work and war work. They admired Mrs. Schuyler's qualities of leadership, but they didn't want to be led any more just then. Mrs. Schuyler had no mind, tho, to go back to dinner giving. She invested in a new dye-making corporation and undertook its management, putting her administrative genius into matters of formulas and processes.

The business is bound to be successful, but I see no reason for giving her feminist halos. Neither does she. If I should hand her a halo this minute she would make it into a salad. Her story, in other words, while it has social significance, has nothing to do with a Fair Field in Labor for Women. Just as chivalry is a flower freely offered to ladies with gardens, so economic freedom has always been allowed to women with millions—and brains.

The case of Mrs. Younger is different, but she, too, presents a social, not an industrial, problem. Mrs. Younger was a teacher before she married a young broker with a narrow income. They made a pleasant home in a city apartment, she doing the housework. When America entered the war the husband went to an Officers' Training-camp and the wife, to the deep content of both, was able to secure a good position in the Welfare Department of the city government. Her work had especially to do with children, and grieving as she did because she could never have children of her own, she found comfort and happiness in the opportunity for social motherliness. Then came the armistice. Lieutenant Younger was among the first to be mustered out of the service. He went back at once to his law office and the next day he said, "Now, my dear, get in your resignation this morning. And you can't be any gladder to stay home than I am that I can keep you there."

But Mrs. Younger declared she did not wish to stay home, that she found work with children more satisfying than work with potatoes. She explained how, with her salary added to his income, they could afford a good house-manager and thus have much more leisure together than in the old days of her kitchendom.

The Lieutenant would not have it so. The wife urged and explained, the husband persisted, being the sort of man who changed his silk socks so often he had no energy left for changing his mind. Finally, he said curtly, "Give up that job or give up me!" And she gave up the job, being very fond of him.

IT IS plain enough that this particular husband was not moved by tenderness for his wife—but by tenderness for himself. He was afraid that the general snobbishness of middle-class American society would think him unsuccessful in his own work if he "let" his wife work for a salary. And he was not far wrong in his assumption, either. So, very ruefully, Mrs. Younger consented to become her husband's shop-window, displaying his prosperity by her dependence and, when possible, by her clothes.

There are, perhaps, thousands of Mrs. Youngers. Some, when the choice came, gave up the job, some gave up the husband, while the majority, whose mates were not suffering from coagulated ideas, kept both job and husband. In any case, I repeat, however those women are head-lined, their problems are social rather than industrial.

Mrs. Pisko is the real industrial problem for women. She deserves, if any one does, a Fair Field in Labor; but she is merely an underdog—and something of a blackleg.

Yet Mrs. Pisko is a Miracle Woman. She works ten hours a night in a New England textile mill, choosing the night shift because that gives her a better chance to care for her six sturdy children and enjoy their companionship. (She wants to bring them up retail, Friendly Reader, and because of the shine of that home and those children I call her a Miracle Woman.) In an Adventure in Truth Telling I must add that three years ago when her husband, a mill-worker, went out on strike she became a strike-breaker. "I could not see my children go hungry," she explained, "and our money was all spent."

There are no reliable figures on the number of Mrs. Piskos and Miss Piskos to-day. Possibly there are over two million of them in shops, factories, stores. It is the first duty of our Democracy to assure a Fair Field to these underdogs, these unorganized and often untrained women who are preferred by employers to men because, while "just as good" workers, they are cheaper and more submissive. Women leaders recognize this fact but, while declaring such women are entitled to full equality with men in pay-envelops, they often try to "protect" them with standards double-dyed in sex.

I can not follow such hugger-mugger processes. Some special protection of the underdogs may be necessary temporarily, but equal opportunity means placing the emphasis on human, not on sex, protection.

WE PASS laws "protecting" Mrs. and Miss Pisko from night work, often with the gratuitous assertion that a woman's moral stamina is fatally relaxed between the hours of ten P.M. and six A.M. That may be true, tho I have known newspaper and mill women to do night work and yet keep out of reformatories for months at a time. But how about a man's moral stamina? Is it hopelessly superior to a woman's or is it of no consequence? The women workers are pallid toward morning. Yes. But so are the men night-workers. Permanent night shifts should be outlawed for all workers. There must be alternation by all human standards.

At this point somebody always says something about the special necessity of protecting "the potential mothers of the race." But, with all delicacy, I submit there are also

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

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AMERICA'S GREATEST "FOURTH"

BY DR. FRANK CRANE

Home again, July 4, 1919

THEY are using in Paris now the phrase, "*le monde qui s'Americanise*," by which it is to be inferred that the French journalists think that the world is being Americanized.

It is.

This Fourth of July in the year of Our Lord, 1919, is the proudest in American history; it is the triumph, crown, and fruit of all the Fourths of July since 1776, and of all that they mean.

The Fourth of July, 1776, saw the planting of the American idea; the Fourth of July, 1919, sees the first apples from its tree, which shall be for "the healing of the nations."

America has conquered the world.

WE CAN say this without offensive boastfulness, and the other nations acknowledge the claim and smile, because of the strange new nature of the conquest.

The world has been dominated before, but the victor has marched at the head of armies and left his trail in blood. Alexander mastered the world, and Cæsar, Charlemagne, and Napoleon, but they all planted germs of revolt which quickly rotted the fabric of their empire.

America's success has not been military, altho she has shown herself capable of backing her intent with physical force. It has been spiritual.

It has been the triumph of an idea.

It has been by an appeal to things invisible, "for we look not at the things which are seen but at the things which are not seen, for the things which are seen are temporal but the things which are not seen are eternal."

Let us specify.

The most amazing fact of the Twentieth Century, the outstanding achievement of this generation, has not been the winning of the war, for there have been wars won before, but it has been the formation of the League of Nations, that mighty and solemn covenant between the Powers of the earth which promises the end of war and the beginning of law as the program of nations.

And this Pact of Nations formed at Paris in 1919 was but the Constitution of the United States of America writ large. The States of the World simply did what the States of America had done before them, had shown them how to do, and demonstrated as practical.

FOURTH OF JULY, 1919, witnesses the triumph of Democracy.

One hundred years ago Democracy was a joke. Those of the great statesmen of Europe who did not look upon it with derision regarded it as a menace. Even as late as Carlyle it was considered both unworkable and inadvisable.

Sometimes in the Spring a dash of rain or a sudden gust of wind shakes the buds into bloom and we wake up some morning to find the Springtime full upon us. Even thus suddenly came Democracy into its own.

This war started as the usual quarrel between dynasties, and the armies of rival sovereigns moved forth to slaughter, but Destiny had its own purpose in mind and before the conflict reached its height its character had changed and it became a war "to make the world safe for Democracy."

It became a struggle between the two ideas, Autocracy on the one hand and Democracy on the other.

Democracy won.

And the finishing stroke of victory was made by the United States of America, the giant of Democracies. It was as if dramatically planned by Fate.

AMERICA has shown the world also that a Democracy can be efficient.

The theorists have always assumed that only monarchies could act with force, promptness, and unity.

This war has shown that while an Autocracy can succeed in suddenly beginning a war, it is Democracy that wins.

America has shown that a Democracy can develop a Spirit of Nationalism as intense as Autocracy. The people of the United States and of France had as burning a patriotism as the subjects of Kaiser and Czar. It has been shown that love of country does not depend upon the devotion of subjects to a king.

America has proved that Democracy is not fatal to ideals. Perhaps the greatest contribution which America brought to the cause of the Allies, greater even than her forces of ships and fighting men, was her luminous and inspiring idealism conveyed through her chosen spokesman.

His utterances were as battalions. They gave unity to the Allied counsels, courage to the Allied armies, and hope to all the peoples of earth.

It was from the mouth of the young Democracy, the Benjamin of nations, not from the ancient and cultured East, that the word went forth as a flying sword.

THIS Fourth of July, 1919, also witnesses Democracy engaged in the most amazing gesture of self-restraint and self-discipline any nation has ever imposed upon itself. It has plucked the thorn of alcohol out of its flesh. It has cleaned itself of the poison of centuries, consecrated by tradition and interwoven among the desires as it was.

America has its labor troubles, but on the whole its workmen enjoy better living conditions than those of any other nation. The representatives of American labor are already busy with their propaganda to do what they can to improve the lot of workers all over the world.

And now that the war is closed the various religious denominations of the United States are engaged in a campaign to raise millions of dollars and establish thousands of agencies in the ends of the earth in order that through hospitals, schools, churches, and similar organizations, ignorance and disease may be combated and that foundation of intelligence be prepared upon which alone a stable democracy can be reared.

America is conquering the world. But she conquers the nations only by setting them free.

She says on this Fourth of July, 1919, to every nation of the world,

"I seek not yours but you."

Lafayette brings his sword to aid in the first fight for freedom

Drawings by John Wolcott Adams

Nailing the colors to the mast in 1812

The Boys of '61, who died to make men free

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A Delightful Novel of Boy Life by the Author of "Penrod"

THE ORIOLE

IN THREE INSTALMENTS—PART TWO

By BOOTH TARKINGTON

ILLUSTRATIONS BY WORTH BREHM

"'Look—Look Here!' Herbert Was Flurried to the Point of Panic. 'Henry—Did Florence—Did She Go and Tell You—'"

THEY went satirically down the street, their chumminess with one another bountifully increased by their common derision of the outsider on the porch; and even at a distance they still contrived to make themselves intolerable; looking back over their shoulders, at intervals, with say-not-so expressions on their faces. Even when these faces were far enough away to be but yellowish oval planes, their say-not-so expressions were still bitingly eloquent.

Now a northern breeze chilled the air, as the hateful three became indistinguishable in the haze of Autumn dusk. Florence stopped swinging her foot, left the railing, and went morosely into the house. And here it was her fortune to make two discoveries vital to her present career; the first arising out of a conversation between her father and mother in the library, where a gossipy fire of soft coal encouraged this proper Sunday afternoon entertainment for man and wife.

"Sit down and rest awhile, Florence," said her mother. "I'm afraid you play too hard when Patty and the boys are here. Do sit down quietly and rest yourself a little while." And as Florence obeyed, Mrs. Atwater turned to her husband, resuming. "Well, that's what *I* said. I told Aunt Carrie I thought the same way about it that you did. Of course nobody *ever* knows what Julia's going to do next, and nobody needs to be surprized at anything she does do. Ever since she came home from school about four-fifths of all the young men in town have been wild about her—and so's every old bachelor, for the matter of that!"

"Yes," Mr. Atwater added. "Every old widower, too."

HIS wife warmly accepted the amendment. "And every old widower, too," she said, nodding. "Rather! And of course Julia's just done exactly as she pleased about everything, and naturally she's going to do as she pleases about *this*."

"Well, of course it is her own affair, Mollie," Mr. Atwater said, mildly. "She couldn't be expected to consult the whole Atwater family connection before——"

"Oh, no," she agreed. "I don't say she could. Still, it is rather upsetting, coming so suddenly like this, when not one of the family have ever seen him—never even heard his very name before."

"Well, that part of it isn't especially strange, Mollie—when he was born and brought up in a town three hundred miles from here. I don't see just how we *could* have heard his name—unless he visited here, or got into the papers in some way."

Mrs. Atwater seemed unwilling to yield a mysterious point. She rocked decorously in her rocking-chair, shook her head, and after setting her lips rigidly, opened them to insist that she could never change her mind: Julia had acted very abruptly. "Why couldn't she have let her poor father know, at least a few days before she did?"

Mr. Atwater sighed. "Why, she explains in her letter that she only knew it, herself, an hour before she wrote."

"Her poor father!" his wife repeated commiseratingly.

"Why, Mollie, I don't see that Father's especially to be pitied."

"Don't you?" said Mrs. Atwater. "That old man, to have to live in that big house all alone, except a few negro servants?"

"Why, no! About half the houses in the neighborhood, up and down the street, are fully occupied by close relatives of his; I doubt if he'll be really as lonely as he'd like to be. And he's often said he'd give a great deal if Julia had been a plain, unpopular girl. I'm strongly of the opinion, myself, that he'll be pleased about this. Of course it may upset him a little, just at first."

"Yes; I think it will!" Mrs. Atwater shook her head forebodingly. "And he isn't the only one it's going to upset."

"No, he isn't," her husband admitted, seriously. "That's always been the trouble with Julia: she never could bear to seem disappointing; and so, of course, I suppose every one of 'em had a special idea that he was really about the top of the list with her."

"Every last one of 'em was positive of it," said Mrs. Atwater. "That was Julia's way with 'em!"

"Yes, Julia's always been much too kind-hearted for other people's good!" Thus Mr. Atwater summed up—and he was this Julia's brother. Additionally, since he was the older, he had known her since her birth.

"If you ask *me*," said his wife, "I'll really be surprized if it all goes through without a suicide."

"Oh, not quite suicide, perhaps," Mr. Atwater protested. "I'm glad it's a dry State, tho!"

She failed to fathom his simple meaning. "Why?"

"Well, some of 'em might feel *that* desperate at least," he explained. "Prohibition's a safeguard for the disappointed in love."

This phrase and a previous one stirred Florence, who had been sitting quietly, according to request, and "resting"; but not resting her curiosity. "*Who's* disappointed in love, Papa?" she inquired with an explosive eagerness which slightly startled her pre-occupied parents. "What *is* all this about Aunt Julia, and Grandpa goin' to live alone, and people committing suicide and prohibition and everything? What *is* all this, Mamma?"

"Nothing, Florence."

"Nothing! That's what you always say about the very most interesting things that happen in the whole family! What *is* all this, Papa?"

"It's nothing that would be interesting to little girls, Florence. Merely some family matters."

"My goodness!" Florence exclaimed. "I'm not a 'little girl' any more, Papa! You're *always* forgetting my age! And if it's a family matter I belong to the family, I guess, about as much as anybody else, don't I? Grandpa himself isn't any *more* one of the family than I am. I don't care how old he is!"

This was undeniable, and her father laughed. "It's really nothing you'd care about one way or the other," he said.

"Well, I'd care about it if it's a secret," Florence insisted. "If it's a secret I'd want to know it whatever it's about."

"Oh, it isn't a secret, particularly, I suppose. At least, it's not to be made public for a time; it's only to be known in the family."

"Well, didn't I just *prove* I'm as much one o' the family as——"

"Never mind," her father said soothingly. "I don't suppose there's any harm in your knowing it—if you won't go telling everybody. Your aunt Julia has just written us that she's engaged."

Mrs. Atwater uttered an exclamation, but she was too late to check him.

"What's the matter?" he asked.

"I'm afraid you oughtn't to have told Florence. She *isn't* just the most discreet——"

"Pshaw!" he laughed. "She certainly is 'one of the family,' however, and Julia wrote that all of the family might be told. You'll not speak of it outside the family, will you, Florence?"

BUT Florence was not yet able to speak of it, even inside the family—so surprizing, sometimes, are parents' theories of what will not interest their children. She sat staring, her mouth open, her throat closed; and in the uncertain illumination of the room these symptoms of her emotional condition went unobserved.

"I say, you won't speak of Julia's engagement outside the family, will you, Florence?"

"Papa!" she gasped. "Did Aunt Julia write she was *engaged*?"

"Yes."

"To get *married*?"

"It would seem so."

"To *who*?"

"'To whom,' Florence," her mother suggested primly.

"Mamma!" the daughter cried. "Who's Aunt Julia engaged to get married to? Noble Dill?"

"Good gracious, *no!*" Mrs. Atwater exclaimed. "What an absurd idea! It's to a young man in the place she's visiting—a stranger to all of us. Julia only met him a few weeks ago." Here she forgot Florence, and turned again to her husband, wearing her former expression of experienced foreboding. "It's just as I said. It's exactly like Julia to do such a reckless thing!"

"But we don't know anything at all about the young man," he remonstrated.

"How do you even know he's young?" Mrs. Atwater asked crisply. "All in the world she said about him was that he's a lawyer. He may be a widower, for all we know, or divorced, with seven or eight children."

"Oh, no, Mollie!"

"Why, he *might!*" she insisted. "For all we know, he may be a widower for the third or fourth *time*, or divorced, with any number of children. If such a person proposed to Julia, you know yourself she'd hate to be disappointing!"

Her husband laughed. "I don't think she'd go so far as to actually accept such a person' and write home to announce her engagement to the family. I suppose most of her swains here have been in the habit of proposing to her just as frequently as she was unable to prevent them from going that far; and while I don't think she's been as discouraging with them as she might have been, she's never really accepted any of 'em. She's never been engaged before."

"No," Mrs. Atwater admitted. "Not to this extent. She's never announced it to the family before."

"Well, I'd hate to have Julia's job when she comes back!" Julia's brother said ruefully.

"What's that?"

"Breaking it to her 'admirers.'"

"Oh, *she* isn't going to do that!"

"She'll have to, now," he said. "She'll either have to write the news to 'em, or else tell 'em, face to face, when she comes home."

"She won't do either."

"Why, how could she get out of it?"

His wife smiled pityingly. "She hasn't set a time for coming home, has she? Don't you know enough of Julia's ways to know she'll never in the world stand up to the music? She writes that all the family can be told, because she knows the news will leak out here and there, in confidence, little by little; so by the time she gets home they'll all have been through their first spasms, and after that she hopes they'll just send her some forgiving flowers and greet her with manly hand-clasps—and get ready to usher at the wedding!"

"Well," said Mr. Atwater, "I'm afraid you're right. It does seem rather like Julia to stay away till the first of the worst is over. I'm really sorry for some of her love-lorners.

The Story of the Story

"VILE things!" said Cousin Florence scathingly, when Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr., and his partner, Henry Rooter, refused to have her on their amateur newspaper. They had called it *The North End Daily Oriole*, and they weren't going to ruin it by having a girl around. Of course Patty Fairchild was different; she thought the boys had beautiful eyes and she wasn't a cousin.

That was how the game of "Truth" started and the boys wrote their answers out on paper. It is always dangerous to commit yourself in writing to a woman, as subsequently develops. Be sure to read "The Oriole" which began in June and ends in August. If you don't like to read the story in instalments, save your three numbers and read it as a whole.

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I suppose it *will* get whispered about, and they'll hear it; and there are some of the poor things that might take it pretty hard."

"'Take it pretty hard!'" she echoed loudly. "There's *one* of 'em, at least, who will just merely lose his reason!"

"Which one?"

"Noble Dill."

At this, the slender form of Florence underwent a spasmodic seizure, in her chair, but as the fit was short, and also noiseless, it passed without being noticed.

"Yes," said Mr. Atwater, thoughtfully. "I suppose he will."

"He certainly will!" Mrs. Atwater declared. "Noble's mother told me last week that he'd gotten so he was just as liable to drop a fountain-pen in his coffee as a lump of sugar; and when any one speaks to him he either doesn't know it, or else jumps. When he says anything, himself, she says they can scarcely ever make out what he's talking about. He was trying enough before Julia went away; but since she's been gone Mrs. Dill says he's like nothing in her experience. She says he doesn't inherit it; Mr. Dill wasn't anything like this about her."

Mr. Atwater smiled faintly. "Mrs. Dill wasn't anything like Julia."

"No," said his wife. "She was quite a sensible girl. I'd hate to be in her place now, tho, when she tells Noble about *this!*"

"How can Mrs. Dill tell him, since she doesn't know it herself?"

"Well — perhaps she ought to know it, so that she could tell him. *Somebody* ought to tell him, and it ought to be done with the greatest tact. It ought to be broken to him with the most delicate care and sympathy, or the consequences—"

"Nobody could foretell the consequences," her husband interrupted—"no matter how tactfully it's broken to Noble."

"No," she said, "I suppose that's true. I think he's likely to lose his reason unless it *is* done very tactfully, tho."

"Do you think we really ought to tell Mrs. Dill, Mollie? I mean, seriously: Do you?"

For some moments she considered his question; then answered, "No. It's possible we'd be following a Christian course in doing it; but still we're rather bound not to speak of it outside the family, and when it *does* get outside the family I think we'd better not be the ones responsible—especially since it might easily be traced to us. I think it's usually better to keep out of things when there's any doubt."

"Yes," he said, meditating. "I never knew any harm to come of people's sticking to their own affairs."

But as he and his wife became silent for a time, musing in the firelight, their daughter's special convictions were far from coinciding with theirs, altho she, likewise, was silent—a strangeness in her which they should have observed. But so far were they from a true comprehension of her, they were unaware that she had more than a casual, young-cousinly interest in Julia Atwater's engagement and in those possible consequences to Noble Dill which they had sketched with some intentional exaggeration, and decidedly without the staggering seriousness attributed to their predictions by their daughter. They did not even notice her expression when Mr. Atwater snapped on the light, in order to read; and she went quietly out of the library and up to her own room.

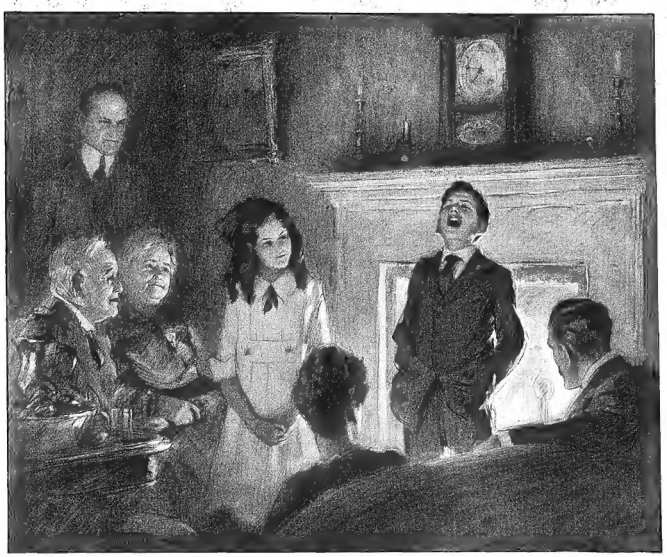
ON THE floor, near her bed, where Patty Fairchild had left her coat and hat, Florence made her second discovery. Two small, folded slips of paper lay there, dropped by Miss Fairchild when she put on her coat in the darkening room. They were the replies to Patty's whispered questions; in the game on the steps—the pledged Truth, written by Henry Rooter and Herbert Atwater on their sacred words and honors. The infatuated pair had either over-estimated Patty's caution, or else each had thought she would so prize his little missive that she would treasure it in a tender safety, perhaps pinned upon her blouse (at the first opportunity) over her heart. It is positively safe to say that neither of the two veracities would ever have been set upon paper, had Herbert and Henry any foreshadowing that Patty might be careless; and the partners would have been seized with the utmost horror could they have conceived the possibility of their trustful messages ever falling into the hands of the relentless creature who now, without an instant's honorable hesitation, unfolded and read them.

"Yes if I got to tell the truth I know I have got pretty eyes," Herbert had unfortunately written. "I am glad you think so too Patty because your eyes are too Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr."

And Mr. Henry Rooter had likewise ruined himself in a coincidental manner.

"Well Patty my eyes are pretty but suppose I would like to trade with yours because you have beautiful eyes also, sure as my name is Henry Rooter."

FLORENCE stood close to the pink-shaded electric drop-light over her small white dressing-table, reading again and again these pathetically honest little confidences. Her eyelids were withdrawn to an unprecedented retirement, so remarkably she stared; while her mouth seemed to prepare itself for the attempted reception of a bulk beyond its total capacity. And these plastic tokens, so immoderate as to be ordinarily the consequence of nothing short of poignant horror, were overlaid by others, subtler and more gleaming which wrought the true significance of the contortion—a joy that was dumfounding.



"'Florence Got Mad because I and Henry Played Games with Patty! She's Tryin' to Get Even'"

Her thoughts were first of Fortune's kindness in selecting her for a favor so miraculously dovetailing into the precise need of her life; then of Henry and Herbert, each at this hour probably brushing his hair in preparation for the Sunday evening meal, and both touchingly unconscious of the calamity now befalling them; but what eventually engrossed her mind was the thought of Wallie Torbin.

Master Torbin, approaching fourteen, was in all the town the boy most dreaded by his fellow-boys, and by girls of his acquaintance, including many of both sexes who knew him only by sight—and hearing. He had no physical endowment or attainment worth mention; but boys who could "whip him with one hand" became sycophants in his presence: the terror he inspired was moral. He had a special over-development of a faculty exercised clumsily enough by most human beings, especially in their youth; in other words, he had genius—not, however, genius having to do with anything generally recognized as art or science. True, if he had been a violinist prodigy or mathematical prodigy, he would have had some respect from his fellows—about equal to that he might have received if he were gifted with some pleasant deformity, such as six toes on a foot—but he would never have enjoyed such deadly prestige as had actually come to be his. In brief, then, Wallie Torbin had a genius for mockery.

Almost from his babyhood he had been a child of one purpose: to increase by ghastly burlesques the sufferings of unfortunate friends. If one of them wept, Wallie incessantly pursued him, yelping in horrid mimicry; if one were chastised he could not appear out-of-doors for days except to encounter Wallie and a complete rehearsal of the recent agony. "Quit, Papa! *Pah*-puh, quee-yet! I'll *never* do it again, Pah-puh! *Oh*, lemme alone, Pah-*puh!*"

As he grew older, his insatiate curiosity enabled him to expose unnumbered weaknesses, indiscretions, and social misfortunes on the part of acquaintances and schoolmates; and to every exposure his noise and energy gave a hideous publicity: the more his victim sought privacy the more persistently he was sought out by Wallie, vociferous and attended by hilarious spectators. But above all other things, what most stimulated the demoniac boy to prodigies of satire was any tender episode or symptom connected with the dawn of love. Florence herself had suffered excruciatingly at intervals throughout her eleventh Spring, because Wallie discovered that George Beck sent her a valentine; and the humorist's many, many, squealings of that valentine's affectionate quatrain finally left her unable to decide which she hated the more, Wallie or Georgie. That was the worst of Wallie: he never "let up"; and in Florence's circle there was no more sobering threat than, "I'll tell Wallie Torbin!" As for Henry Ropter and Herbert Illingsworth Atwater, Jr., they would as soon have had a Head-hunter on their trail as Wallie Torbin with anything in his hands that could incriminate them in an implication of love—or an acknowledgment of their own beauty.

——The fabric of civilized life is interwoven with blackmail: even some of the noblest people do favors for other people who are depended upon not to tell somebody something that the noblest people have done. Blackmail is born into us all, and our nurses teach us more blackmail by threatening to tell our parents, if we won't do this and that—and our parents threaten to tell the doctor—and so we learn! Blackmail is part of the daily life of a child; displeased, his first resort to get his way with other children is a threat to "tell"; but by-and-by his experience discovers the mutual benefit of honor among blackmailers. Therefore, at eight it is no longer the ticket to threaten to tell the teacher; and, a little later, threatening to tell any adult at all is considered something of a breakdown in morals. Notoriously, the code is more liable to infraction by people of the physically weaker sex, for the very reason, of course, that their inferiority of muscle so frequently compels such a sin, if they are to have their way. But for Florence there was now no such temptation. Looking toward the demolition of Atwater & Rooter, an exposure before adults of the results of "Truth" would have been an effect of the sickliest pallor compared to what might be accomplished by a careful use of the catastrophic Wallie Torbin.

All in all, it was a great Sunday for Florence. On Sunday evening it was her privileged custom to go to the house of her fat old great-uncle, Joseph Atwater, and remain until nine o'clock, in chatty companionship with Uncle Joseph and Aunt Carrie, his wife, and a few other relatives who were in the habit of dropping in there, on Sunday evenings. In summer, lemonade and cake were frequently provided; in the Autumn, one still found cake, and perhaps a pitcher of clear new cider: apples were always a certainty.

THIS evening was glorious: there were apples and cider and cake and walnuts, perfectly cracked, and a large open-hearted box of candy. Naturally, these being the circumstances, Herbert was among the guests; and, tho rather at a disadvantage, so far as the conversation was concerned, not troubled by the handicap. The reason he was at a conversational disadvantage was closely connected with the unusual supply of refreshments: Uncle Joseph and Aunt Carrie had foreseen the coming of several more Atwaters than usual, to talk over the new affairs of their beautiful relative, Julia. Seldom have any relative's new affairs been more thoroughly talked over than were Julia's that evening; tho all the time by means of various symbols, since it was thought wiser that Herbert and Florence should not yet be told of Julia's engagement; and Florence's parents were not present to confess their indiscretion. Julia was referred to as "the traveler," and other makeshifts were employed with the most knowing caution: and all the while Florence merely ate inscrutably. The more sincere Herbert was as placid; such foods were enough for him.

"Well, all I say is, the traveler better enjoy herself on her travels," said Aunt Fanny, finally, as the subject appeared to be wearing toward exhaustion. "She certainly is in for it when the voyaging is over and she arrives in the port she sailed from, and has to show her papers. I agree with the rest of you: she'll have a great deal to answer for, and most of all about the shortest one. My own opinion is that the shortest one is going to burst like a balloon."

"The shortest one," as the demure Florence had understood from the first, was her Ideal—none other than Noble Dill. Now she looked up from the stool where she sat with her back against a pilaster of the mantelpiece. "Uncle Joseph," she said—"I was just thinking. What is a person's reason?"

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"'Well, Men,' She Said, 'I Don't Want to See Any Loafin' Around Here, Men. I Expect to Have a Pretty Good Newspaper This Week'"

The fat gentleman, rosy with firelight and cider, finished his fifth glass before responding. "Well, there *are* persons I never could find any reason for 'em at all. 'A person's reason:' What do you mean, 'a person's reason,' Florence?"

"I mean: like when somebody says, 'They'll lose their reason,'" she explained. "Has everybody got a reason, and if they have, what is it, and how do they lose it, and what would they do then?"

"Oh, I see!" he said. "You needn't worry. I suppose since you heard it you've been hunting all over yourself for your reason and looking to see if there was one hanging out of anybody else, somewhere. No; it's something you can't see, ordinarily, Florence. Losing your reason is just another way of saying, 'going crazy!'"

"Oh!" she murmured; and appeared to be somewhat disturbed.

At this, Herbert thought proper to offer a witticism for the pleasure of the company.

"*You* know, Florence," he said, "it only means acting like *you* most always do." He applauded himself with a burst of changing laughter which ranged from a bull-frog croak to a collapsing soprano; then he added: "Espeshually when you come around my and Henry's Newspaper Building! You cert'nly 'lose your reason' every time you come around *that* ole place!"

"Well, course I haf to act like the people that's already there," Florence retorted, not sharply, but in a musing tone that should have warned him. It was not her wont to use a quiet voice for repartee. Thinking her humble, he laughed the more raucously.

"Oh, Florence!" he besought her. "Say not so! Say not so!"

"Children, children!" Uncle Joseph remonstrated.

Herbert changed his tone; he became seriously plaintive. "Well, she does act that way, Uncle Joseph! When she comes around there you'd think we were runnin' a lunatic asylum the way she takes on. She hollers and bellers and squalls and squawks. The least little teeny thing she don't like about the way we run our paper, she comes flappin' over there and goes to screechin' around you could hear her out at the Poor House Farm!"

"Now, now, Herbert," his Aunt Fanny interposed. "Poor little Florence isn't saying anything impolite to you—not right now, at any rate. Why don't you be a little sweet to her just for once."

HER unfortunate expression revolted all the cousinly manliness in Herbert's bosom. "'Be a little *sweet* to her?'" he echoed, with poignant incredulity, and then in candor made plain how poorly Aunt Fanny inspired him. "I just exactly as soon be a little sweet to an alligator," he asserted; such was his bitterness on this subject.

"Oh, oh!" said Aunt Carrie.

"I would!" Herbert insisted. "Or a mosquito. I'd rather, to *either* of 'em, because anyway they don't make so much noise. Why, you just ought to *hear* her;" he went on, growing more and more severe. "You ought to just come around our Newspaper Building any afternoon you please, after school, when Henry and I are tryin' to do our work in anyway *some* peace. Why, she just squawks and squalls and squ——"

"It must be terrible," Uncle Joseph interrupted. "What do you do all that for, Florence, every afternoon?"

"Just for exercise," she answered dreamily; and her placidity the more exasperated her journalist cousin.

"She does it because she thinks *she* ought to be runnin' our own newspaper, my and Henry's; that's why she does it! She thinks she knows more about how to run newspapers than anybody alive; but there's one thing she's goin' to find out; and that is, she don't have anything *more* to do with my and Henry's newspaper. We wouldn't have another single one of her ole poems in it, no matter how much she offered to pay us! Uncle Joseph, I think you ought to *tell* her she's got no business around my and Henry's Newspaper Building."

"But, Herbert," Aunt Fanny suggested—"you might let Florence have a little share in it of some sort. Then everything would be all right."

"It would?" he demanded, his voice cracking naturally, at his age, but also under strain of the protest he wished it to express. "It *woo-wud?* Oh, my goodness, Aunt Fanny, I guess you'd like to see our newspaper just utterably ruined! Why, we wouldn't let that girl have any more to do with it than we would some horse!"

"Oh, oh!" both Aunt Fanny and Aunt Carrie exclaimed, shocked.

"We wouldn't," Herbert insisted. "A horse would know any amount more how to run a newspaper than she does; anyway a horse wouldn't make so much noise around there. Soon as we got our printing-press: we said right then that we made up our minds Florence Atwater wasn't ever goin' to have a single thing to do with our newspaper. If you let her have anything to do with anything she wants to run the whole thing. But she might just as well learn to stay away from our Newspaper Building, because after we got her out yesterday we fixed a way so's she'll never get in *there* again!"

FLORENCE looked at him demurely. "Are you sure, Herbert?" she inquired.

"Just you try it!" he advised, with heartiest sarcasm; and he laughed tauntingly. "Just come around to-morrow and try it; that's all I ask!"

"I cert'nly intend to," she responded, with dignity. "I may have a slight surprize for you."

"Oh, *Florence*, say not so! Say not so, Florence! Say not so!"

At this she looked full upon him, and already she had something in the nature of a surprize for him; for so powerful was the still balefulness of her glance he was slightly startled. "I might say not so," she said—"if I was speaking of what pretty eyes you know you have, Herbert."

It staggered him. "What—what you mean?"

"Oh, nothin'," she replied, airily.

Herbert began to be mistrustful of the solid earth. Somewhere there was a fearful threat to his equipoise. "What you talkin' about?" he said, with an effort to speak scornfully: but his sensitive voice almost failed him.

"Oh, nothin'," said Florence. "Just about what pretty eyes you know you have, and Patty's being anyway as pretty as yours—and so you're glad maybe she thinks yours are pretty, the way *you* do—and everything!"

Herbert visibly gulped. So Patty had betrayed him; had betrayed the sworn confidence of "Truth!"

"That's all I was talkin' about," Florence added. "Just about how you knew you had such pretty eyes. Say not so, Herbert! Say not so!"

"Look here!" he said. "When'd you see Patty again between this afternoon and when you came over here?"

"What makes you think I saw her?"

"Did you telephone her?"

"What makes you think so?"

Once more Herbert gulped. "Well, I guess you're ready to believe anything anybody tells you," he said, with a palsied bravado. "You don't believe everything Patty Fairchild says, do you?"

"Why, Herbert! Doesn't she always tell the *truth?*"

"Her? Why, half the time," poor Herbert babbled, "you can't tell whether she's just makin' up what she says or not. If you've gone and believed everything that ole girl told you, you haven't got even what little sense I used to think you had!" So base we are under strain, sometimes—so base when our good name is threatened with the truth of us! "I wouldn't believe anything she said," he finished, in a sickish voice, "if she told me fifty times and crossed her heart!"

"Wouldn't you if she said you wrote down how pretty you knew your eyes were, Herbert?"

"What's this about Herbert having 'pretty eyes'?" Mr. Joseph Atwater inquired; and Herbert shuddered. Uncle Joseph had an unpleasant reputation as a joker.

The nephew desperately fell back upon the hopeless device of attempting to drown out his opponent's voice as she began to reply. He became vociferous with scornful laughter badly cracked in the scorn. "Florence got mad!" he shouted, mingling the purported information with loud cacklings. "She got mad because I and Henry played games with Patty! She's tryin' to make up somep'n to get even. She made it up! It's all made up! She——"

"No, no," Mr. Atwater interrupted. "Let Florence tell us. Florence, what was it about Herbert knowing he had pretty eyes?"

Herbert attempted to continue the drowning out. He bawled. "She made it up! It's somep'm she made up herself! She——"

"Herbert," said Uncle Joseph—"if you don't keep quiet I'll take back the printing-press."

Herbert substituted another gulp for a continuation of his noise.

"Now, Florence," said Uncle Joseph, "tell us what you were saying about how Herbert knows he has such pretty eyes."

Then it seemed a miracle befell. Florence looked up, smiling modestly. "Oh, it wasn't anything, Uncle Joseph," she said. "I was just trying to tease Herbert any way I could think up."

"Oh, was that all?" A hopeful light faded out of Uncle Joseph's large and inexpressive face. "I thought perhaps you'd detected him in some indiscretion."

Florence laughed, "I was just teasin' him. It wasn't anything, Uncle Joseph."

Hereupon, Herbert resumed a confused breathing. Dazed, he remained uneasy, profoundly so; and gratitude was no part of his emotion. He well understood that Florence was never susceptible to impulses of compassion in conflicts such as these; in fact, if there was warfare between them, experience had taught him to be wariest when she seemed kindest. He moved away from her, and went into another room where his condition was one of increasing mental discomfort, tho he looked for a while at the pictures in his great-uncle's copy of "Paradise Lost." These illustrations, by M. Gustave Doré, failed to aid in reassuring his troubled mind.

WHEN Florence left, he impulsively accompanied her, maintaining a nervous silence as they compassed the short distance between Uncle Joseph's front gate and her own. There, however, he spoke.

"Look here! You don't haf to go and believe everything that ole girl told you, do you?"

"No," said Florence heartily. "I don't haf to."

"Well, look here," he urged, helpless but to repeat. "You don't haf to believe whatever it was she went and told you, do you?"

"What was it you think she told me, Herbert?"

"All that guff—you know. Well, whatever it was you *said* she told you."

"I didn't," said Florence. "I didn't say she told me anything at'all."

"Well, she did, didn't she?"

"Why, no," Florence replied, lightly. "She didn't say anything to *me*. Only I'm glad to have your *opinion* of her, how she's such a story-teller and all—if I ever want to tell her, and everything!"

But Herbert had greater alarms than this, and the

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greater obscured the lesser. "Look here," he said, "If she didn't tell you, how'd you know it then?"

"How'd I know what?"

"That—that big story about my ever sayin' I knew I had"— he gulped again—"pretty eyes."

"Oh; about *that!*" Florence said, and swung the gate shut between them. "Well, I guess it's too late to tell you to-night, Herbert; but maybe if you and that nasty little Henry Rooter do every single thing I tell you to, and do it just *exackly* like I tell you from this time on, why maybe—I only say 'maybe' —well, maybe I'll tell you some day when I feel like it."

She ran up the path, up the steps, and crossed the veranda, but paused before opening the door. Then she called back to the waiting Herbert,

"The only person I'd even *think* of telling about it before I tell you would be a boy I know." She coughed, and added as by an afterthought. "He'd just love to know all about it; I know he would. So, when I tell anybody about it I'll only tell just you an' this other boy."

"What other boy?" Herbert demanded.

And her reply, thrilling through the darkness, left him paralytic with horror. "Wallie Torbin!"

THE next afternoon, about four o'clock, Herbert stood gloomily at the main entrance of Atwater & Rooter's Newspaper Building, awaiting his partner. The other entrances were not only nailed fast but massively barricaded; and this one (consisting of the ancient carriage-house doors, opening upon a driveway through the yard) had recently been made effective as an instrument of exclusion. A long and heavy plank leaned against the wall, near by, ready to be set in hook-shaped iron supports fastened to the inner sides of the doors; and when the doors were closed, with this great plank in place, a person inside the building might seem entitled to count upon the enjoyment of privacy, except in case of earthquake, tornado, or fire. In fact, the size of the plank and the substantial quality of the iron fastenings could be looked upon, from a certain view-point, as a heartfelt compliment to the energy and persistence of Florence Atwater.

Herbert had been in no complimentary frame of mind, however, when he devised the obstructions, nor was he now in such a frame of mind. He was deeply pessimistic in regard to his future, and also embarrassed in anticipation of some explanations it would be necessary to make to his partner. He strongly hoped that Henry's regular after-school appearance at the Newspaper Building would precede Florence's, because these explanations required both deliberation and tact, and he was convinced that it would be almost impossible to make them at all if Florence got there first.

He understood that he was unfortunately within her power; and he saw that it would be dangerous to place in operation for her exclusion from the Building this new mechanism contrived with such hopeful care, and at a cost of two dollars and twenty-five cents, or nine annual subscriptions to *The Oriole* out of a present total of thirty-two. What he wished Henry to believe was that for some good reason, which Herbert had not yet been able to invent, it would be better to show Florence a little politeness. He had a desperate hope that he might find some diplomatic way to prevail on Henry to be as subservient to Florence as she had seemed to demand, and he was determined to touch any extremity of unveracity, rather than permit the details of his answer in "Truth" to come to his partner's knowledge. Henry Rooter was not Wallie Torbin; but in possession of material such as this he could easily make himself intolerable. Here was a strange human thing, strange yet common to most minds brooding in fear of publicity. We seldom realize that the people whose derision we fear may have been as imprudent as we have been.

Therefore, it was in a flurried state of mind that Herbert waited; and when his friend appeared, over the fence, his perturbation was not decreased. He even failed to notice the unusual gravity of Henry's manner.

"Hello, Henry! I thought I wouldn't start in work till you got here. I didn't want to haf to come all the way downstairs again to open the door and h'ist our good ole plank up again."

"I see," said Henry, glancing nervously at their good ole plank. "Well, I guess Florence 'll never get in *this* good ole door—that is, if we don't let her, or something."

This final clause would have surprized Herbert if he had been less pre-occupied with his troubles. "You bet she won't!" he said mechanically. "She couldn't ever get in here again—if the *family* didn't go intafering around and give me the dickens and everything, because they think—they *say* they do, anyhow—they say they think—they think——"

He paused, disguising a little choke as a cough of scorn for the family's thinking.

"What did you say your family think?" Henry asked absently.

"Well, they say we ought to let her have a share in our newspaper" Again he paused, afraid to continue lest his hypocrisy appear so barefaced as to lead toward suspicion and discovery. "Well, maybe we *ought*," he said, his eyes guiltily upon his toe, which slowly scuffed the ground. "I don't say we ought, and I don't say we oughtn't."

He expected at the least a burst of outraged protest from his partner, who, on the contrary, pleasantly astonished him. "Well, that's the way *I* look at it," Henry said. "I don't say we ought and I don't say we oughtn't."

And he, likewise, stared at the toe of his own right shoe, which was also scuffing the ground. Herbert felt a little better; this subdivision of his difficulties seemed to be working out with surprizing ease.

"I don't say we will and I don't say we won't," Henry added. "That's the way I look at it. My father and mother are always talkin' to me: how I got to be polite and everything, and I guess maybe it's time I began to pay some 'tention to what they say. You don't have your father and mother for always, you know, Herbert."

Herbert's mood at once chimed with this unprecedented filial melancholy. "No, you don't, Henry. That's what I often think about myself. No, sir, a fellow doesn't have his father and mother to advise him our whole life, and you ought to do a good deal what they say while they're still alive."

"That's what I say," Henry agreed gloomily; and then, without any alteration of his tone or of the dejected thoughtfulness of his attitude, he changed the subject in a way that painfully startled his companion. "Have you seen Wallie Torbin to-day, Herbert?"

"What!"

"Have you seen Wallie Torbin to-day?"

Herbert swallowed. "Why, what makes—what makes you ask me that, Henry?" he asked.

"OH, NOTHIN'," Henry still kept his eyes upon his gloomily scuffing toe. "I just wondered, because I didn't happen to see him in school this afternoon when I happened to look in the door of the Eight-A when it was open. I didn't want to know on account of anything particular. I just happened to say that because I didn't have anything else to think about just then, so I just happened to think about him, the way you do when you haven't got anything much on your mind and might get to thinkin' about you can't tell what. That's all the way it was; I just happened to kind of wonder if he was around anywhere maybe."

Henry's tone was obviously, even elaborately, sincere; and Herbert was re-assured. "Well, I didn't see him," he responded. "Maybe he's sick."

"No, he isn't," his friend said. "Florence said she saw him chasin' his dog down the street about noon."

At this Herbert's uneasiness was uncomfortably renewed. "*Florence* did? Where'd you see Florence?"

Mr. Rooter swallowed. "A little while ago," he said, and again swallowed. "On the way home from school."

"Look—look here!" Herbert was flurried to the point of panic. "Henry—did Florence—did she go and tell you—did she tell you——?"

"I didn't hardly notice what she was talkin' about," Henry said, doggedly. "She didn't have anything to say that *I'd* ever care two cents about. She came up behind me and walked along with me a ways, but I got too many things on my mind to hardly pay the least attention to anything *she* ever talks about. She's a girl what I think about her the less people pay any 'tention to what she says the better off they are."

"That's the way with me, Henry," his partner assured him earnestly. "I never pay any notice to what *she* says. The way I figure it out about *her*, Henry, everybody'd be a good deal better off if nobody ever paid the least notice to anything she says. I never even notice what she says, myself."

"I don't either," said Henry. "All *I* think about is what my father and mother say, because I'm not goin' to have their advice all the rest o' my life, after they're dead. If they want me to be polite, why, I'll do it and that's all there is about it."

"It's the same way with me, Henry. If she comes flappin' around here blattin' and blubbin' how she's goin' to have somep'm to do with our newspaper, why, the only reason *I'd* ever let her would be because my *family* say I ought to show more politeness to her than up to now. I wouldn't do it on any other account, Henry."

"NEITHER would I. That's just the same way *I* look at it. If I ever begin to treat her any better, she's got my father and mother to thank, not me. That's the only reason *I'd* be willing to say we better leave the plank down and let her in, if she comes around here like she's liable to."

"Well," said Herbert. "*I'm* willing. I don't want to get in trouble with the family."

And they mounted the stairs to their editorial, reportorial, and printing-rooms; and began to work in a manner not only pre-occupied but apprehensive. Now and then they would give each other a furtive glance, and then seem to reflect upon their fathers' and mothers' wishes and the troublous state of the times. Florence did not keep them waiting long, however.

She might have been easier to bear had her manner of arrival been less assured. She romped up the stairs, came skipping across the old floor, swinging her hat by a ribbon, flung open the gate in the sacred railing, and flounced into the principal chair, immodestly placing her feet on the

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"Florence Herself Had Suffered Excruciatingly Throughout Her Eleventh Spring, Because Wallie Discovered that Georgie Beck Sent Her a Valentine"

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"'What Sort of People Live Here, Captain Hunt?' 'Didn't He Tell Ye?' He Demanded"

Arabella Upon Setebos

This Modern "Miranda" Looks for the "Caliban" of the Island and Finds Her "Ferdinand"

By MARJORIE BENTON COOKE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GERALD LEAKE

ARABELLA, in search of a career, had managed to get as far as Chicago on her way to New York. She was born and brought up in a small Illinois town, and she had added the handicap of an education at the State University to her list of attainments. I say handicap, for if it had not been for those disrupting years, Arabella would have married the son of the village grocer, or banker, and lived in respected obscurity until she died.

But the eye of Arabella was focused on quite another future. She became the leading lady of the college dramatic club, and she tried her hand at one-act plays which were produced in "The Workshop" Theater, by a band of enthusiastic Thespians. It was here the germ was sown; it was here that Arabella acquired "New ideas on the drama." She became a literary revolutionist. She scoffed at Molière, Ibsen, Pinero, Barrie, Shaw. She advocated scrapping the entire content of dramatic literature and developing the "modern." Upon her graduation she went to Chicago, which boasted one or two "little theaters," the "only salvation of the stage," to begin operations, as it were, upon the sick drama.

Her progress was not as triumphant as she had hoped. The managers of the tabloid theaters received her with enduring patience, if no enthusiasm. She did not realize that sooner or later these same managers interviewed every type of crank extant. They read her plays, said they showed "some talent," thought she "might do something" if she worked hard.

Arabella felt sorry for them, the silly sheep, but she was not daunted by their chill demeanor. She registered on the "extra" list of both theaters, and announced herself ready at short notice to play anything from tragedy to farce.

She took a very cheap room, in a poor neighborhood, because her funds were limited. Her aunt, her only relative, with whom she had made her home since childhood, warned her that she could not exist six weeks on the money she had, but Arabella was twenty, and she knew better. She ate with rigid economy, things cooked on an alcohol-stove, in her room. She wrote plays and plays and plays. She literally flooded the little theater managers with them. She went to all the performances they gave, and watched with palpitating interest. She was not satisfied with the results. She felt they were too much bound by the old conventions. She voiced her objections to those in authority, and marveled at their lack of understanding

IN PASSIONATE rebellion at the supernormal ideas they always dealt with, she wrote a travesty on the type. She called it "Slush." The more benighted of the two managers, to whom she offered it, hailed it with delight, produced it at once, and made a stir among the intellectuals. Arabella felt that her difficulties were over. The newspapers wrote articles about her. They named her "a brilliant cynic."

But alas, fortune in the theater is a fickle lass. Many other plays flowed from her pen, but none of them found acceptance. A few meager parts were allotted her, as an "extra," but nothing which gave her an opportunity. The scant food, the long hours, and the nervous excitement began to tell on a physique never robust. The ten dollars royalty for one week's run of "Slush" was the only money she had added to her funds, which sank with terrible swiftness.

March found her facing bankruptcy, to say nothing of acute anemia. She decided she must lay by her career, for a while, and get a regular job, with a pay-envelop. But she found it not so easy. Everywhere she asked for work they said suspiciously, "You're not very strong, are you?" She answered endless advertisements, but with no results.

In her daily perusal of the "Want Ad." column, she came upon an item in the "Wanted—Male" section, which teased her curiosity. It read, "WANTED: Man to go live on an island for six months. Food, clothing, and shelter provided. No work. No compensation. Box 237." If there was no work required, why did it need a man? If she had six months, with food, on an island, she would get well. In six months she could write unlimited plays. It would be perfect! She answered it, signing herself A. B. Stubbs.

The next day came an answer from a man named Adam Barber. He asked for an interview at once. He wanted some one to go to the island immediately. In fact he must be in residence by April first.

Arabella's heart sank. She did so want to go! April first was only two days away. She remembered with a smile that it was All Fool's Day. She made one more effort. She wrote Mr. Barber that the nature of her present occupation made an interview impossible, in view of the brief time before the first. If, however, he could make clear the requirements of the job, by letter, A. B. Stubbs would be on the island by April first, if it were in this hemisphere. She wrote herself a letter of recommendation for honesty and ability, and enclosed it.

The answer was immediate. The requirements were merely residence upon the island from April first to September.

It was necessary that the candidate sign an agreement never to leave the island during that period. If Mr. Stubbs would sign such an agreement (enclosed) and be ready to start at 8:10 the following night, he would find transportation waiting him at the ticket office. Barber would wire one Captain Hunt, of Melpomene, the nearest town, to have supplies ready, and a boat to take Stubbs out to Barber's Island. As to clothes, rough outing suit would be best, or, better still, riding-breeches, and a heavy Norfolk coat. If Stubbs would purchase these and send in the bill, it would be promptly paid.

Comfortable quarters would be found ready in Wildrose Cottage. Further instructions would follow by letter. A revolver would be included with the supplies, and nobody must be permitted to land without a written order, signed Barber.

A less desperate character than Arabella would have halted at this point, and sounded retreat. But the alternative of a sad return to Littletown, Ill., or death by starvation in a Chicago rooming-house, acted as a spur. She accepted the job, signed the agreement, bought the riding-breeches and the Norfolk coat, and took the train for Melpomene, in high spirits.

She did wish she knew why somebody had to live on this island, but she had not dared ask, lest she lose her chance to go. She hoped it was not peopled with Indians, or cannibals—the revolver looked suspicious. She recalled the many islands celebrated in song and story. The island romance is a old and worn as the mother-in-law joke. But somehow Barber's Island did not sound romantic.

She arrived in Melpomene at noon, and went at once in search of Captain Hunt. He demanded all her credentials, and looked upon her with unmitigated disapproval.

"He didn't tell me he was sendin' no woman."

Arabella smiled.

"Ye ain't very strong, are ye?" he added.

"Oh, yes, I'm—I'm exceedingly strong."

"Ye don't look it. 'Pears to me that you'll die off there and nobody know it."

"No, I'm not planning to die, thank you. When do we start?"

"Soon as I get steam up. All them supplies is aboard the boat, and I landed the things he ordered in the cottage."

Arabella nodded. Captain Hunt evidently thought her in full possession of the facts about the island, so she resolved to ask no unnecessary questions. She did ask him, however, if he would make a report to Mr. Barber on her arrival, the purchases, etc. He replied that he had no time for writing letters. Barber told him what to buy, and sent the money. That's all there was to it.

About two o'clock they started. It was cold, but sunny, and as they chugged out into the bay, in the old tug *Minnehaha*, Arabella took a deep breath and surveyed the wide spaces with pleasure. The shores of the mainland made a huge circle, and here and there, within it, were tree-covered islands. She wanted to ask a hundred questions, but Captain Hunt was at the wheel. Besides, she reminded herself, discretion was the better part.

For two hours they headed straight out into the bay, and then a larger island than any they had seen before came into sight. They made for it, and she knew this was hers, or rather Barber's. It was hilly, she could see several houses. It was covered with trees, slim and leafless against the sky.

They made a landing at a rather dilapidated pier, and Captain Hunt ordered the crew to carry the boxes up the hill to the cottage. He led Arabella up a steep path which was a short cut to the little house perched on the hilltop. It had a porch. The door stood open. Indoors a swift inspection revealed a living-room, dining-room, bedroom, and kitchen. Evidently new furniture was piled in everywhere. Blankets and bed linen were piled on the bed. A fire was laid in the living-room, and one in the kitchen range.

THE Captain lit the fire and closed the door. He directed the men where to put the supplies, and asked if she wanted them to move the furniture for her.

"I didn't know how ye'd want things."

"Oh, I'll get them in order, thanks."

The men departed, but the Captain seemed loath to go.

"Now I'll be out with fresh stuff in two or three weeks," he said. "Sure ye'll be all right?"

"Oh, yes."

She followed him out onto the porch. The swift Spring twilight was settling down. She looked down the wide path which did for a street, with its tiny houses like Noah's Ark buildings, facing each other. There was something queer, a sort of creepy feeling——

"What sort of people live here, Captain Hunt?"

He stared at her. "Didn't he tell ye?" he demanded.

Arabella caught her breath. "Tell me what?"

"Nobody lives here. Used to be a stone quarry, but they worked it out and the people moved away. They ain't a livin' soul on the island, and hasn't been for years."

He must have felt her amazement.

"Didn't he tell ye that?" he asked again, fiercely.

"Oh, he may have mentioned it. I suppose I forgot it," she said airily.

"Well, I'll be ham-swoggled!" said Captain Hunt. "Sure ye won't go back with me? Sure ye ain't scared bein' left out here alone?"

"Scared of nice little empty houses? No. You must get started back to town, Captain. Don't worry about me. I've always wanted to be the queen of a desert island," cried Arabella, with a histrionic gesture.

She went with him to the pier, shook his hand, and waved him off. As the smoke of the tug became a black smudge against the sky, she turned and went up the path to her house, and hurled herself into getting order there. She arranged and re-arranged the furniture, made her bed, cooked her supper, and ate it calmly. Then she washed and put away the things, in a manner forcedly leisurely.

*Quoted from *Walking Stick Papers*, by Robert Cortes Halliday.

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"Tears Stung Her Lids and She Flung Her Arms about the Great Neck and Wept Her Heart Out"

hair swinging with her leaps, to cover in thirty minutes the distance it had taken her three hours to climb.

And like a shadow of doom behind her, Gray Ruff shot through the thickets, still savage and eager, but baffled and filled with peculiar sensations.

From that day he haunted the lower slopes of Smoky. He saw the man on the river bar, caught the flash of his gold-pan scoured bright with patient washing. He saw the burros herded on the green flat, the woman working at her meager tasks. He saw the tall girl playing like a bobcat kitten at the river's edge. All these things lent fuel to the fires of anger burning in his kingly heart. And so, one night in the second week of the strangers' stay on the flat, when the moon rode full above the top of Papoose Peak, Gray Ruff sat on his particular flat stone at the rim-rock's edge and sent his deep voice out on the night in unmistakable challenge.

The man, lying asleep in his blankets beside the tent-flap, came instantly awake. He raised his head and listened till the last grim note had died away. Then he lay down with a deep breath.

"A king wolf an' no mistake!" he muttered. "A stag an' a killer from way back!"

Next day he did not wash on the bar. Instead he untied a gunny-sack and took from it some big steel traps. He spent a long time oiling them and looking them over. Then he took one, a Newhouse 4½, whose terrible jaws had an eight-inch spread, rolled up its heavy chain, and detached the two-pronged drag.

"Plenty rocks up yander," he told himself aloud, "an' I like 'em better." Then he fumbled about among his tools for pliers and wire—without which no one of his ilk, provided they travel "heavy" with burros, go into the wilderness—found a small bottle of beaver-mush, carefully examined it, stowed the outfit in a pack which he slung on his shoulders, and faced his women.

"Goin' up after thet old feller thet was ahowlin' last night," he said, "his pelt 'n bounty's wuth a heap o' money."

He came back at dusk well satisfied, for he had left so cunning a "set" that already he was counting the bounty. High up by the rim-rock of the cañon he had found the faint trail where Gray Ruff traveled often to howl his mandates. Here, in the loose loamy soil, he had dug a "nest" to fit the trap, buried it carefully, along with the oblong rock which he had attached to its chain by means of special loops with the wire, and over it all he had gently sprinkled water from a canteen. Then as a last touch he had left light traces of the musk in the bottle to kill his own scent. The unused earth he carried away in a sack.

TWO nights later he was awakened by the deep roar of the king on the rim-rock and grinned in the darkness. He was up by daylight and off to collect his reward.

What he found was the two jaws of the Newhouse standing up, sprung, and the whole length of the chain in its shallow trench carefully laid bare.

Beside the trap were long, deep, backward scratches. Gray Ruff the cunning had kicked earth and stones and rubble upon the thing to show his contempt. Unwittingly, perhaps, he had sprung it. His clever mind did not reach to the poised small lever of death inside the circle—he merely knew he had found a thing of his enemies and that, under no circumstances, would he touch it until he had proved it harmless by the touch of the hail of rubble.

The prospector scratched his chin and gathered up his property.

"That's some ol' wolf, all right," he told his women-folk, "wise as they make 'em."

And then began a game between the man and Gray Ruff, a game of tricks and snares and dead-falls. Every trick he knew the man tried, and Gray Ruff watched him from ambush many an exciting hour. Once the man caught sight of him sliding away through the dusk at twilight on the slope of Smoky and let drive with the gun he carried. For the first time in Gray Ruff's life something like horror beat in his heart for a breath, for a streak of fire seared his hip and he smelled his own hot blood blent with the powder-smoke that drifted up after the thunder of the shot.

After that he hated the aliens more than ever and spent many an hour lying above in the ferns with his collie nose on his wolf forepaws and watching them upon the flat below.

AND then came the day when Hope decided to climb to the rim-rock and look at the Red Plume's cañon. She started at dawn when all the mountain world was cool and damp and mysterious. She carried a bit of bread in her pocket and her golden head was bare. She climbed fast, born woodsman that she was, and she watched the sun come up in majesty above the Peak.

All the earth was good to Hope, because she was sweet within, and she saw the beauty of every leaf and bud and fern blade. The big blue heron winging up along the shadowed water held her silent for a while, the mighty ranks of the marching conifers lifted her blue eyes in a never lessening awe. So, filled with the joy of life at the fountain head of youth, she raised her golden voice and sang. She had no words for these sylvan songs of hers, just clear, ringing sounds that pierced the defiles and floated on the slopes.

And Gray Ruff, a mile away across a gulch, heard and turned his long slim head. The ugly fire came in his eyes again and he left the fawn's carcass he was eating, warm and enticing, and swung silently away toward the sound.

For an hour, two, three, Hope climbed, now in the sunlight, again in the shade. Manzanita and laurel-bush and chaparral made a wilderness of the slopes and slants. The sun was well up in the heavens and the big white body of her had begun to sweat with the exertion. She pushed her soft hair back from her face and slowed her gait a bit. Here there were all sorts of small runways and little paths, where the wild things ran.

She was going up along a slant following one of these dim trails when there came into her heart a feeling of eyes upon her. She felt no fear.

Instead a thrill went through her, for she had met many a shy wild creature, and communed for a moment of tense silence before it fled in panic. She stopped and looked all about, but saw nothing. She went on, but for several minutes she could not get rid of that feeling. Ahead there lay a dense thicket of manzanita. She went boldly in, winding this way and that, and suddenly, as if an icy hand had gripped her shoulder and pulled her around, she whirled —to face the gigantic body of a monster wolf whose bristling back was level with her hip, whose long tail stretched stiffly out and whose awful head was reaching—reaching toward her knee behind!

"Down!" cried Hope like a shot, "Down, sir!"

Gray Ruff froze in every line of his body.

That voice of authority stopped him. Nothing had ever shot through him like that first command. He strove to open his jaws for fight and could not. Something in his legs and belly felt as if wilting. He strove to lift himself to his stiff height, to tear away from that strange feeling. And then he knew that something else was working from above where the blue eyes of this creature were burning down upon him.

"Pswp!" said Hope, uttering the call of the human to his dog, "pswp! pswp! Here, sir!"

Slowly, terribly, the wild wolf-collie face lifted. The brown eyes that could change so marvelously crept up the human, to knee, to hip, to breast, and then, for the first time in his life, Gray Ruff looked into the eyes of a god! When those orbs reached hers they were deep and fierce as untamed fires and Hope's heart leaped against her ribs. She looked down into them, her own dilated and powerful, holding, holding hard.

For a long moment this tension endured. And then, as if a flood-tide rose and swallowed him, Gray Ruff shivered and sank. The collie mother, faithful, lost, lonely, mourning for her masters, sent down the years her heritage. The King of Smoky Mountain melted down to earth and the fire in his eyes changed helplessly to something soft and pleading.

The girl was quick in the ways of the wild and she saw this thing. With admirable daring, she reached out a hand and touched the shining face above the silver circle. But that was too much. With a leap that lifted him shoulder high to her, Gray Ruff bounded into the air and was gone. The magic moment was done.

The girl did not go to the rim-rock that day. Instead, she went soberly down the slants and she was very silent.

"Dad," she said that night, "I saw the king wolf you're after, an' he wears a collie ring around his neck. I wish you'd let up on him."

BUT the man had no such notion. He set his traps in the runways among the chaparral—and Gray Ruff walked around them. He set them again, *two lines at either side with an H bar in the middle*—and Gray Ruff, stepping down the alley thus formed, had found that bar trap and carefully backed out on his own track!

"Dern his ol' hide!" the man stormed at the camp on the flat, "he's a reg'lar witch wolf!"

"He's a glory!" said Hope, her blue eyes shining. "He's a monarch! His eyes are a king's eyes, Mother—wild and fierce and savage, yet kingly too. I've never seen his like."

And Hope began to spend a part of every day on the shadowed slopes. The mother fretted, after the fashion of mothers, but she had too long shut her lips upon her worries and so said nothing. The man was very busy, what with his washing on the bar and his excited visions of wealth from the colors he began to get, and with the hunting. He was wise in the ways of the wilderness and he had begun to think of felling logs for a cabin and of boiling up and "staying in." If he did that he must hang up much venison, make many sacks of "jerky," dry unnumbered trout from the riffles, and go "out" once more for salt and flour.

Therefore he let up on Gray Ruff—and the world smiled.

Hope, keen and excited by the game she was beginning

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The NEW FOUR HUNDRED

An Aristocracy of Sacrifice and Service with the Red Cross Canteen in France

By MRS. W. K. VANDERBILT

Day and Night Mrs. Vanderbilt Gave Cooling Drinks and Kindly Words to Our American Boys

Walking in the Garden of the American Hospital at Neuilly

NEVER again will any one attack unchallenged the capacity and willingness for service of our most misunderstood American girl, the girl of greater privilege, and hence of greater responsibility, who has been so often, so tritely, but so truly characterized as "never having lifted a hand." Never again can any one rightfully question her spirit, her physical hardihood, her readiness for action upon life's immediate demand. Too many have seen her, as I have seen her, serving with a high nobility of purpose and forgetfulness of self in the face of the bewildering demands of this past—this almost past—war; never questioning, never faltering—doing what she was told to do when obedience was a virtue, or pioneering her own trail when thrown upon her own responsibility in emergencies.

I had always believed that under the light exterior of our modern American girls there was a deep capacity for service. In the days before the war I used to watch them, with their tireless, vigorous, lithe bodies, their bright, frank eyes, their keen devotion to the joy of living, as they danced and golfed and rode and often flitted through life, and I felt then, in an undefinable way, that they were somehow already equipped for something truly big and genuine.

When I became Directrice of Canteen Service for the American Red Cross in France, and Inspector of Military Hospitals, I saw verified the paradox that some of the worthier privileges of the life of a sheltered girl can even be converted into a kind of "head start" for rougher experience. To begin with, any girl with the strength to dance all night and perhaps a part of the afternoon is in training to stand on her feet the same length of time doing canteen and hospital work. Any girl whose Summer days have known the mountain trail, even if that trail had for its opening and end a comfortable Adirondack camp, and whose Winters are punctuated with rushes into country sport, is better equipped for endurance in the open than the sister whose office keeps her city-bound for all but a fortnight of the year. Furthermore, hardship that is a novelty and known to be going to end some day is less likely to be viewed as hardship than as new experience. That is one reason perhaps why "the girl who has everything" is the one who complains least when something she has had is taken away.

BUT no matter what my personal faith was inclined to be in the good cause of the average girl, I was determined that it should be no fault of mine if any of the girls in the Red Cross Canteen Service proved unequal to her job. Therefore, when the first group arrived, I gathered them in front of me. "Girls," I explained, "I hope none of you thinks she has come over here to have a good time. There is no such phrase in the vocabulary of the Red Cross. You are going to have to work harder and longer than you have in all of your life—and under the most uncomfortable circumstances." I told them just what they had to expect in the way of cold rooms, long hours on their feet, difficult nights when the Gothas would fly overhead, days and nights together when they would not be able to take off their clothes or go to bed, but would have to sleep in the open. I concluded by saying, "And now, at the beginning, before it is too late, if there are any of you who think they may not be equal to these emergencies, I want you to say so." Not one demurred. It was the same with every group that arrived.

I would not be truthful, and I should expect to be considered absurd, if I maintained that every girl who came over was a model either in her intentions or in her performances. Moreover, there were a few who did complain a bit at long hours or uncomfortable quarters, not possessing the blessed gift of adaptability. Here I am going to be plain-spoken and say all over again that the girls who came from the most luxurious homes, those who had been used to every comfort, complained the least when faced with discomfort or even hardship. If it could not be circumvented, they treated it as a lark. If there was a way out of it, they found that way. The psychology of this would make good discussion at a moment when so-called class problems are involved. For myself, I am inclined to look upon it as a kind of minor modern application of that old-fashioned Victorian motto: *Noblesse oblige.*

But even those who were not adjustable at first became so when they saw war at its worst, which is often also seeing it at its best. If the example of the other girls did not suffice, or the bravery of the men as they went into action and their fortitude as they came out, the common sense standards of the boys themselves worked the change.

Our American boy at home has a gentle, humorous, reasonable, susceptible soul, but affectation or airs of any sort, far from making an appeal, are apt to make an antagonist of him, or induce a kind of amused derision very fatal to any hope of winning his confidence. He was no different over there. "Anything like those hand-me-down airs sure do get on my *nerves*," one of them said to me one day. And if anything so unnecessary did "get on his nerves" he "sure" did let one know it. Not the most flattered belle could be proof against these doughboy tests of whether or not in his judgment she was "the real thing."

For the most part we were all of us touched at the great number of girls of high connections whose minds were not tinged with a sense of their own importance, whose hands and feet toiled hard and incessantly, too hard sometimes—for rest and leave hours were often ignored, and a suspicion of comfort rejected with sacrificial but ill-directed ardor. It was necessary for me to speak to some of these over-zealous girls and exhort them. "You can not spend your leisure hours in bleak quarters and without comfort and amusement when it is unnecessary and get up in the morning feeling as fit for the day's work as if you had passed the time in at least some degree of ease."

Their ingenuity in following my advice was surprising. It always is in the young, and the instinct, when they are girls, to apply it to the task of home-making, is and was to me then, most lovable. I have seen those girls in France take rooms that were just holes in wood or stone walls and create artistic, livable homes. Cretonnes or a bit of chints, a pot of paint, a few pieces of dilapidated furniture, a potted plant, and a few odd candlesticks, and they had a place fit and ready to make any one feel at home. I remember one such place in Northern France. Here a number of girls were canteening within less than a mile from the battle-line, constantly within the noise of the guns and often in the range of shell-fire. As for Gotha raids, these had become such a part of their lives they thought nothing about them. When they heard that awful whirr overhead, they laughed and said quite in the manner of the men in the trenches, "Hello! I wonder if there's a shell up there with my name on it." For five months, because of air-raids, they slept in the fields under the trees. The only gay hours in their lives, aside from the joy their service brought them, were those spent in their little club.

MY HEART went out to them when I first saw the bare, dreary rooms they had found for that club. One room had no window at all. The other had a small hole with a dim pane far up the wall. When I deplored such cheerless quarters they only said, "Wait and see."

In a few days I returned for a visit of inspection. And I did see. From the ruins of a home destroyed by the Germans, they had resurrected several battered deal chairs and a legless table. They found the legs scattered about in the heaps of refuse. In a store to which an old refugee couple had returned from a period of hiding in caves and cellars, they purchased a pot of blue paint, a hammer, and some nails. From another old French woman who had stayed on, surviving the terror of invasion, they bought a few yards of chints, its design almost obscured by layers of smoke and dust. Somehow they procured a small stove and a few kitchen utensils. Then they washed down the walls, scrubbed the floors and painted them, mended the chairs and table and painted them also, washed out the chints and cut it up for curtains. This accomplished, they went on another foraging expedition, returning with some antique candlesticks, a few bits of pottery, and a decrepit couch which they restored and spread with a Kashmir shawl some one happened to have brought from home. The result was that thing called "home atmosphere"—that divine quality which the Red Cross huts throughout France held and disseminated wherever a woman worker was to be found. The men were more sensitive to it, if that could be, than the women who produced it. And its influence is not appraisable, whether in war or peace.

In another place, close to an evacuation hospital, the girls slept in tents on cots that stood deep in the mud. It was during the rainy season and the wind-blown rain often seeped through the canvas. When discomfort was at its worst the exclamation would be, "Just think of the boys in the trenches to-night. How lucky we are by comparison."

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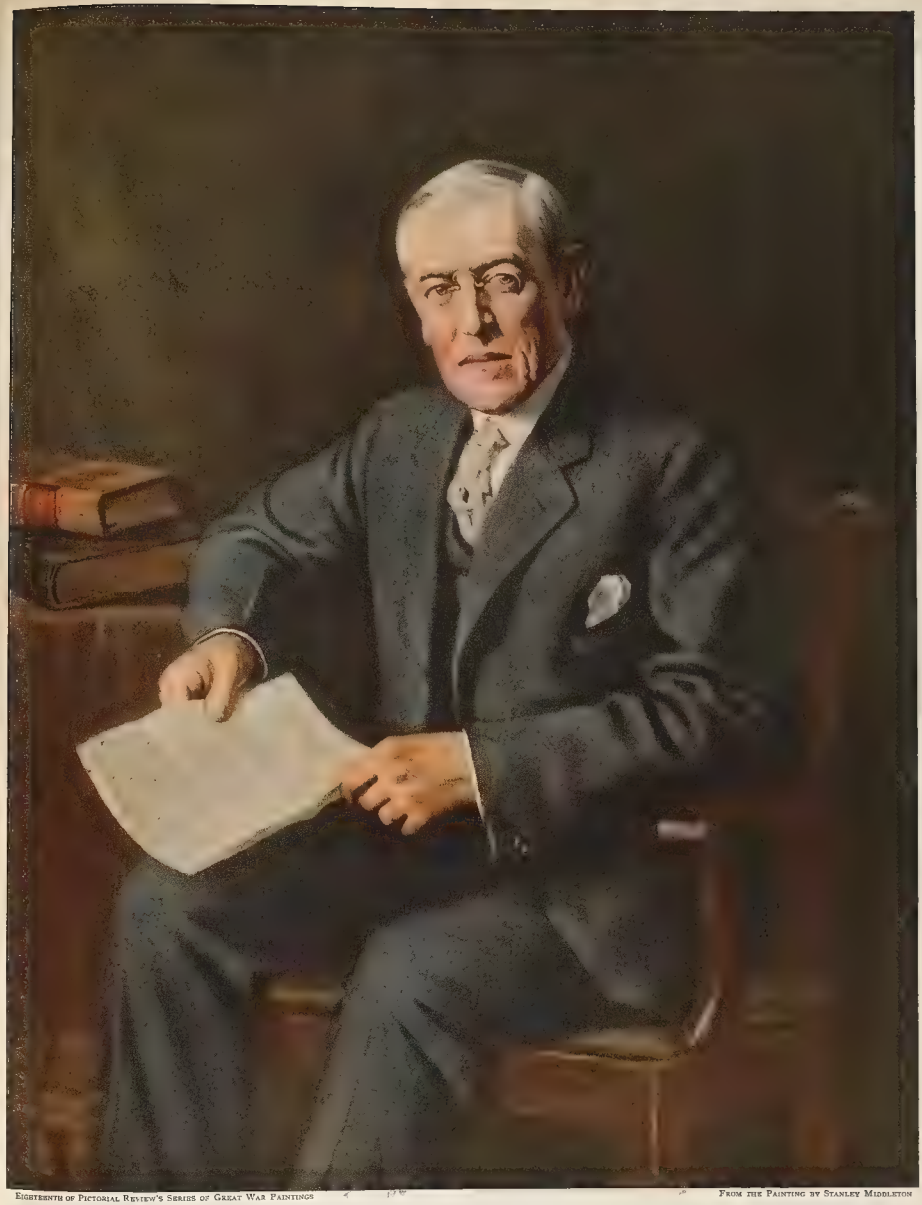

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"'I Suppose It's His Sickness, Will,' She Said, 'But if It Is, Oh, I Wish the Lord Would Take Him! I Do, Honestly!'"

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. R. GRUGER

THE BATTLE AMONG THE CLOUDS

"I Wish He Was Dead"

By GEORGE WESTON

AS LONG as I can remember, I have heard about the New England conscience. Roughly speaking, they can be classified into three groups. An example of the first class is the deacon who, in a great crisis of his life, can not tell a lie even tho it means the life's happiness of some one he loves. And yet—this is where the "nub" of the story comes in—the deacon makes his living in the wholesale distribution of New Medford rum or in shipping cheap revolvers to the west coast of Africa. The second group can be more shortly described. They deal with some strongly-featured but melancholy individual who believes that Beauty is Sin And the third division consists of psycho-pathological studies, of which the alienists of any country could cite you similar examples. Nor are the first two groups any more typical of New England than they are of Ypsilanti or Jerusalem. There have been Pharisees, no doubt, in every age and land, and the confounding of Beauty and Sin is probably as old as the first man who had remorse or the first woman who realized that she was not as beautiful as she might have been.

And yet I flatter myself that I could tell a few stories about the New England conscience which would really stand out as such, if the things I hear in my office weren't strictly confidential. Some day, perhaps, I may be able to write about these things, but not yet. Indeed, I couldn't relate this present story if I hadn't been asked to do so by the person most concerned, and that, of course, is Myra herself. "You tell it out straight," she said, "right from the beginning, and then the folks around here can judge for themselves. Perhaps they'll stop whispering then, and won't look at me out of the corner of their eyes as if they thought I was a Terrible Woman." Myra smiled when she said this, but it wasn't any smiling matter at the time, as you will very soon see.

So to start back at the beginning, as she wishes me to do, I must tell you first about Peter J. Lewis, Myra's father, who was known to local fame as the most shiftless farmer between Danielson and Norwich.

Peter J. was one of those great inventors who have solved the problem of always appearing in public with a week's growth of beard. Whether he went into seclusion every time he shaved, I can not say, but no one ever saw him clean-shaved and no one ever saw him with regular whiskers. He had a weak, flabby chin, which had the trick of quivering like a horse's underlip, and he had a large forehead deeply wrinkled as tho he spent the greater part of his time in pondering problems which were much too deep for him—as how to wash without water, for instance, or how to walk without moving the feet. Winter and Summer he wore the same greasy cap, the same felt boots, spoke in the same gentle voice, smoked the same T. D. pipe and slept in the same clothes. He was a widower and had one daughter, Myra. It is she who is the heroine of my story.

Myra was about ten years old when her mother died—a tall, sensitive child, already troubled with the knowledge that her father was not like other men. The Lewises' was a rented farm on the road to Canterbury, and I often saw Myra trying to straighten the yard, planting flowers in the Spring or raking leaves in the Fall—a pale, serious girl whose bare legs seemed to have more blue than pink in them. When she grew older and put on longer dresses, it suddenly became apparent that Myra had grown to be good-looking, thus fulfilling an old theory of mine that children, like dreams, generally go by contraries.

As time went on, Peter J. sat around pondering his problems so deeply—and especially that problem of how to walk without moving the feet—that a creeping paralysis laid hold of him, giving his shiftlessness the dignity of sickness. As a consequence, Myra's work was nearly doubled, but I think she preferred to have it so. "Poor Pa," she would say, "Folks never rightly understood him," and she scratched and worked and made some sort of a living for them both, being a great hand with chickens and having the knack of making them lay "when eggs are eggs" as we say around here. But all the same, no one but Myra knows how often she went to bed hungry, or what miracles of conjuring she had to practise in order to have one decent dress and one good pair of shoes to go to church in. The folks who live on the Canterbury Road have to pass my office window when they go to church, and I often used to watch for Myra, and think how much she looked like that picture of St. Cecilia where she is seated at the Keyboard of Life, her face upraised, almost despairing that she will ever be able to sound an acceptable chord.

Nor was I the only one who noticed Myra. Altho I didn't know it at the time, Abner Spalding was also watching her. He, too, lived on the Canterbury Road, where he amused himself and met his household expenses by keeping turkeys, altho he was one of the richest men around Hoxie, having a passion for chattel mortgages which was almost an obsession, and saving ninety-nine cents and a generous fraction out of every dollar that came into his hands.

HE WAS a sallow, precise little man, of indeterminate age—one of those precise little men who have prominent eyes and a rather violent smile. The first time I had him for a patient he came to my office on three successive days and briskly tried to beat me down in my fees before he would tell me his symptoms. His trouble was a valvular disturbance of the heart—one of the worst murmurs I ever heard—and when I gave him more advice than medicine, I could see that he would rather have had more medicine and less advice.

"Oh, by the way, Doctor," he said, just as he was leaving, "You 'tend Peter Lewis: don't you? Well, how much longer do you expect he'll live?"

There was so much more than curiosity in Abner's voice that I looked at him for a while before replying, wondering why he wanted to know, and then I told him that one man's guess was as good as another's and he might as well do the guessing as me.

"Well, now, Doctor," he said in a sugary voice, "just one thing more. I suppose you 'tend Myra as well as the old man—that is, of course, if she ever needs a doctor—does she?"

And then I knew what Abner was scheming to know—or at least I thought I did—for there were times when Myra seemed to have that indefinable, thin-faced wistfulness which is peculiar to consumptives. I thought Abner was considering hiring her to be his housekeeper and to look after his turkeys—so I told him that Myra was as sound as a silver dollar, a simile which seemed to give him a particular pleasure.

"You're sure she's sound, doctor? You're sure you're not mistaken?" he cackled.

Again I compared Myra's soundness to that of the silver dollar, feeling that Abner wanted to hear me say it again. He listened for it with his head on one side, and when I finished speaking he broke out into a sort of sweat of satisfaction and went out mopping his forehead and breathing more or less stertorously through the nose.

OLD PETER J. died that Winter, and when Myra married Abner Spalding the following Summer, I think she did it as much as anything else because she was in a state of passive exhaustion when he asked her. As long as she could remember she had been fighting against actual poverty, and perhaps in a moment of weakness she thought how restful it would be to have enough to eat and enough to wear for the rest of her days, to say nothing of the respect which would come to her as the wife of one of Hoxie's richest men.

Still, no matter what may have been in her mind either consciously or unconsciously when she married Abner, I don't think it was long before she repented of her bargain.

She soon found that instead of being Abner's wife, she was his servant, working without pay and without rest—a servant, moreover, who wasn't trusted, but who lived in a house where doors and cupboards and desks were locked against her, and traps set to see if she spied. Abner wouldn't let her keep a cat. "They eat as much as a person," said he. He wouldn't subscribe to a paper. "Reading's a waste of time," said he. And then he would chuckle and look at Myra sidewise from his prominent eyes, and smile his violent smile as tho he were saying, "I've got the best of you, Myra. Tée-hee-hee! I've got a housekeeper that I don't have to pay, and you can't leave me, either, like the others have done!"

So lived Myra, quiet, reserved, dressed nearly always in black, and smiling and speaking so seldom that you would almost think she had forgotten how. When the Spring came she used to go down into the wood-lot by the river every day to look for turkey eggs, and there it was, I think, that she met Will Moffitt.

The Moffitts had come from Flat Rock, having moved that Winter to Hoxie, buying the farm just west of Abner's on the Canterbury Road. Will Moffitt, the eldest son, was a good-looking young farmer of about twenty-five, prominent in the Grange, and generally taking a leading part in our local theatricals. He also found time to play the cornet in Krauss's Military Band, and when he lived on Flat Rock he had the name of being the best fox hunter around there. With it all, he was a quiet, likable fellow, with a lot of fresh color and a lot of black hair.

Yes, Myra first met him, I think, when she was down in the wood-lot, looking for turkey eggs. Anyhow, they became friends, tho at first in a distant sort of way so far as Myra was concerned. That Spring, Abner was taken down with muscular rheumatism, and I was over there every day for nearly a month. Will Moffitt came one week to do Abner's plowing, and once or twice I saw him talking

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to Myra. Myra was cool as spring-water, but every time she went out in the yard I noticed that young Moffitt couldn't keep his eyes off her.

Meanwhile Abner's meanness was growing every day, and somehow he looked meaner, too, perhaps because he kept his teeth in a glass of water by the side of his bed.

Once when I was with him, Myra came up and said the butcher had come. "What?" said Abner. "So soon again?" She gave me a fleeting look and answered "Yes."

"And I suppose you've come to me for the money?" he complained. "Yes." "How much this time?" "Eighty-four cents." "What?" he cried, almost sitting up in bed, "Eighty-four cents for meat?" Again Myra gave me a fleeting look and in a lower voice she answered "Yes." "You let me see that meat?" said Abner, "and bring the scales so I can weigh it." The meat was weighed, the price was figured out then—and not till then—Abner drew a canvas bag from under his pillow and doled out eighty-four cents, which Myra carried down to the butcher who had been waiting all this time in the kitchen below, doubtless listening to the conversation up-stairs and memorizing it as well as he could for future recitation. As she went out of the room the last time, Abner winked his eye at me and I could see that he had been enjoying himself like a crafty old tom-cat playing with a particularly young mouse.

One dark night when I swung my car unexpectedly into Abner's yard, I saw Myra and Will Moffitt sitting together on the front door-step. It seemed to me that their faces were unusually pale, tho this may have been the effect of my lamps. It took me some little time to turn the lights down and find my pill-box, and when I reached the door only Myra was there, her eyes dark in the whiteness of her face, thoughtfully watching a moving shadow which was disappearing into the darkness. "Poor Will," she simply remarked, "he was telling me how lonesome he is—but I guess we all feel that way sometimes." In a lower voice she added, "He's thinking of going to California, and was telling me about it. I'd kind of like to see it—some day—it—"

After that evening I have an idea that Myra began to look consciously forward to the time when Abner would crown his career by leaving his wife a widow. But old Abner up-stairs was too contrary to die by any fair means. One day he asked me how much my bill amounted to, and when I told him it was thirty-five dollars, he seemed to pull himself together by a tremendous effort of the will. The next time I called he was dressed and down-stairs, and seemed to think he had a joke on me when he refused to tell me how he felt until I had agreed not to charge him anything for the question.

"I just couldn't stand it any longer," he grinned, one part joking and three in earnest. "When I thought of your bill piling up like that, and my wife running me into debt down here, I just naturally got dressed and came down. You take my advice, doctor, and stay single Worst mistake I ever made when I got married Dress? They think of nothing else And deceitful? No name for them! And eat? I tell you, doctor, it makes no difference how delicate they look, they eat as much as a horse and —what was this: . .

I told him it sounded like a shot near the river.

"Some lazy rascal hunting down there," he cried, clapping his hat on his head. "I'll teach him to set my woods on fire and knock my stone walls down?"

"You be careful, Abner!" I warned him. "It wouldn't take much——"

But Abner was already too far away to hear me. He was dropping down toward the river with an agility which soon put him out of sight—a little stiff in the knees, perhaps, but not much the worse for that. I went into the kitchen for my pill-box, and there I found Myra was crying.

"Cheer up, Myra! Don't you care!" I said. "He doesn't mean it!"

"OH, but he does," she said. "He tries to hide it with a smile, but he means it just the same. He said that about my clothes because I had to have a pair of new shoes last week—either that or stay away from church. And he said I ate like a horse because he caught me frying myself an egg the other forenoon when I hadn't been able to eat my breakfast——" At that she began crying again in a quiet, dispirited sort of way, and I couldn't help thinking, as I often do think, that either something is wrong with the rules that we go by, or else the Lord meant woman always to have the wrong end of the whip.

"He's been saying the meanest things about Will Moffitt, too," said Myra, wiping her eyes. "That's what he meant by 'deceitful.' Will Moffitt's kept away since—since the other night—and I haven't been down in the wood-lot lately looking for turkey eggs. Somehow Abner's put the two things together—oh, he's terribly sharp!—and the things he's been——" She suddenly stopped, another shot sounding in the wood-lot, clear and sharp like the crack of a whip. Myra and I stared at each other, the same unspoken question in both our minds.

"I'll go and see," I said at last, and down to the river I started, as fast as my legs would carry me. I hadn't got far, tho, when I saw Abner coming back, holding some one fast by the arm; and when he drew nearer I saw that his prisoner was Will Moffitt. Under our laws, a property owner has the right to arrest any hunter found trespassing on his land.

"What's the matter, Abner?" I asked, thinking that conversation might cool him off.

"That's what I'd like to know myself," he piped back. "But I'm going to stop this young squirt from coming in my wood-lot, if I never do another thing."

"Easily done, too." I said. "Just tell him not to come again. A hint's as good as a kick to a sensible man."

"Yes, I'll tell him!" cried Abner. "I'll tell him so he won't forget in a hurry! Myra! Bring my hat! I'm going to take him over to Judge Briggs!"

He looked at me with one of his livid smiles, and then he advanced to Myra who was holding his hat out for him—walking toward her like a crafty old tom-cat about to spring, and smiling as tho he were already playing with the mouse.

"No use going down in the woods for turkey eggs to-day, Myra!" he said. "I've got the bird right here, and I'm going to take him away and clip his wings!"

"'What's the Matter, Abner,' I asked. 'I'm Going to Stop This Young Squirt from Coming in My Wood-lot, if I Never Do Another Thing,' He Piped Back"

From what happened afterward, I know that Abner meant nothing by this. It was simply one of the stinging things he often said to establish and maintain his ascendancy over Myra. All his life he had said sharp things like that, perhaps because he wished to be feared where he couldn't make himself loved.

It was in the *Norwich Bulletin* next day that Will Moffitt had been fined one dollar and costs for hunting without permission on the property of Abner Spalding. But it wasn't in the *Bulletin* that he had been there looking for a fox which had been troubling Myra's turkeys. Perhaps it was delicacy which kept him from mentioning this, for fear it would make hard feeling between Myra and her husband, but he told her about it the next afternoon when she went down into the wood-lot for the turkey eggs.

"I GUESS I'd better be going to California pretty soon, Myra," he said. "I don't know as I could stand by a second time and hear him say the mean things he said yesterday——" As Myra listened, she probably thought of all she had stood from Abner—and as the memory of one indignity fast followed another, she must have felt a quickening of that wrathful spirit which can't but stir the saints at times when they see what the wicked are doing. "I suppose it's his sickness, Will," she said, "but if it is, oh, I wish the Lord would take him! I do, honestly! I wish he was dead!"

Thus King Henry may have spoken to his knights about Thomas à Becket in a year so long ago. But, unlike Thomas à Becket, Abner wasn't slain by the sword. He was slain by a much sharper weapon than that, as you will very soon see.

When Myra returned to the house, Abner was waiting for her. He had bought a roe shad from Cardinal's fish-cart, and had thrown it on the kitchen table so that it lay with its head out of the paper as tho it wished to see what was going on—a New England fish, I have no doubt, and inquisitive even in death. I have mentioned this detail with a purpose in view. Roe shad was Myra's favorite dish. On the day she had married Abner, he had asked her what she would like for supper—asked her with the prodigality of a newly married man who would buy his wife the jewels of Spain to throw at the birds. Seeing Cardinal's fish-cart approaching, Myra had suggested shad roe, and Abner had stopped the cart and bought just such a fish as the one which lay on the kitchen table when Myra came up from the wood-lot, fresh from the wish that her husband were dead. As Myra looked at the fish, which seemed to be watching her so intently with its head out of the paper, she knew it was a peace-offering from Abner—the symbol of a contrite heart. Simultaneously her nose began to smart, for a little affection went a long way with Myra, and conscience began whispering to her, over and over again, "You wished he was dead!—You wished he was dead!"

The thought made her throat ache till she could hardly eat her supper, and it was very little sleep that Myra had that night. If she had been stronger physically, or if she had been brought up with some lively young ones of her own age, I doubt if her wicked wish would have worried her so much. "Oh, well," she might have reflected, "wishes never hurt anybody yet, and I guess he's wished the same about me, many a time, tho I'm sure I don't see why he should," and there the matter would have ended. But, as you have seen, Myra's life had tended to give her thoughts a somber trend, and she had always been so straight that the moment she felt that her feet were off the path, she fell into a state of mind which wasn't far from panic. "I wished he was dead—I wished he was dead." And there she lay all night, working herself into a state of mind in which she felt hateful to herself, and ashamed to look Abner in the face next morning.

I saw there was something wrong with Myra on Sunday when she went up the hill to church, looking like a St. Cecilia who has practised too long and who despairs of ever sounding an acceptable chord. It was a typical New England Sunday—bright sun, blue sky, hilly roads, stone walls, white farm-houses on the distant hills and a church bell which seemed to call its people with a slightly nasal clang. We had for our dominie at that time Elder Hyde, who farmed all week and preached on Sundays. I have known him to put in a hard week hoeing corn and potatoes and then on Sunday, dressed in a long duster, to preach a sermon guaranteed to bring the goose-flesh on your scalp and the shivers on your spine. A powerful speaker he was, as you had better believe, and fought potato bugs and weeds with the same vigor that he used in fighting the devil and all his works. To this product of Eastern Connecticut went Myra, that other native of our soil, and found what she was looking for.

I often wish I had heard the Elder's sermon that morning, but the Spring rains had brought their annual toll of typhoid and I was too busy among my patients to get away He took for his text that verse of Proverbs: "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he,"—a text with tremendous possibilities for Myra. I can imagine how she thrilled and swayed under the Elder's denunciations, how she felt herself as guilty as any murderess, and finally, how she decided upon the steps which she must take to regain the peace she had lost.

MYRA went straight home and caught Abner counting the eggs in the pantry. I think that made him jump and started his heart playing tricks. In self-defense he promptly accused her of snooping, and asked her if that was what she went to church to learn.

"Oh, Abner," she said, "I've got something to tell you. My conscience won't let me rest any longer."

He must have stared at that, and I can picture him turning his eye inward and taking hurried thought with himself. "Something to tell me?" he said. "About what?"

"About me and Will Moffitt."

"About what?" he shouted. Again I can imagine him and so, I think, can you—how livid he looked—how violent without his smile.

"About me and Will Moffitt. The other evening—down in the wood-lot—I told him I wished you was dead——"

Abner took a step forward, raised his hands as tho to seize Myra by the shoulders, and then dropped them forward on his face. It was probably half an hour later when I got there and heard the story. Myra had wished he was dead—and her wish had brought its fulfilment.

"I've killed him!" she whispered, "Oh, I've killed him!"

"Nonsense!" I told her. "His heart killed him." I had been watching her closely and was already getting out two green pills, so she would be sure to obey that night.

"No," she whispered again. "It was I who killed him!"

I sent for Frank Tillinghast, the local undertaker and came away, thinking of the strange designs which are sometimes laid out upon the great trestle-board of life. "Just now," I thought, "if Myra marries Will Moffitt after a while, I guess that most of her troubles will be behind her."

You will see from this that I personally took no stock in Myra's theory that she was responsible for Abner's death. He might just as readily have died in my office while disputing the amount of his bill. "It won't take long," I thought, "for Myra to get that notion out of her head." But in my reasoning, as I soon found out, I had overlooked one important factor. I had failed to reckon with the strength of the New England conscience.

The first thing that Myra did after the funeral was to write Will Moffitt a letter in which she said that Abner's death was brought about by her own wicked conduct, and

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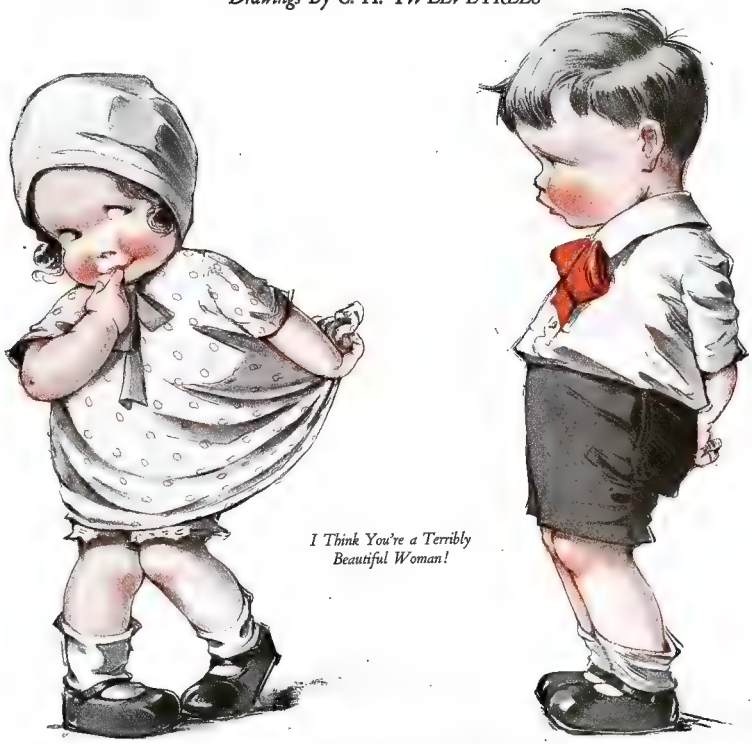
Oh, Where Have You Been All My Life?

Oh, Sweet Is Love's Young Dream

Drawings By C. H. TWELVETREES



I Think You're a Terribly Beautiful Woman!

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Help! Help! Everybody Wants Help!

A Common-Sense Discussion of the Servant-Girl Problem

By KATHLEEN NORRIS

AUTHOR OF "MOTHER," "THE HEART OF RACHAEL," "THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE," ETC.

"Not a Woman of *Any* Sort on Our Books!"

HERE, in my own lovely home, with a thousand pleasant things to do," said a friend of mine, with actual tears in her eyes, "I find myself going about, unable to think of anything but the way Annie imposes on me, and rehearsing to myself all the things I want to say to her, when the opportunity occurs! And the worst of it all is," she added, with pathetic honesty, "I know even now that I shall never have the courage to say them, for bad as she is, she is better than nobody!"

We all laugh at the idea of the employer trembling before the employed, but we have all done the same, and we all know that it is typical of the relationship of mistress and maid.

Of all domestic problems, the servant question is the most exasperating, the most changing, and the most absorbing. All women hate it, and yet all women must perforce think about it, and talk about it, and worry about it. It is not the same for me as for my mother, nor were her problem and her mother's the same, and yet it always is a vexed question, and apparently always has been. We find the voluble Duchess of Newcastle, in 1663, expressing the opinion that few servants "in this age" are "faithful, trusty, and industrious," most of them being instead "idle, wasteful, bold, rude, and everything that is evil."

So that for nearly three hundred years women's employment of women has been unsuccessful, and no lasting solution of the question has been found.

But we know that our particular form of it is unusually trying, for with the rapid changes that war, and the aftermath of war, have brought to the nation, servants, as we knew them, are entirely disappearing; the institution never was established or standardized in this country, and it is dissolving all the more simply and rapidly. We never have had a servant class, and as a democracy we should never have desired one; the crown and class distinctions never were meant to thrive on American soil. We are proud of our descent from the men of 1776, we cherish the records of Plymouth Rock, and yet we blindly and faithfully preserve a domestic ideal that utterly belies them.

Our American girls, from the very first, declined to accept the imported idea. Slaves in the South, and immigrants in the North have been our servants for a hundred years. We have come at last to the knowledge, hastened by the Great War, that American girls, of all classes and conditions, absolutely refuse to do domestic labor. Last Winter I telephoned twelve employment agencies in New York City. Four were closed, five had no plain cook who would also set and wait on the table, and three answered, "Not a woman of *any* sort on our books!"

It is not that they refuse to serve, as the war has proved. They have all served magnificently, and no work has been too high or two humble for them. Out of kitchens and nurseries they have gone streaming, and doubled wages and trebled wages have not halted them. Their employers, anxious to do their own share of war work, have had to turn to the neglected kitchens instead. The servant question, difficult enough a few years ago, has now become an absolute menace to family life.

"WHAT do they want?" we asked ourselves dazedly. What is there left for them to want? They have freedom, money, food, shelter, they have amusements and clothes and friends. One family I know has a spare room for the maids' guests, another family gives a weekly party in the garage. Almost every family has increased the fortnightly afternoon of freedom to two days weekly, and almost all evenings. They are given theater tickets, they use the telephone, they have short trips and long in the motor-car. We no longer burden them with soap-making and wood-chopping and poultry feeding, preserving and washing and spinning and the killing of pigs. Their vegetables and cereals come in compact, clean packages, their soups come in cans, their labors are lightened of fire-making and lamp-filling The plain, hard-working, simple women who were the first New Englanders had not one-tenth of the advantages the maids in our kitchens have to-day. Still they are unsatisfied.

And while childless families may move into apartments, where housekeeping is made easy, there are always thousands of families who must live in the country or the suburbs for the sake of the children, and who must have help in nursery and kitchen. And the difficulty of getting good service is almost insuperable. It means a constant struggle, a constant change, a constant annoyance, and is unquestionably one reason why so many young husbands and wives assume the grave responsibility of refusing parenthood. Once the children are here, they must be fed and clothed and carefully watched; if their mother can not find a reliable nurse, she must perforce bathe and dress and watch them every instant herself, and if it is also impossible to secure a cook, then the endless round of cereals and baked potatoes and dish-washing, and perhaps the washing of clothes, too, falls upon her. She has no choice; an interrupted night with a croupy baby does not excuse her from the inexorable hour of dressing and cooking breakfast, and she can look forward to no free Sunday, and may never plead the excuse of fatigue or a sick-headache.

AND when the applicant for a place in her kitchen calls, and says civilly, "I never work where there are children," the poor little mother is reduced almost to tears, and she feels that it is shameless and heartless of a mere servant to insult her so. She is struggling with conditions not of her making, and doing far more than her fair share of the world's work, and the injustice of it almost maddens her. She wonders how other women have managed it, all through the years, and thinks of her grandmother who, with one servant, raised thirteen children, with a sort of incredulous pity.

But her grandmother probably had a much simpler, easier time. There were unmarried sisters, perhaps, in the family of her grandmother, and there were maiden aunts. There was a lower domestic standard, too, no answering of telephones, and fewer calls from outside. Breakfast was earlier, women had long forenoons, to chat over the mending-basket, or peel the peaches for preserving.

The General Seemed to Take a Pride in Doing All This

And to get the wash out before breakfast on Monday morning, and thump irons all day Tuesday, getting the meals and answering the door just the same, and to clean on Wednesday, bake on Friday, and cook all day Saturday, to keep the house clean, and sweep up-stairs and down, and polish the silver and watch the baby there was the "general" servant, who did all this for eighteen dollars a month, and seemed even to take a pride in it.

But she is gone, that general servant, with bustles and autograph albums and horse-cars, never to return. We have nothing in her place, and if we want outside help in our homes to-day we are offered, as I was last year, "specialized service for establishments," at prices ranging from forty to one hundred dollars a month—and going up. So that the women who are doing the government's most important work, are raising the citizens of the future, are faced by a really serious problem. They *must* have help, and there is no help to be had.

"Why," we say patiently, "why the girls are crazy enough to prefer the hard work of factories, and the expense of feeding and lodging themselves, to the work of a quiet home, with the best food in the market, and better pay, we never will understand!"

Most of us never really try to understand it; we think it is utterly irrational and senseless, and content ourselves with a sort of general contempt for the girls who remain so blind. But there is good reason for this condition existing as it does, year after year, and affecting, as it does, all sorts of girls—young and older, pretty and plain, giddy and sedate.

After all, the question to ask ourselves is not whether we prefer housework to work in a factory, but whether we would prefer to do housework, in some other woman's home, than to take our chance in the actual business world. The difficulty lies not in the work but with the employer. We do not despise housework, although I think we undervalue it, but we do somehow despise the thousands of women who make it their profession.

And it must be admitted that the immigrant women who come to us as domestics are not of the type from which we select our friends. We have made domestic labor insufferable to refined, ambitious, and intelligent women, we demand the unthinking and unawakened woman, and we have only ourselves to thank for what we get. Our husbands may have young men of fine families in their offices, their women employees may occasionally be welcome guests in our homes, but it never seems to occur to us that the children's nurse may well be as well-educated as is a teacher or stenographer, and that the woman who cooks what we eat is as deserving of our respect as the nurse who cares for us in illness.

"Minna Simply Pins on Her Hat and Walks Off"

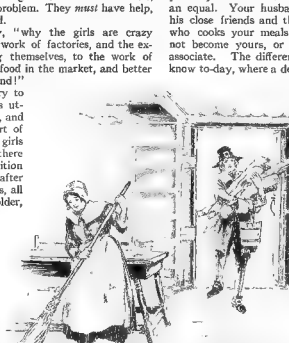
Why is it that if a friend of yours dies, leaving a young son and a daughter, your husband not only offers the boy a start in his office, but also offers one to the girl, and that it would be only an unspeakable insult for you to take the young woman into your home, to learn what you know of housekeeping and child-rearing, to help you while you help her, and to be well-paid and guarded during the most important time of her life?

THE reason is very simple. A few generations ago all work was disgraceful, for gentlewomen. Gradually one field after another was won, the rising generation of girls take work of some sort quite as a matter of course, and will never know how painful the transition was. Work is honorable now, desirable, and welcome. But the stigma upon domestic labor remains, and the domestic servant is still drawn from the dullest and most ignorant class; she is eighty per cent. foreign-born, tempted by large salary, accustomed to class rule.

It is certain that in the future there will be different servants, servants who are really equals, women, gently born and bred with whom housekeeping is a fine art. These will have their hours, their responsibilities, their social standing, and their pay. And that pay will at least equal the salary of a teacher or a stenographer. It will certainly not be less than seventy-five dollars a month in the big cities.

"I never can pay it!" says the woman who must manage on three hundred a month. And the answer is that you pay it now, when you allow the ignorance, the waste, and the breakage and spoliation that goes on in your kitchen, and when you waste several hours a day, either directing the maid, or doing her work over again. If you were earning, in your own special capacity, two or three hundred dollars a month, you could certainly pay for efficiency and intelligence in your home.

And if you are not worth the time of a seventy-five dollar woman, then you will shortly find yourself unable to employ women at all. The classes that honestly prefer factory and office positions will be filling them, and the only position you may offer a woman in your household will be that of an equal. Your husband's office associates often become his close friends and there is no reason why the woman who cooks your meals or cares for your children should not become yours, or should not at least be a congenial associate. The difference between the households we all know to-day, where a delicate and ambitious young mother struggles with meals and children and with the wretched help of an untrained and unfriendly menial, and the household of to-morrow, where all the work will be done intelligently by two congenial and efficient women, is almost too great to estimate. For thousands of women, all life will be changed when that change comes.



The First New Englanders Were Hard-working, Simple People

The average employer of a servant wastes about half an hour every morning in the kitchen. She goes out after breakfast and begins some such monologue as this:

"Now about to-day, Minna. Was any of the beef left? Not enough for luncheon Suppose I order a pound of stew beef, then? I'll write that down. And you might cook carrots for the children—

CONTINUED ON PAGE 49

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"I never make light of your care
But make it much lighter to bear,
This bright radiation in homes of the nation
Brings comfort and liberty there."

Common Sense Enlightening the World

It is your surest and safest guide.

You probably know a great deal more about diet and food-values than your grandmother knew. Every intelligent housewife studies these questions now-a-days. But the most advanced ideas of today are after all plain common sense.

The most important thing that modern dietary science teaches is the supreme value of a *good appetite* and *good digestion.* Without these science declares you cannot get proper nourishment from your food. This is only common sense.

The very latest science says you should eat a good soup every day. Why? Because good soup is an *appetizer as well as a food.*

You are simply following a common sense health rule when you begin your dinner or supper with

Campbell's Tomato Soup

It not only imparts a keener relish to your entire meal, but its tonic and regulative properties make all your food digest better and yield you more nutrition.

Many people are *over-fed* but *under-nourished.* Their diet is not balanced. The needs of the system are not satisfied. Many eat too much meat.

When you begin with a good soup you may want less meat, less heavy food. But what you eat nourishes and satisfies. The soup itself is nourishing.

Served as a Cream of Tomato, which is the usual way, the sustaining and energy-producing qualities of *Campbell's Tomato Soup* are surprising.

Keep a supply on your pantry shelf, and get the full benefit and enjoyment.

Campbell's Vegetable-Beef Soup—a meal in itself

This is the new Campbell's kind in which we combine choice vegetables and selected beef with a rich nourishing stock. An unusually hearty and substantial soup. Try it.

21 kinds 12c a can

Campbell's Soups

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

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Stylish—and oh, so comfortable!

Keds are the vogue.

After all there's nothing so essential as good-looking, comfortable, really suitable summer shoes.

On the lawn, the club-porch, the links or at home—anywhere, any time—there are styles for all occasions.

Keds are canvas rubber-soled shoes of unmistakable value. Every pair means solid comfort and lasting satisfaction.

You and every member of the family should be able to find just the Keds you want at any good shoe-store. Ask for them. Look for the name "Keds" stamped on the sole.

United States Rubber Company

UNITED STATES RUBBER COMPANY US RUBBER SYSTEM WITH ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

Keds

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The Oriole

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

table in front of that chair. Additionally, such was her riotous liveliness, she affected to light and smoke the stub of a lead pencil. "Well men," she said heartily, in a voice assumed to be that of a tall, powerful man—"I don't want to see any lookin' around here, men. I expect to have a pretty good newspaper this week—yes, sir, a pretty good newspaper—and I guess you men got to jump around pretty brisk to do everything I think of, or else maybe I guess I'll have to turn you off and get some new ones that'll be more obedient. I don't want to haf to do that, men."

The blackmailed partners made no reply, on account of an inability that was perfect for the moment.

Florence made it clear to them that henceforth she was sole editor of *The North End Daily Oriole*. (She said she had decided not to change the name, after all.) She informed them that they were to be her printers, nothing more, she did not care to get all that mixed up, she said. She would, however, do *all* the writing for her newspaper, and had with her a new poem. Also, she would furnish all the news and it would be printed just as she wrote it,] and printed *nicely*, too, or else—"look out!"

Thus did this cool hand take possession of an established industry, and in much the same fashion did she continue to manage it. There were unsuppressible protests; there was covert anguish; there was even a strike—but it was a short one. When the printers remained away from their late Newspaper Building, on Wednesday afternoon, Florence had an interview with Herbert after dinner at his own door. He explained coldly that Henry and he had grown tired of the printing-press and had decided to put in all their spare time building a theater in Henry's attic; but Florence gave him to understand that the theater could not be.

HENRY and Herbert had both stopped speaking to Patty Fairchild, for each believed her treacherous to himself; but Florence now informed Herbert that far from depending on mere hearsay, she had in her possession the confession of his knowledge that he had ocular beauty—the ruinous bit of writing in his own hand and signed with his complete name—that she had discovered the paper where Patty had lost it; and that it was now in a secure place, and in an envelop, upon the outside of which was already written, "Wallie Torbin. Kindness of Florence A."

Herbert collapsed. So did Henry Rooter, a little later that evening, after a telephoned conversation with the slave-driver.

The two miserable printers were back in their places the next afternoon.

And on Saturday the new *Oriole*, now in every jot and item the ingrained organ of feminism, made its undeniably sensational appearance.

A copy, neatly folded, was placed in the hand of Noble Dill, as he set forth for his place of business, after lunching at home with his mother. Florence was the person who placed it there—without charge. She came hurriedly from somewhere in the neighborhood, out of what yard or alley he did not notice, and slipped the little oblong sheet into his lax fingers.

"There!" she said, breathlessly. "There's a good deal about you in it, this week, Mr. Dill, and I guess—I guess——"

"What, Florence?"

"I guess maybe you'll—" She looked up at him shyly; then, with no more to say, turned and ran back in the direction whence she had come—and was gone. Noble walked on, not at once examining her little gift, but carrying it absently in fingers still lax at the end of a dangling arm. There was no life in him for anything; Julia was away.

Away—and yet the dazzling creature looked at him from sky, from earth, from air; looked at him with the most poignant kindness, yet always shook her head! She had answered his first letter by a kind little note, his second by a kinder and littler one, and his third, fourth, fifth, and sixth by no note at all; but by the kindest message (through one of her aunts) that she was thinking about him a great deal. And when this was three weeks ago. Since then, from Julia—nothing at all!

But yesterday something a little stimulating had happened. On the street, downtown, he had come face to face, momentarily with Mr. H. L. Atwater, Senior, Julia's peculiar old father; and for the first time in Noble's life this Mr. Atwater nodded to him pleasantly. Noble went on his way, elated: Was there not something almost fatherly in this strange greeting? There had been an easement of the pain of absence; and he glowed with thoughts of Mr Atwater.

The glow faded somewhat from Noble when he reached a telephone: he called up his mother, and she said there was no recent news of Julia current in the Atwater family connection that she could hear of; none of them had word that she was coming home.

However, Noble did not descend all the way into the cellar of his soul; some of his glow remained and kept him a little more cheerful than he had been for several weeks. The kind greeting of Julia's father had stirred his imagination. "An event so singular might be interpreted in the happiest way." What had Julia written her father, to change him so toward Noble? And Noble was still dreamily interpreting as he walked down the street with *The North End Daily Oriole* idle in an idle hand.

He found a use for that hand presently, and, having sighed, lifted it to press it upon his brow, but did not complete the gesture. As his hand came within the scope of his gaze, leveled on the unfathomable distance, he observed that the fingers held a sheet of printed paper; and he remembered Florence. Instead of pressing his brow he unfolded the journal she had thrust upon him. As he began to read, his eye was listless, his gait slack and dreary; but soon his whole demeanor changed; it can not be said for the better.

The NoRth End daily Oriole

ATWATER & CO., Owners & Propreitors
Subscribe NOW 25 Cents Per Year. Subscriptions should be brought to the East Main Entrance of Atwater & Co., Newspaper Building every afterNoon
430 to VI 25 Cents

POEmS

MY SOUL BY FLORENCE ATWATER

When my heart is dreary
Then my soul is weary
As a bird with a brokenwing
Who never again will sing
Like the sound of a vast amen
That comes from a church of men.

When my soul is dreary
It could never be cheery
But I think of my ideal
And everything seems real
Like the sound of the bright church bells peal.

Poems by Florence Atwater will be in the paper each and every Sat.

AdVertizements 45c. each Up

Joseph K. Atwater Co.
127 South Iowa St.
Steam Pumps

NEwS OF ThE cITY

Miss Florence Atwater of tHis City recieved a mark of 94 in History Examination at the concusion of the school Term last June.

Blue hair ribbons are in style again.

Miss Patty Fairchild of this City has not been doing as well in Declamation lately as formerly.

MR. Noble Dill of this City is seldon seen on the streets of the City without smoking a cigarette.

Miss Julia Atwater of this City is out of the City.

The MR. Rayfort family of this City have been presentde with the present of a new Cat by Geo. the man employeD by Ball & CO. This cat is perfectly baeutiful.

Miss Julia Atwater of this City is visiting friends in the Soth The family have had many letters from her that are read by each and all of the famild.

Mr. Noble DIll of this City is in business with his Father.

From letters to the family Miss Julia Atwater of this City is enjoying her visit in the south a great(ea)

Miss Patty Fairchild of the 7 A of this City, will probably not pass in ARithmetiC -ntess some improvement takes place before Examination

Miss Julia Atwater of this City wrote a letter to the family stating while visiting in the SOuth she has made an engagement to be married to MR. Crum of that City. The family do not know who this MR. Crum in but It is said he is a widwer though he has been diVorced with a great many children.

Subscribe Now 25c. Per Year Adv. 45c. up. Atwater & Co. Newspaper Building 25 Cents Per Years.

IT MAY be assumed that the last of the news items was wasted on Noble Dill, and that he never knew of the neighborhood improvement believed to be imminent as a result of the final touches to the ditch at the Mr. Henry D. Vance backyard.

The final instalment of "The Oriole" will appear in the August issue. If you don't like to read a story by instalments, save your three copies and read it all at once.

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Try this famous treatment tonight

WRING a soft cloth from very hot water, lather it well with Woodbury's Facial Soap, then hold it to your face. When the heat has expanded the pores, rub in *very gently* a fresh lather of Woodbury's. Repeat this hot water and lather application several times, *stopping at once if your nose feels sensitive.* Then finish by rubbing the nose for thirty seconds with a *piece of ice.* Always dry your skin carefully.

You will find this treatment and the other famous treatments for the commoner troubles of the skin in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Conspicuous Nose pores—

How to reduce them

DO you know what it is that causes conspicuous nose pores, the bugbear of so many girls? The pores of the face are not as fine as on other parts of the body.

On the nose especially, there are more fat glands than elsewhere, and there is more activity of the pores.

These pores, if not properly stimulated and kept free from dirt, clog up and become enlarged.

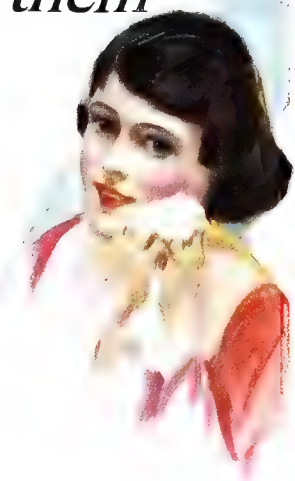
That is the reason why conspicuous nose pores are so common.

Try the special treatment for this trouble given above and supplement it with the steady, general use of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is the work of a skin specialist who devoted his life to a study of the care and treatment of the skin.

After ten days or two weeks of this Woodbury treatment, you will begin to see an improvement in your skin. But do not expect to change immediately a condition resulting from long-continued exposure and neglect. Make this special treatment a daily habit. Before long you will see how it gradually reduces the enlarged pores until they are inconspicuous.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and begin tonight the treatment your skin needs. You will find Woodbury's on sale at any drug store or toilet goods counter in the United States or Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.



Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream sent to you for 15c.

For 6c we will send you a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment), together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 15c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream.

Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 307 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 307 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

If your skin is marred by blackheads

It is because the pores have become clogged with oil, dry cuticle and the dirt and dust of the air. A special treatment for this skin trouble is given in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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THERE could be no more exacting test of linoleum than to make it the floor of this handsome and artistic enclosed porch. If it is in good taste here, is it not equally appropriate for a dining-room, living-room, or hall?

Your own eyes tell you that this Armstrong's Inlaid Linoleum floor is in excellent keeping with the general furnishings and colorings. It blends smartness with the right degree of restraint. And there is something exceedingly attractive in the odd, saw-tooth blue figures, with the soft, olive background.

Not only from the standpoint of attractiveness, but also from every practical consideration, you could hardly choose a more sensible floor than Armstrong's Linoleum. When well laid and rubbed thoroughly with a good floor-wax, you have a beautifully polished floor—durable, comfortable, easy to keep clean, and a splendid base for fabric rugs. The ideal way to lay Inlaid, Jaspé, or Plain Linoleum is to cement it down firmly over a layer of heavy felt paper. This insures a permanent floor, the extra wear value of which more than makes good the cost.

Have the nearest linoleum merchant show you the Armstrong designs he has in stock.

Linoleum is made of powdered cork, wood flour and oxidized linseed oil, pressed on burlap. Genuine linoleum always has a burlap back, is flexible and not easy to tear. Be sure that you get it. Better still, ask for Armstrong's Linoleum by name. The name, Armstrong's Linoleum, with the Circle A trademark, appears on the back of all genuine goods. There *is* a difference.

Armstrong Bureau of Interior Decoration

In charge of a thoroughly trained decorator, who is prepared to give personal suggestions about the selection of Armstrong's Linoleum to suit any scheme of interior decoration. No fees. Address, Bureau of Interior Decoration.

"The Art of Home Furnishing and Decoration"

By FRANK ALVAH PARSONS

This book, by the president of the New York School of Fine and Applied Art, shows how to apply the modern principals of home furnishing and decoration so as to bring out the most attractive and livable qualities of every room in the house. Sent together with the de luxe color plates of fine home interiors, for twenty cents in stamps.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY *Linoleum Department* LANCASTER, Pa.

Armstrong's Linoleum

Circle A Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

For Every Room (A) in the House

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America Must Be Americanized

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

quarters of an hour every morning, their wages being paid exactly as tho they were at work. Accurate check was kept by the firm on the earning-power of those girls, and the books show that this earning-power rose steadily throughout the sixteen weeks of the course. The morale of the whole factory rose also, and to-day, five years after the experiment was first tried, the factory is known to be one of the most productive, most industrially peaceful in the city. Needless to say the school has been in constant session and will so continue.

In both these instances, selected almost at random from many, the workers were of the skilled or semi-skilled class. The Pennsylvania Railroad has demonstrated that English education can be extended to unskilled workers, even those who can not be brought into formal classes. Several years ago this railroad made a canvass of its foreign-born workmen, and found that, outside the ranks of the skilled, Italians greatly predominated. Of these men, most of whom were employed in track-maintenance gangs, few could read or speak English, while some could read and write Italian. The Company employed a young Italian, a graduate of Yale and an ardent advocate of Americanization, and told him to work out an educational plan for these men. He did. He produced a correspondence school course in English which was eminently practical, and contained as text-book material exactly the kind of information those Italian track-repairers needed to know and wanted to know. Brief instructions in the use of tools and implements, the use of signals, other matter relating to the daily life and work of the men, and finally, after they had learned to read English, a pamphlet devoted to naturalization.

All these pamphlets were printed in English and Italian, and were illustrated to show right and wrong methods of work, from the view-point of the workers' safety. They were distributed among the men, and were pored over intently at noon and at the end of the day. Those who could read Italian explained them to the illiterate. The pictures helped, of course, and within a short time men who had never read a line of print in their lives were proudly spelling out the names of tools and materials they handled every day.

After we entered the war, employers who had recently established this educational work deplored the fact that it had not been started twenty years before. "If it had," said one manufacturer, well known throughout the country, "we should have been spared most of the dangerous propaganda that resulted in explosions and fires in munition plants, shipyards, and warehouses where food for the Allies was stored."

This is true. Most of the evil work of the German secret service was done through non-English-speaking labor groups. It was the easiest thing in the world for a German spy to get a job in a munition factory, in a shipyard, or on a wharf. Many did so, and under the very eyes of the foremen plotted murder, arson, and bomb outrages. They stirred up strikes and labor troubles. They delayed shipments of war materials. Such conditions must never again be tolerated.

Teaching English to foreign-born workers is not all that we must do, but it is the first and most imperative step in Americanization. It will help tremendously in eliminating from the United States the other group of aliens who have never become Americanized, altho ample opportunities have been given them. This socialist group is not very large, but it is constantly being recruited from the non-English speaking laborers. Naturalization is so easy in this country, under laws made a century ago, when nearly all immigrants were English-speaking, that the political "bosses" have little trouble in rushing through the courts men who speak only a few words of English. We now are sharing the privilege of the franchise with hundreds of thousands of men who can not read an American newspaper, and can not possibly know the issues of an election. These are the voters who are most easily swayed by the socialist and anarchist propagandists.

These propagandists, many of whom were born in this country, openly despise American progress, evolution, and hope to overthrow constitutional government in the United States. They are by no means poor or uneducated, these ungrateful citizens of a generous country. They went to school here, many finishing high school. They speak English, and to all outward appearances they are Americans. But in thought, mind, and heart they are as foreign as their forefathers who lived and died in Germany, Austria, Russia, or any hinterland of those countries. Nearly all the leaders of this group have Russian or German names, and the majority of them are of Jewish origin. One regrets to record this, because it seems to reflect on the Jewish race. It is not intended to, even remotely.

Practically all our disloyal aliens of this class are city dwellers. They range from factory workers to school teachers, and they call themselves "intellectual proletarians." Their thinking is entirely along class lines, and their activities are all directed to what is called the class war, that is, a struggle to seize all power from the propertied classes and to create a privileged class of wage-earners. They hate all government, and eagerly grasp at whatever new form radicalism assumes. Just now it is Bolshevism and the Lenine-Trotsky rule of blood and terror in Russia. The foreign radical press in all large American cities reeks with Bolshevism. The English-language socialists' papers extol it to the skies. Papers which before we entered the war, and as long as they dared after we entered the war, were passionately pacifist, are now ardent supporters of the mercenary Red Army which is committing mass murder in Russia and on the borders. It was wrong to kill the destroying hordes of Germans in Belgium and Northern France, because they were working people. It is right to kill capitalists, because owning property, even a very small property, is to them, a crime. This is class-war logic.

The whole doctrine is so utterly un-American that it is difficult to understand how it ever took root here. It might have been brought into the country by embittered subjects of the Russian Czar or the German and Austrian Kaisers, happily defunct, but how could it survive, how was it passed on to a younger generation? The answer is that German propaganda kept it alive, principally through the public schools.

Early in 1918 I protested to the Board of Education in New York City to take a census of the teaching body of nearly twenty thousand, to find out if any teachers were unnaturalized. The board has never been willing to make its findings public, but it was revealed that scarcely a single teacher of German was a citizen. It was also revealed that many teachers of English branches, altho citizens, were extreme radicals and openly disloyal to the United States Government. These teachers, men and women alike, were using their advantageous positions to teach radicalism to adolescent children. In a boys' high school having between four and five thousand pupils, a teacher of this kind gave a high mark to a theme which took the form of a letter addressed to President Wilson, denouncing him as a murderer. This was in war time, and a person uttering a single sentence of that letter in a public place would very properly have been arrested. Sentences like this, for example, were typical: "Surely your purpose is to get supreme dominion here and crush Germany for no reason it seems except a mad desire for murder."

The letter being brought to the attention of the principal of the school, who is exactly one-hundred-per-cent. American, the offending teacher and two others were expelled from the teaching force, and six others, found guilty of disloyal teachings, were transferred. Other schools were investigated, and a general housecleaning of the public schools of New York followed. But the poison propaganda sowed by those teachers remains in New York schools. Children go to school wearing socialist and anarchist buttons, and are vastly indignant when compelled to give them up. It is said by principals and many parents that in some schools it is impossible for any girl or boy to attain a class office or to be elected to desirable school organizations unless he professes socialist principles.

I DO not know how far this condition exists in public schools in the country over, but it can not be entirely confined to New York or even to the Eastern States. I hope that the women who read this article will make it their business to find out whether the schools of their communities are teaching Bolshevism, for that is what it ambunts to. No better work can be done by women, in this great task of Americanization, than to save the children from poison propaganda in the classroom.

We have trusted the public school to teach patriotism. Well, the mistake we made was in thinking that it was necessary to teach patriotism. The average normal, healthy minded person is patriotic by instinct. He loves his country as a child loves his home, and for the same reason, because country, like home, means protection, shelter, affection, daily bread. It is not necessary to teach patriotism. It is only necessary not to teach the other thing. The propagandists we have been operating in this country for thirty years or more knew this, and they have been quietly and assiduously teaching the other thing wherever they could. They trained the disloyal teachers. They taught them how to feed radicalism, so-called, to ardent young minds, especially those possessing memories of past oppression. Children whose parents fled from pogroms and political

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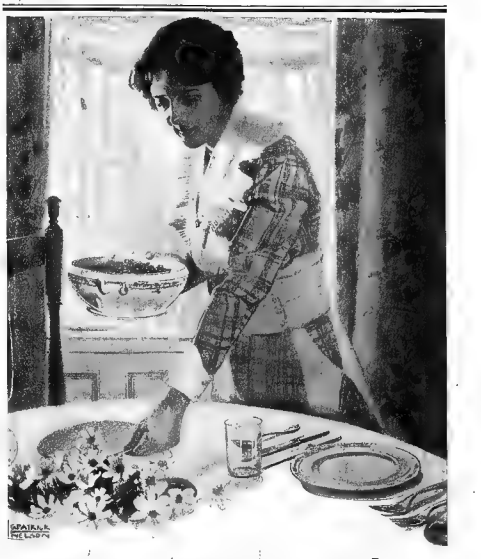
1869-1919
50TH·ANNIVERSARY—FIFTY YEARS OF PROGRESS



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Feb. 14, 1916

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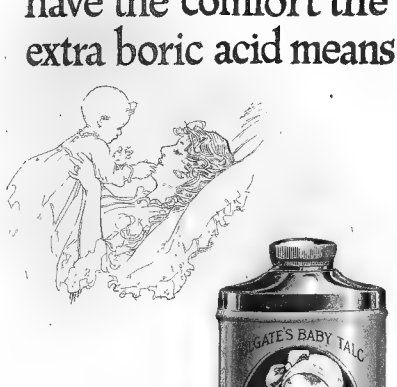

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America Must Be Americanized

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

persecution can easily be persuaded that America, too, is an oppressor, and that all employers of labor are exploiters of human life and liberty.

We owe it to the propagandists, and to our own neglect, that we have in this country a large and growing class of men and women whose minds are strangely distorted and one-sided. They read few books or newspapers except those expressing their own views. They listen to only one side of an argument. They associate only within their own group. They preach class war in public forums, in all kinds of halls, and even in the churches, for there is a kind of clergyman who wants to be thought broad-minded, and would lend his forum to the Father of Lies if he could, in order to fill his church and be featured in the papers.

THERE is not much hope of Americanizing the adult members of the "intellectual proletariat" group. They are Americans spoiled in the making. We shall have trouble with them, bitter trouble, strikes, riots, bloodshed, deportations. The only thing we can do is to resolve not to allow the next generation of them to develop. Just now, at the close of a terrible war, it is a little difficult to work up enthusiasm over military training for boys, but there probably lies the best hope we have of combatting Bolshevism at the roots. The drafted army did a truly marvelous work in Americanizing the foreign-born. It took men of all classes, all degrees of education, all races and nationalities, and in less than a year it made them into an American Army. By the time the men reached France it was impossible to distinguish at sight the foreign from the native-born soldier. They looked alike, they acted alike, they showed the same kind of energy, dash, and initiative. They fought together like brothers, and God knows they died as bravely one as another under the flag each man felt was his own.

Does not that draft army show us the way to Americanize our foreign-born youth, even those in which the class-war poison has been instilled? Thousands of drafted men went to camp sullenly and rebelliously, with little love of country in their hearts. Some of the men from New York's East Side were so terror-stricken that they had to be carried aboard the troop trains that took them to training-camp. But after these men had trained for a few weeks or months their tempers changed, their fears vanished, their minds cleared. They were ready to fight for America then, and those who had a chance did fight gloriously.

What caused this wonderful change? Why, in the army all differences between nationalities and social classes were eliminated and the Anglo-Saxon superiority was forgotten. No one despised a man for having been born in a Neapolitan slum or a Russian ghetto. No man was called a guinea, a kyke, or a sheeny. The men were fed well, lodged well. They worked and toiled together, they drilled, they trained, always with a common idea, a common object in view. That common object was victory for the American flag, and when they all realized that, they were Americans no matter where they were born

Give that idea to children, freedom and protection for the American flag, give it to them concretely, in some form of military service, and the class-war poison will be eliminated from our schools. New York State has recently passed laws providing for the physical education of all school children, and for an adapted military training of boys between the ages of sixteen and eighteen. These boys will attend Summer training-camps where they will be instructed in practically every branch of military science, except the use of fire-arms.

They will have the usual setting-up exercises, they will march and drill, go on long hikes, learn signaling, map-making, field telephone, and telegraph work. Above all they will learn team-work, obedience to order, clean living, Americanism.

It is by such positive means, and by no negative or passive ones that we must achieve the Americanization of all our people. Let it be understood by every one who comes to these shores that America is for Americans and those who want to be Americans. Then let the newcomers and the foreign-born already here be given a chance to become true Americans. Give them justice, opportunity, a living wage. Clean up the schools. Pitch the class-war propagandists out. Give the immigrant woman a chance to adopt a higher standard of living. Women are all alike in wanting to have a clean and comfortable home, well-dressed children, and good food on the table when the men come home from work. How can women and those who want to be them justice, opportunity, a living wage. Clean up the schools. Pitch the class-war propagandists out. Give the immigrant woman a chance to adopt a higher standard of living. Women are all alike in wanting to have a clean and comfortable home, well-dressed children, and good food on the table when the men come home from work. How can women and those who want to be they live in a "Little Italy" or a ghetto where the streets are filthy and garbage-cans clutter up the doorways?

The social gulf between Americans and would-be Americans ought somehow to be bridged. What would happen if every American housekeeper made it her business to know at least one immigrant woman, to be neighborly with her, to help her to become an American housekeeper?

AFTER all, the whole problem of Americanizing foreigners rests on neighborliness in the large sense of the term. Just as we were neighborly during the war with stricken Belgium and France, just as we shared our food with all the Allied countries, we must share our America with the people of the world. Then we can in justice demand of all who come here true allegiance, that strong and whole-hearted loyalty summed up in the last message ever sent by Theodore Roosevelt to his countrymen.

"There can be no divided allegiance here. Any man who says that he is an American, but something else also, isn't an American at all. We have room but for one flag, the American flag, and this excludes the red flag, which symbolizes all wars against liberty and civilization, just as much as it excludes any foreign flag of a nation to which we are hostile. We have room for but one language here, and that is the English language, for we intend to see that the crucible turns our people out as Americans of American nationality, and not as dwellers in a polyglot boarding-house; and we have room for but one soul loyalty, and that is loyalty to the American people."

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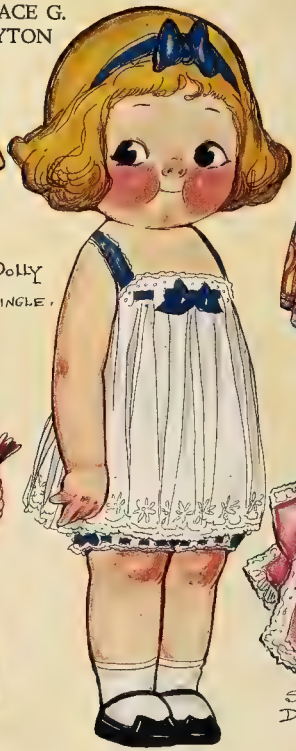
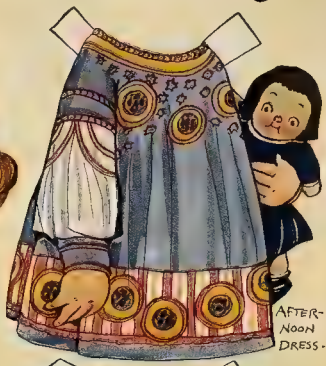
Dolly Dingle Is a Flower-girl at Auntie's Wedding

By GRACE G. DRAYTON

MORNING DRESS.



DOLLY DINGLE.



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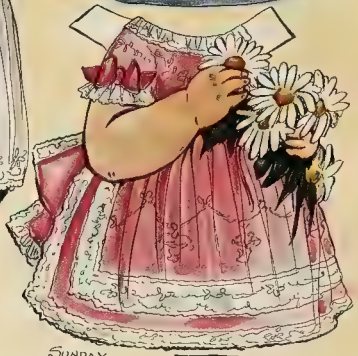
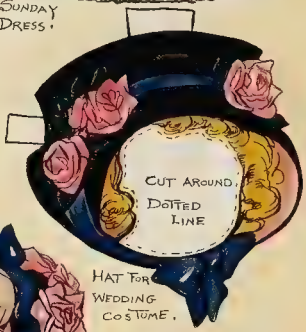


SUNDAY DRESS.

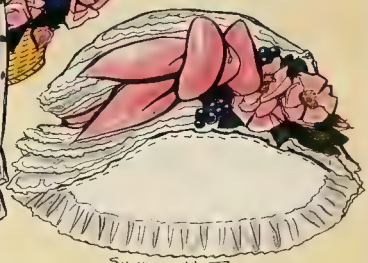
CUT HAT ON DOTTED LINE

G.G. DRAYTON. ©

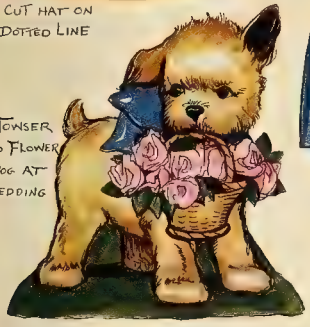
FLOWER-GIRL'S COSTUME



HAT FOR WEDDING COSTUME.



SUNDAY HAT



TOWSER IS FLOWER DOG AT WEDDING

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"I Don't Know Why I Did That!"

By MARY ALDEN HOPKINS

Forgotten by the Memory, but Living in the Unconscious, Past Emotional Experiences Determine Actions, So Say the Psychoanalysts

"ARE you waiting for some one, sir?" inquired the puzzled chauffeur of his passenger standing on the sidewalk.

The passenger, a young man with gray hair, sensitive mouth, and kindly eyes, had signaled the taxicab eagerly. When it drew up by the curb, instead of getting in, he stood at one side, his hand on the open door, as if waiting for some one to enter before him. Yet no one was in sight the length of the block.

At the chauffeur's question, the man came to himself with a start, jumped into the cab and slammed the door impatiently. He was growing absent-minded to a degree that alarmed him.

In the theater lobby that same evening, he bought two tickets, altho he was alone—terribly alone.

These irrational actions continued the next day and the next. He fell into day-dreams in the crowded streets, going where he did not intend to go and talking to the air. Altho he knew that he was acting strangely, he seemed powerless to avoid it. He thought that he was going crazy. Finally he consulted a doctor, who sent him to a psychoanalyst.

A psychoanalyst is a specialist in nervous diseases. He analyzes the unconscious mind of a patient to find the hidden worry which is causing the trouble. Every nervous breakdown has a mental cause.

"Try to remember what you were thinking about when you stood beside the cab," he directed the patient. And again, "Try to remember what you were thinking about when you bought two tickets."

At first this seemed impossible to the patient. Soon he found that if he leaned back in the easy chair in front of the doctor's desk, closed his eyes and allowed his thoughts to wander without restraint, past thoughts came back to him. His reply was always the same, a dreary repetition, "I was thinking of Janet."

This is the story he told the doctor, with due changes of names and identifying details. He was Ezra P. Johnson, a wholesale hardware merchant from the Middle West. He was in New York on business. When he had planned the trip weeks before, he had expected that it would be more than a business trip. He had expected that it would be also a wedding journey. He and Janet, his fiancée, had planned exactly how they would spend the time when he was free from business conferences. They had chosen the spots that they would visit, the theaters they would attend.

Suddenly Janet died. She was ill but a few days. The blow was quick and terrible. After the first unreasoning grief had spent itself, Johnson put his sorrow resolutely aside and came East to attend to business. He had gone about his affairs, trying not to dwell upon his sorrow. This was all that he could tell the doctor.

A Mind Divided Against Itself

THE analyst finds out what is going on in the patient's unconscious mind. He encourages a patient to talk. He listens patiently and keenly to long monologs on apparently irrelevant subjects. He studies the careless words dropping from the patient's lips, the repetitions, the omissions, the hesitations, and the intonations, as any scientist studies the data from which he draws his conclusions. The analyst knows that the patient's thoughts tend always toward the hidden trouble. The analyst must find a pathway from the conscious mind into the unconscious. The association of ideas opens the road.

Johnson followed the analyst's skilful guidance. He came to understand his trouble. He only half-believed in Janet's death. Intellectually he accepted the fact; emotionally he repudiated it. Somewhere in the back of his mind he thought of her as if she were accompanying him. As soon as he was off his guard, he waited for her at the cab door, talked to her, and bought her a ticket.

He was not going crazy. He was the victim of a mental conflict which he did not understand. His unconscious mind created a fantom bride to walk beside him. His conscious mind repudiated the fantasy. His mind was divided against itself and the conflict was breaking him down.

As soon as Johnson understood the cause of his irrational actions, the actions ceased. This seemed to him the strangest phase of the extraordinary situation, but the analyst took it as a matter of course. The intense longing for the beloved, sternly driven out of his thoughts, had seized this unusual method of relief. When the suffering was recognized, it became again a part of the main stream of emotional consciousness and needed no longer to dig out for itself this abnormal channel. The man, acknowledging his terrible loneliness, was sadder than when he repressed it, but he was again master of his actions.

Analysts tell us that the unconscious mind of an adult is like a storehouse in which are packed the experiences of a lifetime. A baby has no memories. His unconscious mind is like an empty cupboard waiting to be filled. At first his actions are the direct results of immediate desires. When he is hungry, he cries. What he wants, he grabs. Angered, he slaps. Very soon results teach him not to cry and grab and slap. He is now collecting experiences and filling the empty shelves of his mental cupboard. As soon as he has a little store of memories his actions are no longer the direct response to stimuli. They are influenced by past emotional experiences, quickly fading, but existing in the unconscious mind.

An individual accumulates these emotional reactions year by year. Some memories drop out of sight, perhaps out of reach, but they continue to exist and influence. No experience, action, thought, or day-dream is ever truly forgotten. These loves, hates, sorrows, joys, ambitions, disappointments, sympathies, and desires, which may never have come to outward expression, live in the unconscious and influence our view-point, our principles, and our conduct.

The unconscious manifests its influence over our actions both in abnormal and in normal states. In a person of sensitive, nervous temperament, a serious conflict in the unconscious will result in a nervous breakdown. Analysts have traced nervous headaches, nervous dyspepsia, the paralysis and blindness of hysteria, obsessions, phobias, and morbid anxieties, back to unrecognized mental disturbances. The patients have unwittingly worried themselves sick. Every nervous illness comes from an unconscious conflict underlying the apparent cause.

Tracing the blind trail of the illness from the outward symptom, back to the buried cause, is a tedious and delicate task. The results can be wholly successful only when the doctor has been trained by years of study and general neurological practise, when the patient is intelligent and willing to be cured, and when the fullest co-operation exists between doctor and patient.

A complete analysis takes from three months to three years. Snapshot judgments by inexperienced practitioners, based on a few hours' questioning, are usually wrong and sometimes harmful. The technique of an analyst is as firm, as sure, and as deliberate as that of a surgeon.

Normal People May Benefit, Too

INDIVIDUAL analysis is out of the question for most of us, even if we need it, but we can all benefit by the general information which the analysts have obtained through their study of both abnormal and normal types. The neurotic patient bears the same relation to a mentally normal person that a fever patient bears to a healthy individual. From studying fevers, doctors learn to protect health. From studying neuroses, doctors learn to induce healthy minds.

Normal and abnormal states are not so different after all. The man who waited for his fantom bride was in a distinctly abnormal state of mind, but similar incidents occur in every-day life. An English psychologist, discovering a novel theory in the book he was reading, wrote an enthusiastic post-card concerning it to his co-worker and close friend, actually forgetting that he was dead. A New York business man, for weeks after his wife's death, when calling up his home on the telephone, would begin his conversation, "Are you there, dear?" The difference between normal and abnormal is a series of infinitesimal graduations.

In even the most tranquil-minded person the influence of the unconscious shows itself in absent-minded actions, slips of the tongue, and forgetting. When the unconscious mind takes command, it involves us in the most exasperating situations. It guides our feet to the house where we used to live. It hides our glasses in spots where we never laid them before. It purloins the clerk's lead-pencil. It cuts an acquaintance on the street. It hails the wrong trolley car. It oversalts the soup and leaves the baking-powder out of the biscuit. It acts like an impish child making trouble for an absent nurse-maid. An analyst can trace such manifestations back to their deep-buried sources.

Slips of the tongue are a trick of the unconscious. They are a relief to its pent-up emotion. If we are possessed to talk about divorce to a woman who has left her husband, about feeble-mindedness to the mother of a queer child, or about noses to the man with a red one, it is because the unconscious mind is fussing about the matter.

When Mrs. Silas Grant, who had been all the morning in the kitchen preparing for an afternoon tea-party, opened the door to her first guest, she was flushed and out of breath.

"Come right in," she gasped cordially, extending her hand, *"Oh, I am so tired!* Go right upstairs to lay off your wraps."

The early guest offered no words of sympathy for she saw that Mrs. Grant had not herself heard the cry of weariness that had slipped off her treacherous tongue.

What a person forgets tells much to an analyst. We forget that which has unpleasant, tho unrealized, associations in our minds. We go to the store and return without the article we specially need. We forget to repay the dollar we borrowed, altho we honestly intend to do so. We forget to make a call. We can not speak an acquaintance's name. We omit a friend from an invitation list. These slight and momentary lapses are little own cousins to the amnesia which blots out a patient's past life, following an emotional shock. The mind constantly endeavors to forget the unpleasant.

Every human being is a creature of multiple possibilities. He is potentially both strong and weak, daring and cowardly, energetic and lazy, ambitious and content, tender and harsh, faithful and wayward, self-sacrificing and selfish. In general, good qualities are encouraged to express themselves outwardly, while the bad qualities are repressed. But the repressed impulses still live in the unconscious and the wise individual will reckon with them. Every one has at times been shocked to find little furtive "Serves-him-right," or "I'd-like-to-choke-you" impulses whisking through the periphery of the mind. One may even discover a primitive delight in others' misfortunes, as when the wind plays with a man's new straw hat or a lady's umbrella, or a fat man negotiates a slippery bit of ice.

The usual way of treating these scandalous intruders is to chase them out of mind and assure ourselves that we never, never, never thought such a horrid thought. The analysts tell us that the better way is to grab the varmint by the tail and drag it into the full light of intelligent scrutiny. They say that when we face a beastly thought we can kill it by our scorn and disgust, but when we chase it down a rat-hole, it nests below the floor of consciousness, fattening and breeding in darkness.

The primitive unconscious reactions affect our personal relationships. Troubles and disagreements which seem to be the result of outward circumstances may be merely the expression of repressed emotions. A sensitive woman is always having her feelings hurt. A man with a chip on his shoulder finds plenty of antagonists to knock it off. A woman of uncertain social position is suspicious of slights. A sore toe resents the rocking-chair. The old proverb, "The world is as you make it, and life is as you take it," is the homely phrasing of a psychological truth.

The make-up of the unconscious mind explains many extraordinary situations. The sufferers are not usually the sport of blind fate, but the victims of their own unknown tendencies. This is the explanation of the case of a young woman who was jilted by two insane lovers. She thought that her lines of destiny crossed at an insane asylum. In reality she herself was unconsciously signaling to every mentally aberrant person within sight.

Violet Paterson was sent to an analyst for nervous prostration. The obvious cause of her illness was a broken engagement, but analysts are never satisfied with the obvious. The doctor started Violet to talking. Very soon the doctor began to find his clews.

The first unexpected item was that the fiancé was insane. Violet laid as little emphasis on this tragic condition as if all fiancés were insane. The analyst noted this and listened.

Item two: this was the second time Violet had been deserted at the altar. Item three: the first lover was now incarcerated in a sanatorium. Item four: an older brother was insane. Item five: the father was long estranged from his family and strikingly erratic.

Now two lovers, a brother, and a father all going crazy, are too many to be accounted for by coincidence. Besides, an analyst does not believe in coincidence. He holds that a cause exists for everything. In this case, to unravel the mystery, begin at the other end.

The little girl in her most impressionable years was associated with a mentally abnormal father. When he left the family, she turned her affections to an abnormal brother. She grew sympathetic toward these strange temperaments. When she was old enough to have lovers, it was to a man of like temperament that her heart went out. His subsequent irrationality and her loss of him were but repetitions of her experience with father and brother. Her second lover was the same type—the type dear to her from her love for her father, brother, and early lover.

When Violet understood that her own bias and not uncontrollable chance had involved her, she was unutterably relieved. That which we comprehend we can control.

"Know Thyself" a Good Motto

WHAT application has all this to the ordinary healthy individual? Very few of us talk to the air, fall in love with insane men, or worry over occasional slips of the tongue. Nevertheless, the understanding of the influence of our unconscious emotions over our conscious actions is of great importance to each of us. Prejudices, jealousies, and hampering hatreds disappear when we realize their origins. Difficult personal relations become simpler when we understand from whence the strain arises. Complicated problems become solvable; inhibitions disappear. "Know thyself," was the divine command laid upon the ancient Greeks.

Few of us can have the aid of analysis by great neurologists. Amateur analysis is misleading and even harmful. The deep subtleties of our natures will remain forever buried from most of us. But we can do a great deal for ourselves. We can examine our motives more closely. We can face tendencies which it is pleasanter to ignore. We can recognize and correct inclinations toward egoism, self-depreciation, jealousy, despotism, or self-chosen martyrdom. We can be honest with ourselves. We can cultivate healthful habits of thoughts.

A recognized emotion is always less dangerous than a hidden one. It is a rock that is charted, a ditch that is flagged, a corner marked "Drive Slowly."

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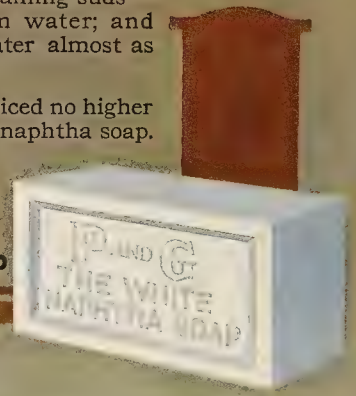

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The King of Smoky Slopes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

to play, took to whistling two notes, one rising, one falling, from every slope and ridge.

She would stand out in some spot of sunshine with the deep blue sky behind her and call these two alluring notes for long spaces of time.

When she was still, he could stalk her in silence, his nostrils twitching, his eyes dilated. When she called those two drawling notes something within him ran out in answer, his wild heart wavered strangely.

What it was, Gray Ruff did not know. He was dimly aware that he wanted to come behind this new creature, but he did not know for what.

Whatever it was, the emotion kept him coming, behind her, at her side; sometimes ahead of her, but always under cover of the shielding growth.

Many a time Hope knew this. With the peculiar sixth sense so powerfully developed sometimes in those who love the wild creatures, she felt his presence in every thicket, knew his whereabouts.

She felt no fear. She had seen him drop before her once and she knew that, given time, she could bring him to her.

But it took a longer time than she had bargained for. Gray Ruff was wild indeed. He had never before come in contact of any kind with man. He was born and bred to secrecy, to solitude and to strife.

She took to sitting hours in one spot, whistling and waiting, listening for his stealthy steps. Often she heard them, sounds so slight that only one intensely eager or intensely afraid could have caught them.

And then one day sitting thus she looked sharply into the brush before her and into the two excited, beautiful, half-baffled, and baffling eyes of the king. The dark pupils in them spread as she looked until something like a sudden fear rose in her throat and choked her for a second.

But Hope was built of courageous stuff. She smiled and opening her red lips sent out on the silence a series of cooing sounds as soft as the speech we use to babies.

They were wondrous sounds to Gray Ruff—pre-racial memories stirred in him. From far down one line of his ancestors, collies had come to these caressing sounds, faithful, loving, beautiful dogs who laid their adoring heads on their masters' knees and received the hand-strokes of affection.

The king leaned forward on his feet, strained toward the god in the patch of sunlight, and all but went toward her. Then, as before, at her out-reaching motion he was gone. But Hope's heart bounded with joy.

That was the good beginning. Again and again they held these tense and silent encounters, always from the sunlight on the one side, the cover on the other. Seldom did the girl see more than those beautiful eyes and the pointed face in the silver ruff.

But there came a day when the manzanita berries hung red-brown in every thicket and the pine-trees murmured drowsily, when Gray Ruff, watching from a fern-brake, found himself looking up into the human's eyes all suddenly as Hope turned quickly on him.

"Here," she commanded as she had commanded that long past day, "here, sir! Come!"

She leaned down and forward and held out a hand. She looked deep into his very heart, and they were god's eyes indeed, commanding, caressing, promising, that searched the depths of him.

Once again the hackles on Gray Ruff's shoulders sank. Once more his life-long fierceness melted from him. Once more he felt that strange, sweet, wistful sinking all through his great body, and with a whimper such as had never passed his savage throat before, he went down before her, crept to her feet and laid his collie nose between his wolf paws!

Hope bent above him and with the tactful touch of an artist stroked the long slender head, smoothed the thick mane of shining silver.

THE thing was done. There were many times in the days that followed when Gray Ruff, filled with an agony of suspicion and longing, shied off to his solitudes, but always he came back, drawn by an instinct as old as his blood.

Always Hope met him with reaching hands, and always he crept back bewildered and surrendering.

And there came a time when Gray Ruff sat on his mighty haunches and adored her with a devotion that asked nothing more of life than to feel the touch of her arm across his back, to watch the slopes beside her.

"Mother," the girl told the woman, "I've tamed the king. He's half a dog I'm sure and some day I shall bring him down."

"Hope, dear," the mother answered, "your paw will kill him sure. Don't rile him."

But Hope laughed and shook her head and went her ways on the mountain

They were great ways now. She traveled many a long mile on the silent slopes, up and over and down to distant cañons and back again, and always the King of Smoky Mountain went with her, a monstrous figure stalking at her side. Nothing in all the wilderness, neither the scattered members of the wolf-pack nor the sleek and shining panthers, would have molested her. She saw some of these sometimes, but they gave the strangely assorted pair a wide berth.

Once he left her alone to be gone thirty minutes, and when he returned his chops had blood upon them and his ruff was raised. His eyes were dilated, too, but when Hope called him to her and looked into them they melted to a beauty as soft as the Summer skies.

She sighed that day for the hapless fawn, the less swift and ferocious creature that had furnished him his meal.

"Ah, well," she said aloud, "you are as you were made, Gray Beauty. You must eat."

SUMMER grew apace. The streams laughed down the slants, the little breezes whispered in the spring pine-cups and the two on the slopes of Smoky were content and happy. Hour by hour the girl lay in the mottled shade and sunlight, sometimes humming a little song of her few school days, sometimes sound asleep with the healthy abandon of the young. And always Gray Ruff sat beside her, his adoring brown eyes on her face, his very breath softened in his throat. She was his sunlight, his soft winds, and his rain. The strain of his mother had risen and engulfed him. He was all faithfulness, all service.

But a change was working in their paradise. Something dark was coming toward them and they could not see it.

Of late Hope had taken to going much farther away from the camp on the Red Plume's flat.

She liked to wander and explore the rugged country, so filled with eternal silence, so mysterious and alluring. And so it was that on a golden day when the stillness was accentuated by a dropping pine-cone, the sharp bark of a squirrel, she climbed along a ridge that was strange to her and far away from camp. Here the thickets were dense, the earth undisturbed by the faint trails of the woods folk. There was no water here, nothing to call them along the high and narrow top. The pines themselves seemed stunted. Hope went ahead, swinging in her covering stride; parting the laurel-bushes with her sun-browned hands. Gray Ruff, silent on his padded feet, was at her very heels, his dark eyes peering round her knee. One moment all the world was good—the next, panic rode it, for his goddess screamed! A wild, piercing scream that rolled up the lifting ridge and echoed in the cliffs above. Gray Ruff recoiled to his haunches at that sound, then leaped forward around her, thinking to face an enemy; his fangs gleam under the lifted lips, his eyes two points of fury.

But there was no enemy.

There was nothing save the quiet day drowsing on the slopes, the shadows of the stately pines below, the smells of the fecund earth.

But Hope—ah, Hope had found an enemy!

She stood with her two hands pressed hard against her lips, the rose-color gone from her rounded cheeks, her blue eyes dilated to a frightened black. Out of the mold on the ancient ridge had risen two curved and rusted ribs to clasp her right leg just below the knee in a grip that sickened her already—an old, forgotten bear-trap, set so long ago that the season's growth had shed its carpet high above it, had covered it with earth!

Who had put it there and never returned was one of the mysteries of the far places. Why no wild creature had ever sprung it was another.

Now Hope, of all the creatures of the wilderness, had stepped square in its waiting circle!

At first the girl was stupefied. She stood and looked down at the thing in utter silence, her breath stopped.

Then, still quietly, she reached down and tried to pull the jaws apart.

Futile effort! They had been made to hold a monarch of the woods.

They were solid as a rock. She rose and looked desperately around. Then again she stooped and searched with her hands in the soft loam for the chain she knew must be there. It was there, a heavy thing designed for heavy work. She jerked at it until it lifted in its long-made bed, lifted and bulged the earth along the ridge, making a straight line toward a towering pine at the left. Hope's eyes, leaping ahead when she saw its trend, flashed to the bole and saw what they had feared to see—the links, deep sunk in the rugged bark, and a rusted lock.

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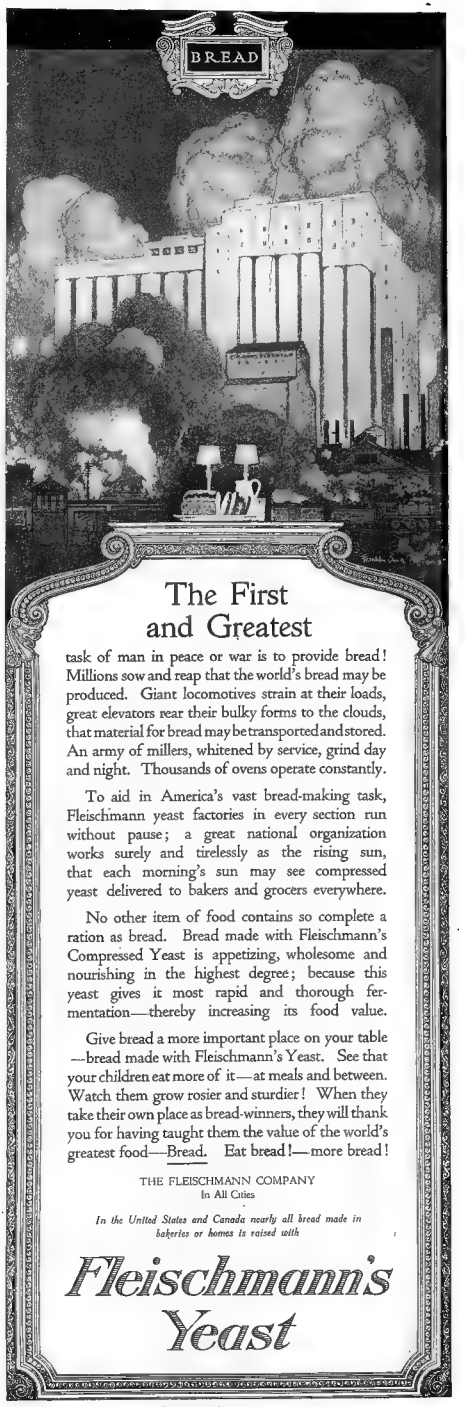

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The King of Smoky Slopes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

Alas, he who had set his trap had set it well indeed! He had caught his prey at last.

She stood in the silence, the big white girl, and held hard to her courage, staring at the chain. Then Gray Ruff whimpered at her knee and the spell was broken. Hope, for the first time in all her life, realized the nearness of death and flung up her hands in abandonment. She lifted her golden voice and screamed until the heavens rang with it. She flung her body this way and that above the trap, regardless of the fact that the exertion was making the cruel, big teeth bite into the young flesh deeper and deeper. Blood stained through the faded denim skirt that mercifully padded them somewhat.

For one awful quarter-hour despair rose and engulfed her, and Gray Ruff, too, for the heavens had fallen to him. As his god floundered and rolled upon the earth he leaped about her, whining in his throat, growling at intervals, snapping at the hateful jaws that gripped her, and the impact of his knife-like teeth could be heard far down the slopes as they bit the steel.

Then Hope rolled over and lay still, her arm across her eyes, her breast heaving. She knew she was to die—and such a death!

In her extremity she had forgotten her friend. When a cold nose touched her face she opened her dilated eyes and looked at him.

She saw excitement in his wild face, rage and fury in the lifted hackles, fear of the unknown in his trembling muscles, and anguish unspeakable in the deep dark eyes that searched her own.

For the first time tears stung her lids and she flung her arms about the great neck, clung up against the broad breast and hid her face there, and wept her heart out. Gray Ruff, whimpering softly, sat down on his haunches, tucked his savage head in against her neck and veritably wept with her.

An hour passed. Two. The sun went majestically down the heavens, the shadows lengthened in a stately procession on the slopes. All the world was sweet and at peace. Then Gray Ruff rose, backed grotesquely out from the clinging arms and began a blandishment. He went a little way down the slope, stopped, looked back, and barked. He looked down into the distance as if he saw something of surpassing interest below.

Then he looked back at Hope beneath the laurel bush and begged her to come on. The girl watched him with aching eyes. She knew what he was trying to do, and that never again would they play the old sweet game of call-and-follow. When she did not come, he fidgeted and barked again, ran a little way farther, and at last came back to sit beside her with his ears cocked for something that might lure her.

Again and again during the afternoon did Gray Ruff seek to coax his god away from the awful thing that lay across her knee. Once he ran far down, as if he were headed back, and called to her from the depths, but when she did not come he came trotting back to stand and watch her with troubled eyes. This was more that he could understand, wise old monarch that he was. The girl tried every trick her clever mind could devise to free herself. She worked at the rivets of the trap, searched the chain for a weak link, pried and picked at the rusted lock with the tongue of her belt buckle, but it was all useless. She even appraised the tall tree itself and calculated whether or not one in dire extremity might dig it up with his hands!

So we work and scheme and think of the impossible when we are facing death. The sun went down in glory behind the crowding peaks. The purple shadows fell in the defiles. The stars came out on the twilight sky.

Night closed down swift and cold with the mountain air.

Gray Ruff, huge and warm with the strong life there was in him, lay down so close beside Hope that he formed a fair protection. The pain from the biting trap was terrible, the ache in her heart was worse.

She lay and watched the wheeling stars and thought of the camp on the Red Plume's flat, her mother and her father. She did not sleep, and she knew that Gray Ruff did not either, for all throughout the awful hours she caught at intervals a faint soft whimper that stirred his throat.

AND what of the camp on the Red Plume's flat?

The mother wept and walked the little space of the shingly dooryard and wrung her hands after the fashion of mothers. She knew in her heart that something had happened, something dire and sickening. She did not take the man's word that Hope had lost her way and would be coming in by morning, laughing with the adventure. Not she.

And neither did the man believe it himself, for he got down his rifle and looked to it in grim silence. With the first streak of light he was out on the slopes, shouting, listening, shooting the signals that they knew, listening again. Hour by hour he climbed and hunted, and with every shift of the day's shadows he became more and more silent, more grim, his eyes narrower between their lids. Hope was dead in him from the first.

"Gimme a sight o' ye, ye damned murderer!" he muttered aloud, "an' I'll take toll o' ye! Glutted yer sides with th' young flesh, I make no doubt; all red with her blood, I'll bet. Keen an' wise ye air with th' traps, but ye cain't outstrip a man what's hustin' ye. Time enough; time enough."

So he hunted and muttered through the whole of the day—and the next. His eyes became bloodshot and he slept like the dead at night. The poor, gaunt woman, recalling her daughter's beauty, the gay young joy of her, walked the shingle and wept until she dropped in her tracks, sleeping out in the dew and the dark where exhaustion overtook her, waking to the old round again.

SO TWO days passed—two days. To Hope, chained to the pine-tree on the ridge's crest, they were not days. They were part of eternity—and she who had never sinned, was damned.

She lay on her back mostly, for so the cruel ache in the swollen and blackened limb was more endurable. The laurel-bush broke the sun and gave her a mottled shade. Far away down the slopes somewhere she could hear a watercourse singing, —a torture almost unbearable. Thirst beset her. Fever scorched her veins and set her brilliant blue eyes to burning. She moaned and rolled and whimpered and clung to the great wolf-dog who sat on his haunches beside her without attempt to leave. No more did he try to play his game of call-and-follow. Poor Gray Ruff! He knew in his vague dog-heart that Tragedy was upon him and all his body ran to water at the knowledge. He whined at intervals, peering down into his beloved's face with anxious eyes. He licked her bulging lips with his moist tongue—and thereby eased their drought.

The savage jaws that had killed his meat from puppihood mouthed the tender flesh of this love-creature beside him in unspeakable tenderness. If she could only rise and follow! He lay beside the ancient chain and chewed upon it for hours, giving up only when his lips were worn and bleeding from the futile effort.

By afternoon of that second day Hope was no longer conscious. She rolled her golden head in the hollow it had dug for itself in the rotten mold and the noises that came from her blackened mouth were strange indeed to Gray Ruff. The golden love-notes were changed, somehow,—fearfully changed to those of primal suffering, of fear and mystery. The wolf in him set the hackles rising on his back at the approach of the unknown; the Collie in him sent him to his haunches with his nose lifted to Heaven to howl out his aching heart in the misery of the faithful guardian which sees its charge slipping away.

Gray Ruff knew, late in that day, that his god was going from him. How he knew, who shall say? Perhaps that seventh sense which binds the dog to his one master cut through the thin veil between the two species and made it plain to him.

So he sat on his haunches like a wolf and howled to the calm skies in utter abandon of grief. The deep thunder of his voice scattered a bunch of deer feeding in a thicket, sent a dozen wood-dwellers scurrying to cover. They were safe, timid ones, for the they had run by the laurel-bush within leaping distance, Gray Ruff would not have seen them. His eyes were closed in the ecstasy of his mourning, his sides were lean. He had neither eaten or drunk since the morning of the tragedy. He wanted nothing in all this good green world but that his god should arise and come with him through the painted forest again.

So he rocked on his thighs and howled without ceasing, a grim and awful sound.

It was when the sun was half-way down the western heavens that Gray Ruff suddenly ceased his racket and opened his eyes. He brought his nose down out of the air and sat still, his breath suspended. His keen ears, forever held after the wolf manner, dropped forward at the tips, making his face on the instant all collie. Something was stirring in him. From out the past the faithful, noble collie mother was once again sending her message down the strain of her blood.

Gray Ruff had thought of the white tent on the flat!

He knew the man lived there—the man that he hated—the man whose fire-stick had stung him, had filled him with his first fright.

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First impressions make lasting memories

Most of us are apt to form opinions very quickly. On being introduced we unconsciously begin to measure up our likes and dislikes of the person before us. As a general rule it is not the voice, nor the hair, nor even the clothes that attract first attention, —it is the face. A faulty complexion therefore seldom creates favorable impressions, — yet many suffer severe injustices because their otherwise admirable personality is disfigured by a face that is subject to blemishes.

The soothing and healing ingredients of Resinol Soap are of the utmost value for reducing such disfigurements. Not only does it remove dust, dirt, and waste matter from the skin, but at the same time it benefits the skin cells, soothes irritation, and exerts a healing, tonic action which has in addition preventive powers that tend to keep the skin clear, soft and healthy. Hence for general toilet purposes Resinol Soap is most agreeable and beneficial.

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YOUR HOME AND THE NEW ERA

Family Food Values Made Easy

By JENOISE BROWN SHORT

FROM every part of the country requests have come to the Editor of Pictorial Review for more articles on food values. "Teach us to understand foods in food terms," writes one woman. "Do not give us sugar-coated information because you think the other is too scientific and you fear we may not read it. We housekeepers are fast learning to be scientists ourselves these days." And so the purpose of this article is to give to the army of modern homemakers a simple explanation of food values in "food terms" in order to help them feed their families properly and spend their money wisely.

I'VE found just what I want. I've learned more in the last hour about feeding my family than I ever did from reading any number of books."

The speaker was a thinking mother and housekeeper from New Jersey.

"And where did you get so much information?" This from one of the editors of PICTORIAL REVIEW.

"I have just come from an exhibit at the American Museum of Natural History—a food exhibit—the best one I've ever seen.

"Had I only known before what I have discovered there, I could have saved myself any amount of time and money. Can't you have the exhibit written up? We need food help from a new angle, something concrete and really to the point." Hence this article.

The food exhibit at the American Museum of Natural History in New York City does just what the "Lady from Jersey" had been looking for—it approaches the food problem of the average woman from a new angle.

In 1916, when the far-seeing realized that the food situation all over the world, serious as it then was, would become even more aggravated, Dr. C. E. A. Winslow, of the American Museum of Natural History, started this exhibit. Dr. Winslow, in addition to being a member of the Staff of the Museum, is a Doctor of Public Health, Professor of Public Health at Yale University, and a lecturer at Columbia University. Miss Mary Gregg, a graduate of Columbia University, assists Dr. Winslow at the Museum.

About sixty thousand persons see the exhibit each month. The presentation is unique and offers a highly practical guide to the housewife, the bachelor girl, and the man who eats at the restaurant. In fact, to every one who desires to know more about the food requirements of the body and the relative cost of these foods.

Composition of Foods

VERY logically the exhibit begins with the composition of foods. The composition of many of the common foods such as tomatoes, apples, carrots, celery, bread, eggs, peanuts, milk, and cereals is presented in a very unique way. The food in each case, or rather a wax model of it, is shown. Back of the model are tubes containing liquids of different colors, each liquid representing a different food principle which the particular food contains. The height of the liquid in the tube indicates the percentage of the food principle. The actual percentage is shown on a card. The presence of a starch is shown in a yellow liquid and lettered "F" indicates that the food contains fat; a blue tube lettered "C," carbohydrate; a purple tube lettered "A," ash or mineral salts; a green tube lettered "W," water; and a black tube lettered "R," refuse.

"I never knew that beef contained 60 per cent. of water," said an elderly woman who had been studying this exhibit very earnestly. She was looking especially at a small piece of beefsteak, back of which were tubes of various colored liquids. She continued to look at the beef and spoke slowly. "Protein, 15 per cent., fat 22.8 per cent., no 'C' (carbohydrate) in beef. One per cent. mineral salts, 60 per cent. water. Just think how much water I'm paying for in beef, and there is 7.2 per cent refuse."

Another case is labeled "Food Needs of the Body." Just the very thing. But what are the food needs of the body?

A card headed "The Calorie" reads as follows, "Heat energy such as the body obtains in its food is measured in units of calories."

The card goes on to say, "A calorie is the amount of *heat energy* that will raise the temperature of a kilogram of water (about one quart) one degree centigrade, or 1 8 degree Fahrenheit."

So we get heat energy from our food, and it is measured in terms of calories.

There is another card which reads, "The Three Types of Energy-yielding Foodstuffs." The foodstuffs from which the body derives its calories belong to three groups—proteins, carbohydrates, and fats.

On small glasses near this card are a gram of dried egg white, the same weights of butter and sugar. A card tells that the dried egg white is protein, the butter is fat, and the sugar is carbohydrate—the three kinds of energy-giving foodstuffs. Still another card near the dried egg white reads "four calories"; one near the butter, "nine calories," and the card next to the sugar, "four calories."

It would seem from this that equal weights of the different food principles do not give the same amount of heat. We discover that a small piece of butter gives the body more heat than a much larger piece of lean meat.

The next study represents five men—one in bed, another at a desk, one apparently walking rather briskly, another sawing wood, and still another riding a bicycle—the legend accompanying each of them helps to answer the question that may come to mind as to the energy needed by the average man doing different kinds of work. The card beside the man who is asleep reads, "The energy requirements of man when sleeping is from 60 to 70 calories per hour."

Another card indicates that the man at the desk requires 100 calories per hour, and the man who is walking, in this case at the rate of 2½ miles an hour, should have 200 calories per hour; the carpenter who is sawing wood must have 240 calories per hour, but the bicycle rider, who is doing the heaviest muscular work of all, requires 600 calories per hour. These figures are for men of average weight, one hundred and fifty-four pounds.

Women Need Less Food

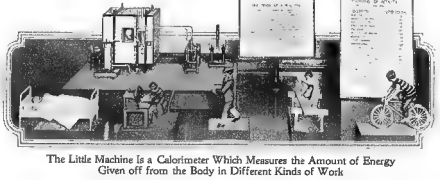
IT HAS been estimated that the average-sized woman at moderately active work requires about eight-tenths as much food as the average-sized man doing the same amount of work. The difference in the food required is not a question of sex, but of weight and other factors.

The average total daily energy requirement of children is also shown.

Children...	1- 2 years	1000-1200 calories
Children...	2- 5 years	1200-1500 calories
Children...	6- 9 years	1400-2000 calories
Girls	10-13 years	1800-2400 calories
Boys	10-13 years	2300-3000 calories
Girls.....	14-17 years	2200 2600 calories
Boys.....	14-17 years	2800-4000 calories

The housewife may well say, "It is easy enough to say that your husband needs three thousand calories a day. Now, how am I going to know how much three thousand calories are?"

For the convenience of those who must know the amount of fuel required for a group of people, what is known as the hundred-calorie portion has been measured. This is worked out in wax models so foodlike that it is quite impossible to tell the difference between them and real food. A complete list of these hundred-calorie portions may be found in "Feeding the Family," by Mary Swartz Rose.



The Little Machine Is a Calorimeter Which Measures the Amount of Energy Given off from the Body in Different Kinds of Work

Cost of Calories

THE exhibit now begins to talk in terms of dollars and cents.

The energy, or fuel value, of different foods varies greatly, and the way to make your money go as far as possible is to purchase foods which yield a large amount of energy in relation to the cost. To help in deciding just how expensive certain foods are, there is an exhibit showing thousand calorie portions and their cost.

1000-Calorie Portions

Food	Weight	Cost
Beef...	1½ lb.	at 44c a lb., 66c.
Bananas..	3 lbs., 7 ozs.	at 50c a doz., 42c.
Milk	3 lbs. (3 pts.)	at 13c. a qt., 19c.
American Cheese..	¾ lb.	at 32c. a lb., 18c.
Potatoes.	5 lbs., 4½ ozs.	at 5c. a lb., 15c.
Prunes..	13 7/10 ozs.	at 17c. a lb., 14c.
Peanut Butter..	5 4/5 ozs.	at 30c. a lb , 11c.
Bread..	14 3/10 ozs	at 10c. a lb , 9c.
Rice....	10 ozs.	at 13c. a lb., 8c.
Cornmeal	9 9/10 ozs.	at 8½c a lb., 5c.
Rolled Oats..	8 4/5 ozs.	at 8c. a lb. 43c.
Sugar ..	8 4/5 ozs.	at 8½c. a lb.,45c.

It must be taken into consideration that some of these prices will probably change by the time this article appears.

Thus the housewife can see at a glance the relative cost of certain foods as furnishers of calories.

Protein, Calcium, and Iron

IT WOULD seem from looking at the cases marked "Protein, Calcium, Iron, and Vitamines," that we need something besides mere calories in our diet. Another need is what is known as "the building stones of the body." Protein furnishes both energy and building material. A card reads:

"The body needs food for two main purposes, to furnish energy for the activities of daily life, and to make good the waste tissues incident to these activities."

The fuel, or energy, needs of the body may be met by any one of the three types of energy-yielding nutrients—proteins, carbohydrates, or fats. Of the four elements needed in largest amounts for tissue building, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen are obtained from all these three groups. Nitrogen is supplied only by the proteins, and ten to fifteen per cent. of the total calories of the diet should be in the form of protein. The standard protein requirement of a man of one hundred and fifty-four pounds, who needs three thousand calories a day, is about seventy-five grams.

There is an exhibit of foods high in protein which includes eggs, rolled oats, beef, cottage cheese, almonds, sardines, split peas, peanuts, American cheese, and peanut butter.

In addition to the certain number of calories and a definite amount of protein, the body needs what are variously known as "ash constituents, salts, or minerals." These ash constituents are both building and regulating foods. The three most important of the ash constituents are calcium, iron, and phosphorus.

Dr. Henry C. Sherman, of Columbia University, says, "More attention should be paid to the choice of such foods as will increase the calcium content of the dietary. The use of more milk and vegetables and less meat and sugar will accomplish this."

A card reads, "The body needs .68 grams of calcium per day."

But why? One of the most important uses of calcium in the food is to make strong bones and teeth.

The American diet is more lacking in calcium than in any other essential, studies of typical American diets show that in about fifty per cent. of the cases studied the diet is too low in calcium.

There is a great difference in the amount of calcium that different foods contain. The exhibit shows models of foods that are rich in calcium: Cheese, almonds, dried beans, egg yolks, milk, oatmeal, turnips, carrots, dried figs, and whole wheat bread.

One of the easiest ways to be sure of enough calcium is to drink milk. Two full glasses a day are enough for an adult.

The body needs iron—.015 grams of it per day. It helps to make the red corpuscles and aids in building the body.

As with calcium, there is an exhibit of foods furnishing iron. These foods are: egg yolk, dried peas, beans, molasses, almonds, beef, oatmeal, dates, figs, prunes, chocolate, cocoa, raisins, and spinach.

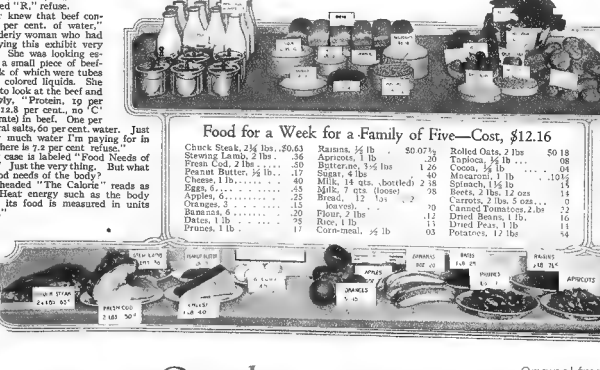
The body also needs phosphorus to build bone and tissue. The foods rich in phosphorus are eggs (especially the yolk), almonds, cheese, entire wheat flour, oatmeal, and lean beef.

The ash constituents are so important to the well-being of the body that it behooves the housewife to see that the foods rich in these elements are served to the family.

The Vitamines

IN THE food requirements, in addition to a sufficient number of calories, the required amount of protein, and enough ash or mineral material, there are other substances of unknown nature—present in a very small amount in certain foods which are absolutely necessary to the body. These substances, about which so little is known, are called vitamines and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 56



Food for a Week for a Family of Five—Cost, $12.16

Chuck Steak, 2¼ lbs.	$0.63	Raisins, ½ lb	$0.07½
Stewing Lamb, 2 lbs.	.36	Apricots, 1 lb	.20
Fresh Cod, 2 lbs.	.50	Butter-ne, 3½ lbs	1.26
Peanut Butter, ½ lb.	.17	Sugar, 4 lbs	.40
Cheese, 1 lb.	.40	Milk, 14 qts. (bottled)	2.38
Eggs, 6	.45	Milk, 7 qts (loose)	.98
Apples, 6	.25	Bread, 12 lbs	.72
Oranges, 3	.15	(loaves),	.70
Bananas, 6	.20	Flour, 2 lbs	.12
Dates, 1 lb.	.25	Rice, 1 lb	.11
Prunes, 1 lb.	.17	Corn-meal, ½ lb	.03
Rolled Oats, 2 lbs	$0.18
Tapioca, ½ lb	.08
Cocoa, ½ lb	.04
Macaroni, 1 lb	.10½
Spinach, 1½ lb	.15
Beets, 2 lbs, 12 ozs	.14
Carrots, 2 lbs, 5 ozs	.12
Canned Tomatoes, 2 lbs	.32
Dried Beans, 1 lb.	.16
Dried Peas, 1 lb	.11
Potatoes, 12 lbs	.54

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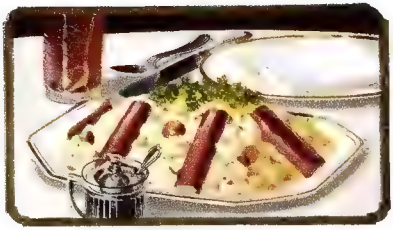
MADE-IN-A-MINUTE MEALS FOR HOT WEATHER

Libby's Corned Beef and steamed greens—prepared a new and better way

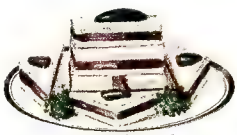
Just because it's hot, don't deny the man of the house a boiled dinner. But make it a steamed one and use the spring greens that every doctor will prescribe as an essential item for your hot weather diet. Spinach, beet tops, dandelions—any of your favorite greens—may be used. Clean thoroughly—sprinkle with a little salt and steam until tender, turning occasionally so they may cook evenly. When nearly done arrange slices of Libby's Corned Beef on top of the greens and steam until thoroughly heated. Greens of all kinds will retain their color and flavor and none of the valuable tonic properties will be lost in steaming. And Libby's Corned Beef needs only to be heated!



A "one-piece" meal

Cut Libby's Vienna Sausages in half inch lengths. To one cup of sausage allow three cups diced potatoes and half a cup young green onions cut in half inch lengths. Sprinkle with a little salt and paprika and mix with mayonnaise dressing. Serve very cold with whole Vienna Sausage and garnish with parsley. Until you have really tasted this salad you can't imagine how good it is—for it is the seasoning of the sausage itself that *makes* the dish!

With rye bread and butter sandwiches—or cheese and white bread—can you imagine anything more satisfying with less work?



A new sandwich for every day in the week

Libby's Corned Beef is all ready for slicing—with just enough fat to please the most fastidious—the same flavor all the way through and tender enough to eat with a fork. And you can make a new sandwich every day of the week by simply changing the seasoning. Cream the butter and add any of the following seasonings: Mustard, horse-radish, chopped onions or chives, pimentos, chopped pickles, olives or radishes—or use salad dressing instead of butter

Baked beans—in ramekins!

Fill ramekins with Libby's Baked Beans—and tuck a thin slice of bacon over the top of each. Bake in a quick oven until the bacon is browned. Have some baking powder biscuits, too—they can bake at the same time. And see if this isn't about the best combination you ever tried

The Libby chefs have done all your heavy cooking for you

This summer don't spend hours over a hot stove! The Libby chefs have cooked for you just the meats you like best to serve during the hot days—meats that without any tiresome boiling or roasting make your meals the matter of a few moments to prepare!

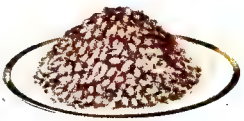
Try the meals suggested on this page—find out how good they are, how nourishing. For, true to the Libby ideal of fineness in foods, these meats are prepared so carefully that you can always depend on them. You will find them invariably tender and fine-flavored!

So many delightful ways to serve Libby's Olives and Pickles

So big and plump and firm are the olives Libby brings you from Spain—that you hate to spoil their dusky green perfection. And yet there are so many ways you can make your summer meats more attractive with these olives! And with Libby's Sweet Mixed Pickles, too—so crisply tender, so piquantly mouth-watering are they!

For a cool-looking, appetizing effect, sprinkle a few minced olives over your fruit and vegetable salads. A relish with a dozen uses is made of equal parts of finely chopped cabbage and Libby's Sweet Mixed Pickles. Or add some chopped pickle and a little chopped onion to your mayonnaise dressing and serve with your cold meats.

Ask your grocer today for Libby's Olives, Libby's Pickles and meats. See how festive they make your hot weather meals!



"Some like them hot—some like them cold"

—but all are agreed that Libby's Baked Beans are mighty good either way.

Try serving them cold just as they come from the package, and sprinkle with chopped chives or, if you haven't any chives handy use young green onions cut in thin slices. Don't think the family to one package—open two, and if there are any left over you can make the most delightful sandwiches by mashing the beans to a paste and spreading on thin slices of buttered bread

A breakfast dish so good you can serve it three times a day

Fill baking powder cans two-thirds full of hot corn meal mush. Then insert three or four of Libby's Vienna Sausages an equal distance apart. Chill and unmold, cut in inch slices, dip in corn meal or flour and fry in a little butter or bacon drippings. Heat some of the sausages in the same pan and serve with the circles

Libby's Veal Loaf—for the hot-day luncheon

History repeats itself—but not half so much so as Libby's Veal Loaf will in your menus if you give it one trial. Chill, slice in rather thick slices, arrange on a bed of parsley—and luncheon is ready! Bread and butter, a little tart jelly or jam, some berries, and a cool drink—what more could mortal man desire?

Veal loaf a la king—the seasoning is the secret!

Cut one package of Libby's Veal Loaf into half inch cubes. Heat in a cream sauce made by your favorite recipe. Serve on toast, in bread cups or patty shells and garnish with parsley and radish roses. Ten minutes—while the cake is boiling for tea—and you have achieved a victorious rival over any chicken à la king you may ever hope to eat

Libby, McNeill & Libby, 307 Welfare Bldg., Chicago

Libby, McNeill & Libby, of Can., Ltd. 48 E. Front St., Toronto, Ont., Can.

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Adhesive Plaster — Gauze

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Then get our First Aid Book from your druggist and put it with the Dressings. It is written by a high authority, and contains some 90 pictures.

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The King of Smoky Slopes

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

He knew that danger was there, in the white tent. He knew that the man had tried to catch him with traps and pitfalls. He knew that these were enemies, pure and simple.

Yet—he had seen his god play there on the Red Plume's edge like a bobcat kitten. It was from there she had first come into the hills to him. There she had belonged before she belonged to him. From the cliff above he had watched her many a longing hour. There was her place when she was away. *There was help.*

Whenever in his life had he gone to the humans for help when something was in distress, when a danger threatened something?

Gray Ruff did not know, but the ghost of the little collie mother knew. They were lambs she had guarded in another country thirteen years ago. She had long since rotted in a gulch on the Quincut range, but her honest life bore fruit today. Her wolf-son rose from his haunches and looked down the slopes in the direction of the distant Red Plume.

For long he stood and waited, waited for the urge of his blood.

He hesitated and shifted on his padded feet, waiting and listening for a still, precarial voice. Something within him drew him irresistibly toward the Red Plume. He leaned forward, his feet bunched beneath him, almost going. Then he settled back and waited again. Again the urge.

This time Gray Ruff dropped on his belly beside the muttering girl in the trap and kissed her face from brow to chin, whimpering and whining.

He kissed her hands, soiled with the earth and the blood that oozed through the denim at her knee with the constant stirring.

Then without a backward look he rose and dropped away down the tilted slants like a shadow among the shadows.

And never in his life had the King of Smoky Mountain covered the ground as he covered it now. He was all wolf indeed as he leaped down the slopes, a long gray shape with his huge brush carried straight behind.

His nimble feet were like a blur beneath him, his long head was a pointed slug.

He was going for help for his god, there on the shadowed ridge, and he was going to those he hated and feared, yet the urge within him was clear as a voice, imperative.

THE man from the Red Plume's flat was steadily climbing. He had been out since dawn. He was tired and heartsick, for he had loved his daughter, too.

The gun in his hand was loaded, ready. There was hate and blood-lust in his heart. He wanted only to kill the king-wolf of the Smoky, then he would leave the country—after he had found the scattered bones he sought.

He climbed with his head down; he was dead-weary. Suddenly from high above him there came a sound—the long-drawn howl of a wolf.

The chills went shivering down his back and he sprang erect, his gun at his shoulder. There, high on the rim-rock above, stood the magnificent creature he recognized for the killer. Quick as a flash he shot, but Gray Ruff leaped with the white puff of the smoke. The man charged up the hill. When he reached the spot there was nothing there. He looked around and watched. Five minutes later again came that calling howl.

Again the man saw him high above, standing out in the failing sunlight. Again he shot and ran. Again he found that he had missed. Five times in an hour these two on the lonely slopes played with life and death, and the man was up and over the hill he was on at first, was down in the hollow and was going up another ridge. This was a strange ridge, one he had never climbed before, far from camp.

At the sixth appearance of Gray Ruff far above him, at the strangely challenging call, the man stopped and considered. There was something strange in the whole performance, something mighty strange. Never in a long and varied experience in the wild places had he seen a wolf that acted so. The rage and horror that was in him lent space to wonderment. It was almost as if the creature led him on—and on. A superstitious dread seized him and all but turned him back, but Gray Ruff ran a little nearer on the lifting crest of the ridge, and he set his lips and plodded on. He would kill him yet—the murderer! Or die in the attempt. Once again he shot—and missed. It was as if the creature bore a charmed life. He had never shot so rottenly before.

Once more Gray Ruff howled and waited. Ah, his beloved lay a little way beyond, just where the laurel-bush grew by the pine-tree

The man climbed from below, and he thought wonderingly,

"Acts more like a dog than ary wolf," he muttered, "seems queer, all-fired queer."

Then he stumbled up on the crest and started forward toward the pine.

With one swift touch of his dripping tongue to the swollen face beneath the golden braids, Gray Ruff the King leaped into the shielding brush and was gone.

And the man, coming forward with his gun at present, came full upon the body of his daughter where the pine-tree's shadow fell!

Who shall tell of the hours that followed?

The man who had been a poor husband, a poor father, was born anew there in the silences. He fell upon the ancient trap and with his knife at its rusted screws, his boot heels at its hinge, tore it loose from the tortured flesh. He kissed the unconscious face of his child with tears on his rugged face. He put her on his shoulder and performed a superhuman feat of rescue.

A GREAT white moon was high above the mountain country when he stumbled down at last to the Red Plume's flat to drop exhausted at the feet of the pacing woman.

Love and thanksgiving made the dawning day a sacrament.

The dingy tent was a temple and three worshipers met in the golden light who remembered their God with voices and hearts.

One other they remembered too—Gray Ruff, the mighty.

All through the hours when care and food were bringing back the color to her pale cheeks Hope told of the wild dog's devotion, and tears mingled with her smiles. But she waited for the twilight, stretched on a hand-made bed out on the flat where the river murmured, that longing eyes might find her from above.

And true enough—when the shadows slipped down the slopes of Smoky there came from the cliff above the flat a long-drawn, familiar howl.

The king was faithful to his love—he must needs come back to the enchanted place!

And Hope, rising on the shackly bed, put her fingers to her lips and sent out a clear and piercing call that carried high to his waiting ears, two vital notes, one rising, one falling, which promised and cajoled, caressed and coaxed.

"Some time," she said to herself contentedly, "some time he'll come to me here, right here at the tent's door, and then I'll have him always Some time soon. Oh, Gray Ruff, the faithful!"

A Fair Field in Labor

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 2

potential fathers of the race. Until we know more about the effect of overstrain and lead-poisoning on the children of potential fathers, it is wiser to contend here, also, for human standards and human rights.

Better employ the energy now directed to hugger-muggering in preparing even the underdogs to become a part of the democracy of labor. Better teach Miss Pisko her trade, and Mrs. Pisko her rights, and help them both to develop a social conscience. I don't want my Miracle Woman to cower under the protection of a traffic cop. I want her to march in the procession. *She can wa march and cower at the same time.*

Better devote all our energies to securing for all women, by means of the ballot and all other possible agencies, the right fundamental to all rights, the right of women to free access to all trades and professions. That right being conceded, I look for some form of sex treaties between men and women, with women leaders holding far more important places in some industries and freely leaving other trades to men. Women might, for example, leave steam-laundry work to men, that being far harder than any "conducting," while men give up master-plumbing to women.

Before such treaties can be signed, however, women's trades unions will have to grow stronger and more general and their leaders less timid, and they'll have to get women on the Executive Board of the American Federation of Labor. It will be a slow process, no doubt. But it is the only democratic process. The only sure process. The only human process.

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Baked Beans, Spaghetti,
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Some of the
57

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PICTORIAL REVIEW MOTHER CLUB

When Baby Reaches the Half-mile Post

By ANNA STEESE RICHARDSON

AUTHOR OF "KEEPING BABY WELL," "THE PROSPECTIVE MOTHER'S OWN BOOK," ETC.

DURING the sixth month of Baby's life, Mother should give serious thought to the teething process. Not that you have given it no thought before! Probably of late you have laid every trifling illness or stomach disturbance to the fact that his teeth are forming. And of course they have been forming for many weeks, way down in the little jaws, but this is a perfectly normal process of nature and should not affect his health in any way. Even now, when you can feel the gums hardening, do not assume that attacks of indigestion or bowel trouble come from this condition in the mouth. There must be some other cause for digestive disturbances, so look to the diet or milk-supply, and do not dismiss the trouble as the natural bad results of teething.

There should be no bad results from teething except the slight fretfulness or rise in temperature which come from the discomfort and heat of the swelling gums.

During this sixth month, if he is a normal baby, the two central teeth in the lower jaw will make their way toward the surface of the gums, and by the day he is six months old they will probably pop through.

The usual process of teething is this: First, at six to eight months, two central teeth, lower jaw; second, two central teeth, upper jaw; then gradually to the end of the first year the lateral teeth on either side of those cutting central teeth. The double teeth usually appear between the fourteenth and sixteenth months, and the canine teeth, called, by most mothers, stomach and eye teeth, should come through by the time the child is eighteen months old. The last of the twenty milk teeth, or first set, are the large double molars due when baby is about two and a half years old.

In watching for the teeth to appear, bear in mind that a bottle-fed baby rarely teethes as early as the breast-fed baby, because presumably the breast-milk contains more of the food-elements required for bone deposit.

In certain families all children cut their teeth late, so if this has happened in your husband's family or your own, do not fret if teeth do not appear before the eighth month.

If, however, no signs of teeth can be seen by the eighth or ninth month, consult a doctor. Your baby's food may lack certain elements which can be supplied easily.

Helping Baby Cut His Teeth

"WHAT can I do to help my baby cut his teeth?" ask many mothers.

Very little beyond keeping his entire system in good condition—a question which will be discussed later. A clean ivory ring, or flat stick of ortis root will supply the needed resistance when Baby feels the urge to bite on something. The gums may be rubbed with clean Turkish toweling, but do not use any of the so-called remedies or lubricants for softening the gums, and allow no one to lance the swollen gums except your doctor. Lancing at an early stage of teething leaves a scar through which the little teeth force their way later with increased difficulty. Only a physician recognizes the necessity and knows the right moment for lancing gums.

Do not make teething an excuse for encouraging Baby to suck his thumb or use a pacifier. I have seen nurses deliberately teaching babies to suck their thumbs on the ground that it quiets the teething child. Neither thumb nor pacifier will help the tiny teeth to come through, but either habit will cause the teeth to protrude, and, if persisted in during the entire teething period, will change the shape of the jaw. Thousands of dollars are paid annually to dentists for resetting the second growth of teeth, because, like the milk teeth, they protrude and give the mouth a rabbit-shape.

Above everything else, do not give your teething baby any sort of soothing-strup to allay the pain. It is far better to exercise patience in soothing a fretful child than to drug his system with opiates. Many a mother, deceived by the baby's drowsiness and quiet under soothing-strup, has not known that her drugged child was seriously ill.

When the mouth becomes feverish, Baby may have sips of water which has been boiled and cooled. But he should not have bits of ice wrapped in cloth, because ice contains germs which may prove fatal.

At the slightest rise in temperature, reduce either the quality or the quantity of milk given to the bottle-fed baby, and shorten the time allowed for nursing the breast-fed baby, or increase the length of intervals between nursing. The bowels should move normally once or twice a day, because constipation aggravates the discomfort of teething and furnishes a lodging-place for germs which enter the system.

NOW, for what to the average mother is the great bugaboo of teething—Summer complaint.

Last month we discussed on this page the prevention of Summer complaint through sanitation and correct feeding. Now let us go into details concerning the development and treatment of this ailment.

Dr. L. Emmett Holt, whose "Diseases of Infancy and Childhood" is regarded as a class-room classic by pediatrists or baby-specialists, considers intestinal diseases, usually grouped by mothers as "Summer complaint," to be the gravest menace to infant life.

The following statistics, gathered in New York City, certainly prove his claim: During a period covering five years, the number of children, *all ages*, who died of measles, scarlet fever, whooping cough, typhoid fever, and diphtheria combined, was 23,330, while the number of children *under two years* who died of diarrheal diseases was 26,563

Other statistics, gathered by an organization pledged to the reduction of infant mortality, prove that of the 300,000 children under one year who die annually in this country, two-thirds, or 200,000, are victims of diarrheal diseases, *for the most part preventable*.

Last month we studied the source of milk-supply and hygienic conditions in their relation to the prevention of Summer complaint. This month let us go a step further and emphasize the fact that in addition to clean surroundings and pure food, you should build up your baby's strength so that his system may resist disease and throw off germs. This is done through nourishing food which he is able to digest, and through fresh, pure air. No matter how germs may make their way into his system, a strong, well-nourished baby may often be able to resist them, while the overfed or underfed infant, breathing close, impure air, will yield to them almost immediately.

Hence the preponderance of infant mortality in communities where living conditions are bad and the milk-supply poor, or where mothers are not educated in the importance of pure air and easily digested, nourishing food.

Often the farm mother, who has at her command herd milk and the best air in the world, makes the mistake of giving her baby unmodified milk too rich for infant digestion, or milk from pans and utensils which have not been properly scalded and sterilized, and she allows him to sleep in an unaired room. On the other hand, infant mortality has been reduced in congested city quarters by the persistent education of mothers through welfare stations, clinics for babies, and visiting nurses

Photo by C. Smith Gardner

Daphne and Sylva, Baby Daughters of Marguerite Sylva

The Treatment of "Summer Complaint"

THE name "Summer complaint," used so generally by mothers, is probably due to the fact that it is commonest in hot weather, when the increased temperature develops bacteria in milk with appalling rapidity. Physicians divide the diarrheal diseases which indicate the presence of poison in stomach or intestines into three classes or degrees of severity, milk diarrhea, acute diarrhea, and cholera infantum.

The symptoms and progress of these ailments are as follows:

Restlessness, fretfulness, piercing cries followed by frequent bowel movements, increasing from four to twelve or more daily, and changing in color from yellow to bright-green with a frothy look. If the attack is not checked the temperature rises to 102 or 103 degrees, the tongue becomes coated and dry, the eyes look dull and sunken, the face pinched and drawn; bowel movements increase as high as twenty in twenty-four hours; the pulse becomes rapid, the breathing heavy, hands and feet clammy and blue, at which point coma or stupor usually sets in and death very quickly.

Should your baby be attacked by diarrhea in any form, take no chances. Send immediately for your family physician, or if you are away from home, for the best doctor the community boasts. *Until he arrives*—and this is *important*—especially when the doctor lives at a distance or is delayed en route, use the following treatment.

No matter what the child's age nor how light the attack, stop all solid or semi-solid food, and give the baby only barley-water. For a nursing or bottle-fed infant, especially if there is vomiting and fever, withdraw milk and give barley-water instead, or even plain boiled water.

Start immediately to clean out the system with cathartics. If the stomach is not affected, and the child can retain castor-oil, it is the best cathartic, because it has no irritating action, causes little griping and leaves soothing after-effects. It may be given in orange-juice or in soda-water. The dosage for castor-oil is as follows:

3 to 6 months, 1 teaspoonful.
6 to 9 months, ½ teaspoonful.
9 to 12 months, 2 or 4 teaspoonfuls
1 to 2 years, one tablespoonful.

IF, HOWEVER, the little patient is vomiting and can not retain the oil, give calomel. The dose may be a one-tenth of a grain tablet every fifteen minutes, or one quarter of a grain tablet every twenty minutes, until one grain has been given.

The office of the cathartic is to clean the poison from the small intestine. To cleanse the large intestine or colon, use a saline enema or injection, which is prepared by dissolving a tablespoonful of common table salt in two quarts of warm water, (100 degrees Fahrenheit) using the ordinary rectal tube, infant size.

Do not give any drug except the cathartic, neither paregoric nor medicine nor remedy recommended by kindly neighbors. The medicine which may have saved the life of your neighbor's child might be the worst possible dose to give a baby in the condition of yours. Only your physician should prescribe drugs for checking diarrhea.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

THE MOTHER CLUB BULLETIN

If You Go Away for the Summer

WHEN investigate the following conditions and thereby safeguard your family health.

Is the drinking water pure? Turn your back on any resort where the water supply comes from old-fashioned wells and pumps.

Is the milk supply fresh and clean? At the better resorts certified milk is obtainable. In small towns or on farms, dairies will sometimes bear investigation.

Is the beach, pool, or pond where your children will bathe, clean? Stagnant water, still ponds, and some running rivers or creeks are alive with typhoid germs

Are there near-by ponds or marshes infested with mosquitoes? A certain variety of mosquito has been proved to be the busiest of carriers of malaria germs.

If you are to board on a farm, are the windows screened, and the cow-barns and yards clean? Flies which breed in stable-yards carry all sorts of disease germs.

Have you selected a boarding-place which has good air, ample shade, and a supply of fresh vegetables? Your children need the minerals and salts found in fresh vegetables.

For Vacation Days

YOU and the children will need the following articles: Warm sweaters or loose coats for evening wear at beach or mountain resort. Low, spring-heel shoes for long tramps. Rubbers and rain-coats for rainy-day walks. Light-weight wool underwear, and skirts or overalls for bathing. Old cloth if you plan to camp out. Punk or incense sticks to protect yourself from mosquitoes, and citronella to rub on your hands or pillows if you sleep outdoors.

For sunburn, good vinegar made from wine or cider to mix with water. This gives you a good coat of tan without blistering, and takes out all the soreness.

As drug-stores are often located at an inconvenient distance in the country, it is well to take these supplies from your own medicine-chest:

A first-aid kit

One pound package absorbent cotton in small rolls

Sterile gauze bandages, one half dozen assorted lengths

Fountain syringe

Hot-water bag

Ice-bag

Four ounces castor-oil

Case prepared mustard plasters or mustard substitutes

One bottle creolin

One jar vaselin

One jar cold-cream

Package bicarbonate of soda

Small bottle calomel, 1/10 of a grain tablets

One bottle liquid peptonoids and creosotes for coughs

Pulse-Beats

MANY mothers ask how fast a child's pulse should beat. Here is a scientific table:

First month, 120 to 140 beats per minute

1 month to 6 months, 120 to 130 beats per minute

6 months to 1 year, 120 beats per minute

1 to 2 years, 110 to 120 beats per minute

2 to 4 years, 90 to 110 beats per minute

6 to 10 years, 90 to 100 beats per minute.

Temperature

NORMAL temperature in infants runs from 98.3 to 99.1 degrees Fahrenheit, taken with a thermometer inserted in the rectum The slightest cold, stomach, or intestinal disorder, even excitement, will cause a sudden rise in temperature which may disappear as suddenly as it came.

Summer Helps for Mother

IF YOUR baby has prickly heat, use soft linen, lawn, or muslin next to skin. Do not starch neck- or wrist-bands of clothing.

Sponge the affected parts with warm water and vinegar, half and half, then dust with powdered laundry starch and boric acid, using two parts of starch to one of powdered boric acid.

If the prickly heat spreads over the entire body, give bran, soda, or starch baths prepared as follows.

Bran Baths—Make a cheese-cloth bag, six inches square. Fill loosely with bran. Soak the bag in the bath water, squeezing it frequently until the water becomes milky.

Soda Baths—Dissolve two tablespoonfuls of ordinary baking-soda in enough warm water to take it up, then add to a gallon of warm water in which the body may be sponged or laid.

Starch Baths—Add a cupful of common cooked laundry starch to a gallon of warm or tepid water.

If your child chokes from swallowing cherry, plum, or other fruit-pits, never run your finger down his throat, but tickle the throat with a feather to induce vomiting which may expel the stone. Never slap him on the back, but turn him over your lap, or even hold him by the heels, meanwhile patting him on the back. If these methods fail, take him to a doctor.

In case of heat prostration or sunstroke, lay the child flat in the shade, loosen the clothing, and apply ice-bags to head until a physician can be secured.

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SNOWDRIFT *fresh* vegetable shortening

Snowdrift is pure, rich, vegetable fat—creamy and white and fresh.

There are many reasons why we believe you will like it better than any cooking fat you ever used before. But of all its advantages, the chief reason that Snowdrift is the choice of the good cooks who know it, is because Snowdrift is *fresh*.

Many and many a woman has told us that she has used shortening of one kind or another all her life and never realized until she tried Snowdrift, that shortening *could* be so fresh and good.

Snowdrift is sweet—what you mean when you say sweet cream. Snowdrift is fresh—as you use the word to describe new laid eggs. You know how much nicer eggs and butter and cream are when they are fresh. Did you ever stop to think that all shortening is *fat*—and is better when it is fresh?

In its airtight package, Snowdrift is as sweet and fresh when you open it in your kitchen. After it is open, it keeps just as well and as long as any other shortening. The advantage is that Snowdrift is fresh when you start to use it.

In a pail or slip-covered can or any other package that was not really airtight, Snowdrift would grow old while it was on its way to your grocer and from your grocer's store to you. It might not spoil but it could not fail to lose much of its delicacy and freshness. Many women would never know the difference because they have never tasted shortening when it was absolutely fresh. But *we* know the difference and we want you to have Snowdrift as good as Snowdrift can be.

So, because freshness makes such a great difference in shortening, we always put Snowdrift into an airtight package.

Up to date no one has invented any package that is practicable for holding shortening and really airtight—except a sealed tin can such as we use for Snowdrift. This must be opened with a can-opener or a knife. It is a nuisance to open an airtight can. We wish we could offer you a package that would be easier to open. We have tried every kind of package we ever heard of in the search for one that would be more convenient for you. But nothing except an *absolutely* airtight can will *insure* freshness.

You forget the trifling bother of opening the package when you discover how much nicer shortening is when it is really fresh.

Try Snowdrift just once—and see.

Your grocer has it or can quickly get it for you if you ask him to. In 1, 2, 4 and 8 pound tins.

SOUTHERN COTTON OIL TRADING COMPANY
20 Broadway, New York

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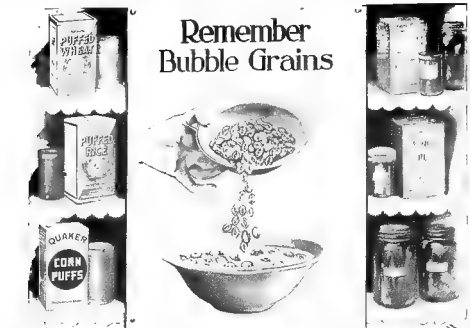

A Pantry Sign
For Summer

We wish that Puffed Grain lovers could in summer have a pantry sign like this. For all day long one should remember these supreme delights.

One is whole wheat with every food cell broken. Bubble grains, thin and flaky, puffed to eight times normal size.

Mix with Berries

One is whole rice, steam exploded—flimsy, airy morsels with a taste like toasted nuts.

Float in Every Bowl of Milk

One is corn hearts, sweet and flavory, made into pellets, then puffed.

Crisp and Butter for Playtime Confections

Use Like Nut Meats on Ice Cream

Use in Candy

Thin, Toasted Wafers for Your Soups

The Ideal Foods For Children

These are the reasons for serving Puffed Grains in abundance:

They are the best-cooked cereals in existence—the only cereals with every food cell blasted for easy, quick digestion.

Two are whole grains made wholly digestible. They supply whole-grain nutrition.

They are food confections, enticing in their taste and texture. So children revel in them.

They make breakfast a joy. They give the berry dish a multiplied delight.

No other grain food makes the milk so attractive.

They take the place of sweetmeats.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Corn Puffs
All Bubble Grains
Each 15c
Except in Far West

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

3130

Everybody Wants Help!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

they ought to eat them they don't like them, much. Why not have a can of peas with the carrots?—and that. Don't scrape that saucepan with that knife, Minna, that's one of the good knives. Now, let's see, about dessert. We had banana custard yesterday—we have no cake, have we? You might bake a cake—but you were going to clean the stove, weren't you? We might have a deep pie—they love that—oh, but we were going to have the pie for supper, weren't we? Now, let me see——"

And so on, indefinitely, until twenty-four hours' meals are again settled, and the mistress goes upstairs thinking, "That's off my mind, thank goodness!"

HOWEVER, it is not really off her mind, for she still must telephone her order, and she also suddenly remembers while she is dressing that she forgot the jam for the children's picnic to-morrow, and when she is shopping, an hour later, she interrupts herself again to telephone home to remind Minna that the man is coming about the gas-fixtures, and please not to let the children have any of the cake at lunch, if she is late. And if, as often happens, she has managed to hurt Minna's feelings with the suggestion that the best knife, and Minna simply pins on her preposterous hat and walks off, then the whole miserable business of offices, appointments, and changes must be done all over again.

It is too late now for the ideal solution; the taking of our young girls into our kitchens, and the teaching of them beside our own daughters, all working together, all sharing the home life and the home duties, deported European ideals have spoiled that, and the ritual of the dining-room has become our religion. We all ask our maids to do things that are wasteful of time and effort, to spend their youth over our candlesticks and doilies and finger-bowls, to strangle their lives from ours by a wide river of caps and aprons, and unessential service, and respectful "Misses" and "Masters" for the juniors who should be their friends and companions, and low voices and noiseless shoes, and a sense of being ruled and subjugated.

And as a result there are no more servants for the average establishment; the eight-hour law is rapidly coming to replace the ideal. I know one woman in Boston, always a kind and generous employer, who has already been driven to it. She pays four maids for eight hours each, and only one of them, the nurse, sleeps in the house.

Ten years ago one could get an excellent servant in New York City for twenty dollars or even less. Nowadays it is impossible to get any sort of trained help for less than forty. The stories employers tell become more and more preposterous; and we have the actual proof of the closing employment bureaus and the long columns of frantic advertisements under the heading "Female Help Wanted." A day or two ago I saw an advertisement especially indicative of the state of affairs. It was that of a "good cook," for private family, will keep kitchen clean, no furnace, washing, or dishwashing, $60." The phrase, "no Sunday work," is so common as to provoke no remark.

The tragedy underlying the whole thing is that it is so wasteful and so unnecessary. Thousands of women really like housekeeping, thousands of homes really need help, cooking and sweeping are eminently safe and respectable employments, and there is no need for the contact with ugliness and ignorance and uncleanliness in our maids. If American women of the past few generations had really remembered their heritage of democracy, the supply of splendid young women eager to enter their employment would far exceed the demand. The housekeeper would be considered infinitely more fortunate than the stenographer, who must take her place in a down-town office every morning, or the school-teacher, whose nerves and time are at the mercy of any one of fifty restless children—and so she would be.

NO MAN'S business would last long if he were to constantly employ clerks whom he could not trust, and who had never been instructed in the simplest rudiments of their business. No man expects them to give him their extra time without extra pay, and no man considers his business so unimportant that he can turn it over to his assistants and neglect it for whole days at a time. If housekeeping is a woman's business, she should do it. If she has some other business, she should pay some one to assume the responsibility of the house. If, as in the case of a young mother, she needs actual help at home, then she should share the work, and respect the worker as she does herself.

On that basis, and with all the old rubbish of relative positions, and uniforms, and caps, and aprons, and respect, and titles, and "keeping her place" and "taking her orders" swept away, the servant question really might be solved, and finely solved. Perhaps, with the influx of foreign-born servants temporarily lessened, we shall reach it sooner than we fear—or hope.

The New Four Hundred

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

Whenever I say good-by to the canteen girls and the nurses' girls who come to see me before returning to their homes in every State in our Union, I try to impress them anew with the high privilege it has been for them to serve in France. I emphasize the sacrifice of the boys who have fought and bled and spent something of their youthful hopes for them, and I exhort them not to go back to the old order of things, but to stay out in the big troubled world where there is so much to be done.

THE girls don't want to go back to their old lives either. One of them came to bid me good-by a few days ago. There were tears in her eyes as she said, "I'm going to be awfully lonesome when I go home if I just have to do the silly things I used to do. When I remember those American boys, so big and brave and good to us, every one of them, no matter what kind of homes they came from, in spite of all the chances they've never had—why, I just can't stand my little shut-in circle again."

I said to her—and it is just what I have said to all of them, "You don't have to. There are certain conditions, such as poverty and sickness, that have always existed, that will exist for some time to come. They are to be found in every city, great or small. The war has brought its own additional problems as well as increasing some of those we had. We are facing a period of scientific experiment in methods of social happiness. The very men you worked for then are the men you should be working for now, for them and for their children. Over here you have a great spiritual vision—that of understanding the human soul. If you lose that vision by returning to the rut of little things, all your efforts of the last eighteen months will count as nothing. Not only must you understand your fellow man but you must help him to understand you—especially at this time, when so much of the unrest that is stirring is due to the fact that one-half the world has not only not understood the other half, but has not felt the obligation to do so." The real necessity for this understanding came to me several years before war was dreamed of, when I was doing public-health nursing in New York City.

One day, forgetting the number of a house I was to go to, I found myself in a strange place. A woman came to the door and asked me in. She was a fine sort of woman, I discovered, one who did a great deal for unfortunate girls, often bringing them in from the streets, caring for them, clothing them, and finding them work. We fell to chatting and after that I dropped in often. It was not much that I gave toward her work, but she was very grateful. I did not tell her my name, and she had no idea as to my identity. Always per plea was, "If only the people who have money would understand what it is for, if they would only try to know us and listen to our side, how different this world would be!"

One day, I told her my name. She exclaimed, "I'm so sorry, for you have been kind. But I still think it would be better if there were more people like you who took the trouble to become acquainted with the rest of us."

I DO not tell this for any personal reason, but because I wish that all American women, young and old, could be made to see its meaning. It is one I brought constantly before the girls whom I directed in France. "Girls, girls," I have said to them, over and over again, "all my work and your work will have been in vain if, when you return home, you forget the lesson in common understanding you have acquired through all these trying, bitter, horrible, hopeful, wonderful months."

And I don't think they ever will forget. Their lesson was too big. And some day they are going to make some men very happy, for if I did nothing else in France, I helped to turn out four hundred perfect American wives for four hundred very lucky American husbands.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

A spicy snappy Ginger Snap

An exquisite chocolate flavored sugar wafer confection

The Perfect Soda Cracker

Serve with tea, chocolate or lemonade

Suitable for all occasions

A sugar wafer suited to all social functions

Serve with oysters, soups etc.

Sweet wholesome appetizing nutritious. Try them for breakfast with hot or cold milk

Made of whole wheat flour ground on old fashioned burr stones.

THE WORLD'S BEST BAKING

Your pantry shelf will become a veritable treasure-house of variety and goodness if it is kept well stocked with the delicious crackers and biscuit which are baked by NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY. For every emergency there are appropriate biscuit. the achievements of genuine art in baking--each recipe a masterpiece and each individual biscuit perfect.

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Oval Label Quality Extends to Salads, Too

AMONG mid-summer dishes, let crisp, appetizing salads hold first place and make the meal a real delight. Nutritious in themselves, they are also of specific value as digestive aids. Try the suggestions pictured here. Easy to prepare—and with an appeal to both the eye and the palate.

In salad ingredients, as in some three hundred other Armour foods, the familiar Oval Label is your surety of *utmost quality*. It is the pledge of goodness behind all of Armour's unique facilities for collecting, preparing and distributing the choicest yield of America's farms, ranges and fisheries. The condensed list below will show you how easy it is to supply virtually all your table or pantry needs under the Armour Oval Label and assure yourself the best foods produced.

Let Armour's Oval Label Be Your Guide in Buying These:

Smoked Meats (*Star Ham, Etc.*)	Dairy Products
Cooking Fats	Meat Alternatives
Spreads	Sausage
Seasonings and Condiments	Canned Vegetables
Canned Fruits	Canned Meats
Jams and Jellies	Sea Foods
	Soups
	Beverages
	Flavoring Extracts

Your dealer has or can get any of these Armour Oval Label Foods for you. Write to our Food Economics Department, Division 36, Armour and Company, Chicago, for a free copy of "The Business of Being a Housewife," the book on foods, cookery and the family budget.

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THE HOUSEWIVES' FORUM

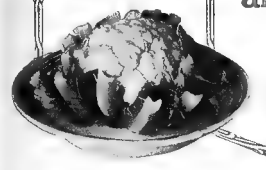
A Vegetable Dinner

Steamed Rice Loaf with Tomatoes and Peas

Stuffed Cucumbers

Eat Vegetables and You'll Keep Cool

By IDA C. BAILEY ALLEN



Cauliflower, French Style

Summer Vegetable Salad

Photographs by Mrs. Allen

COOL as a cucumber" must have been a phrase born of a sweltering day. Yet like so many of the old-time "notions" it is strangely substantiated by actual fact, for it takes a whole pound of cucumber to produce seventy calories of energy!

Why will vegetables keep one cool? Because their succulent juices lave the heated body tissues; because the minerals and acids cleanse and purify the blood, feed the nerves, and aid digestion, and because their splendid bulk sweeps out the intestinal tract as would a broom, ridding the body of the overload of waste, that would otherwise cause excess heat.

Vegetables produce so little energy in the body because many of them are chiefly moisture; tomatoes, for instance, are ninety-four per cent. water with one hundred and five calories per pound; spinach contains ninety-two per cent. water with one hundred and ten calories per pound, and lettuce contains ninety-four per cent. water with ninety calories of fuel value to the pound, and so we might go on throughout the list of green vegetables. We would find all of them approximately nine-tenths water. It is probably because of this that so many have felt that vegetables do not have any "food value." But food value is more than calories, it is suitability, and the food that has the right food value is that one which is adapted to the season, to the individual, and to the other foods which are to be served with it. All the calories in the world can fail in the mission of building the perfect meal, if they are not used with discretion.

Nature is our most wonderful dietician, one that is only too often forgotten. She provides the most perfect foods for the various seasons, at the time when they are best suited to the needs of the body. Yet how many of our menus are constructed to take full advantage of her provision?

Vegetable Health Insurance

ONLY during the last year or two has the mission of the leafy vegetable been definitely understood. A mineral, a cleanser, a blood purifier, all of these, but something more. They furnish much in the form of those elusive principles on which life and growth depend. They are classified by Dr. E. V. McCollum as "protective foods," and include the cabbage with its derivatives such as cauliflower and Brussels sprouts, lettuce, the various greens and other salad plants, spinach, chard, celery, and the like. No day is complete unless at least one of the protective foods has found its way into each meal. Milk and eggs adapt themselves particularly well to breakfast, butter to all meals, and all three are protectives, while the vegetables fit in especially well with luncheon, dinner, or supper.

Dietetically, the war-gardens of the past two or three years have probably done more for the health of the country than any other one food reform, because through the necessity of utilizing the vegetable produce, an abundance of vegetables have been introduced into our general household menu. It took some time for the old prejudice favoring the constant use of meat and potatoes at nearly every meal to give way to the onslaught of the vegetable. But, after all, our American men and women are gifted with common sense, and it was not long before a vegetable meal a day was really welcomed in many households, and not only the women and children, but the men as well, began to show the beneficial effects in clearer skins, fewer headaches, and less auto-intoxication.

The credit of first recognizing this change for the better belongs to the men, who soon began to demand the vegetable meal at their favorite hotels or restaurants. They were popular. But how about the tea-rooms, and the restaurants generally frequented by women? Did the vegetable dinner have an equally strong appeal? As a matter of fact it did not. But the cream puff, the fudge shortcake, and the éclair de luxe reigned supreme, whether camouflaged by war materials or not!

All on One Plate

BUT now the vegetable meal has become a work of art in its dainty service, and is as carefully combined as the five-course meals offered on the same menu. Of course there must be not only a variety of vegetables but a variety of colors as well, to make possible an attractive arrangement. Potato, either by fluffy tablespoonfuls or by means of a pastry-tube and bag, is generally introduced, and a garnish of radishes, cress, or parsley, or possibly sliced tomatoes or cucumbers, is a necessity. Those who carefully read "The Scale of Good Health" in the April PICTORIAL REVIEW will by this time have checked up the foods enumerated and will be asking, "But where is the protein or muscle-maker in the meal?"

In the first place, we must not lose sight of the fact that all vegetables contain at least a trace of protein, but it is not enough to keep up the balance in the body between the giving out and the intake of energy. It must be supplemented by one of the actual muscle-making foods. This may be in the form of cooked dried peas, beans or lentils, nuts, eggs, cheese or milk, or with a little meat or fish. However, the latter two are not so well suited to the vegetable combination. The dried vegetables may simply be stewed or baked, or more elaborately made up into cutlets or croquettes. The nuts may be served plain as an accompaniment, or may be made up into potato or brown-rice croquettes with nuts; the eggs may be poached or cooked in some other simple way, while the cheese may actually be combined with the vegetables, or used as a sauce with cauliflower or rice. The milk is very adaptable either in the form of the usual glassful, as a sauce, or when the vegetable itself is cooked in it. Nothing else is needed to complete the meal except a simple sweet, as sugared fruit and bread and butter.

But all the vegetables in the world will more or less fail in their mission of maintaining good health unless they are carefully and properly prepared. Much has been said and written along this line, but as a general rule the average housekeeper regards the whole question as her child might a fairy-story, and pays no attention to it. It is a *fact* that potatoes lose about one-fifth of their substance and most of their salts when they are peeled and boiled. It is a *fact* that the valuable proteins of vegetables are soluble in water and that most of them are poured down the sink drain. It is a *fact* that the iron and the lime, the magnesium and the phosphorus, the sulfur and the other necessary minerals present in vegetables are cooked out and discarded. These things are true. Why is it that the housekeepers hear these facts over and over again and pay no heed?

There are three methods of cooking vegetables—boiling, steaming, and baking. When they are boiled it should be in as little water as possible, and this should be served with the vegetable as a sauce, or else used as the basis of a soup. In creaming peas, for instance, it is only necessary to add to the small residue of liquor enough milk to make the requisite amount of sauce, then to thicken it. Why throw the liquor from the peas away? The same principle applies to any creamed vegetable. The vegetable retains its color and food content better if the cooking water is salted. A teaspoonful to the quart is enough, and the water must be boiling when the vegetable is put in. This rule has no exceptions.

Baked with the Meat

MANY vegetables may be baked. This method of cooking generally conjures up a picture of the baked potato only, but I am wondering how many of the Forum readers are cooking with gas or kerosene? If you are one of them, why not put your peas or beans or sliced young turnips, or whatever you are cooking, in a casserole with a little water, and the usual seasonings, clap them in your oven along with the roast, or fish loaf, or apple tapioca and let them "do themselves"?

But, probably the best method of all is steaming. I would call a good steam-cooker the basis of a successful kitchen equipment. All vegetables may be steamed, the time to be allowed being generally a fourth longer than for boiling. Whenever possible, as with potatoes, carrots, and young turnips, they should be merely scrubbed, sprinkled with salt, and steamed with the jackets on. Greens should be thoroughly washed, salted, then steamed. Peas, string-beans, and the like, should be prepared as for boiling, salted, then put in the steamer, while cauliflower should be steamed with the outer green leaves as well. If desired, the raw vegetables, as onions or eggplant, may be arranged as for a casserole with flour and seasonings sprinkled between the layers and the liquid added, when they may be steamed, but care should be taken to add a third less liquid than would be put in for baking, as there will be no evaporation. One gas or kerosene burner will cook a large variety of vegetables, a delicious steamed bread, and steamed apple sauce, or a pudding, with a saving in energy, fuel, and food value.

Some Vegetable Recipes

Whole Cauliflower, French Style

1 Medium-sized Cauliflower
1 Pint White Sauce
Salt

SELECT a cauliflower that has fresh outer green leaves. Cut off the stalk so that it will stand even, then wash it carefully without removing the leaves except to trim them down to make a frame for the cauliflower as in the illustration. Then soak it head down for thirty minutes in salted water to remove possible insect life. Drain it, sprinkle it with salt, place it in the steamer, and steam it until tender—about an hour and a quarter. Then transfer to a deep serving-dish, pour in the white sauce, and serve with or without a garnish of grated cheese. If desired the green leaves may be removed after steaming, and served on toast the next day like asparagus, with drawn butter sauce.

A Vegetable Dinner (for four)

1 Pint Mashed Potato
1½ Cupful Cooked Garbanzo
1 Small Bunch Cooked Asparagus
1 Small Cauliflower (Cooked)
1½ Cupful Cooked Peas
4 Eggs
Garnish of Cress, Parsley, or Radish Roses

PREPARE the vegetables. Place the cauliflower in the center of a large chop plate. On either side arrange "corde" of the string-beans and the asparagus. On the two alternating sides put heaps of the peas. Then with a pastry-bag and tube make nests of the potato in the four empty corners, filling them with the eggs which should be poached. Cover the edges with a little more potato, garnish, and serve at once. Other vegetables may be substituted if desired.

Steamed Rice Loaf with Tomatoes and Peas

3 Cupfuls Boiled Brown Rice
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
4 Medium-sized Onions
3 Tomatoes
2 Green Peppers
1½ Cupful Cooked Peas
¾ Cupful Chopped Walnut Meats
1 Pint White Sauce
Parsley

CHOP the onions and peppers fine and then cook them very gently until tender in the butter. Stir them into the rice together with the nuts, packing the whole into a well-oiled mold and steam it for thirty minutes. Cut the tomatoes in halves crosswise, leaving the skins on, dust with salt, steam them for twenty minutes; scoop out the pulp, fill them with the peas which may be left over or which may be steamed with the mold, and use them as a garnish to the rice loaf, which should be unmolded on a platter and surrounded with the white sauce. The garnish may be of parsley.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 57

A Group of Vegetable Menus

LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
Steamed	*Baked*
New Potatoes with Egg Sauce	Jellied Tomato Bouillon, Optional
Spinach Steamed Tomatoes	Potato and Mushroom Pie
Steamed Brown Bread Butter	Onions en Casserole Swiss Chard
Dressed Lettuce, Optional	Rolls with Butter
Blanc Mange Hot or Iced Tea	Cherry and Pineapple Fruit Salad
	Chocolate Cake Hot or Iced Coffee
Baked	*Steamed*
Baked Eggplant Stuffed with Brown Rice and Nuts	Iced Clam Bouillon, Optional
Baked Beets with Orange-juice	Tomato Omelet Steamed Potatoes
Entire Wheat Bread and Butter	Steamed Peas Steamed Corn
Salad of Mixed Vegetables Boiled Dressing	Steamed Corn-meal Loaf Butter
Blueberry Gingerbread Hot or Iced Tea	Salad of Beets, Cucumbers, and Lettuce
	Steamed Raspberry Tapioca Coffee

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"It's so Good to Eat."

If you could see the process of making ***Wheatena,*** and breathe the fragrant air of the great roasting room, that simply makes you hungry for some, and realize how such a delicious cereal, prepared in a factory that is "as clean as wax," can be delivered to you without so much as a touch of human hands, you could not fail to try it.

And once tried, ***Wheatena*** tastes so good you want it more and more. This is the experience of the thousands who eat ***Wheatena*** day after day. Not only as a delicious, appetising and nourishing breakfast food but for muffins and a hundred and one other good things that everyone likes. It's the delicious nutty flavor that no other cereal has that satisfies and tempts the appetite of old and young, and they never tire of it.

Try it for breakfast to-morrow—it is prepared in three minutes—and you will soon find yourself serving it in some form or other at luncheon and dinner.

Wheatena contains all the nourishing properties of meat at one twentieth the cost. Have your grocer send you a package.

The Wheatena Company,
Wheatenaville,
Rahway, New Jersey.

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A Macaroni Dessert

If you have never thought of using macaroni as a dessert, try out the recipe given here for the dish of Skinner's Macaroni fruit pudding shown above. You will find it unusual and delicious.

Macaroni Fruit Pudding Recipe

½ pkg. Skinner's Macaroni
1 quart boiling water
1 tablespoon salt

Add macaroni slowly to rapidly boiling salt water, boil uncovered 10 to 12 minutes. Drain, rinse with cold water.

CUSTARD

½ cup sugar	½ tsp. salt
1 tsp. cinnamon	½ cup raisins
3 cups scalded milk	4 eggs

Beat eggs slightly, add sugar, cinnamon and salt, then slowly add scalded milk. Strain and add to seeded raisins cut in halves. Line a well buttered mold with the cooked macaroni. Pour in custard. Bake in a pan of water in moderate oven until firm. Turn out on platter, garnish with canned plums and slices of cooked apples. Serve with plum juice boiled thick.

SKINNER'S MACARONI

can be used in 141 different recipes. Besides using it with cheese or tomatoes, try this healthful food in newer and more tempting forms.
Skinner's Macaroni is made from only the highest quality amber durum wheat; hence its walls are thinner, it cooks more quickly, yet retains all its natural shape, taste and color. Take no other.

Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Skinner Manufacturing Company, Omaha, U.S.A.

Mavericks All

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 20

the two-spot in me mitt. Will you look at that, you shorthorns. There's more than luck in it. I win, and you dealt them yourself. It's an honest name the little tad will be wearin.'"

It was true. By grace of the high, low, and jack, little Cabrita would walk as a McBride for the span of his natural life.

"You win all right," grudgingly admitted Mexicala. "It's a McBride he'll be. But how about the first part of it? You can't win the whole blame name, you know, just because you had nigger luck."

"I won't try to hog the whole thing," agreed Tim. "There's no law against a man havin' as many front names as he can tote, tho I never did go much on them here hyphenated Well names. Why not call him Mexicala Nels Timothy McBride. It's no more than what's comin' to him."

THE suggestion was received with unanimous approval. Mexicala doffed his hat and advanced to the bedside.

"Cabrita, you're a maverick no more," he proclaimed. "No longer do you belong to the neutral gender. I hereby, with malice aforethought, declare you branded as Mexicala Nels Timothy McBride, and anybody that has any kick comin' let him speak now or forever hold his peace."

"Say, that don't seem just according to Hoyle," interrupted Nels. "Hadn't we ought to bust a bottle of wine over his bows or somethin' like that?"

"It's baptism you wants," responded Tim. "No kid's got a look-in these days unless he's properly baptised to make his name stick. We'll have to take him around to the padre and have it done accordin' to the custom of all McBrides."

"Padre nothin'," snorted Mexicala. "This kid is goin' to be a hard-shell Baptist. If you're goin' in for baptisin', go the whole hog or none, I say."

"He's a Methodist, I say," declared Nels. "Get the cards."

Once more three amateur theologians seated themselves on the floor and gravely shuffled and dealt the cards. All unconscious that his fate was being mapped out for him, little M. N. T. McBride continued to squint inquiringly down the barrel of the pistol, with entire lack of interest in this world or the next.

Again the cards ordained that Tim should win.

"It's the luck of a tin-horn you have," growled Mexicala. "Winnin' both his name and religion. But it's us that's goin' to pay for his trousseau. That kid ain't goin' to be baptised unless he's lit up proper in all the modes and vestments of infantile fashion. We'll chip in twenty pesos apiece and then Tim you can sashay down and round up a bundle of all the latest wrinkles in babies' longeree."

"You're a pair of low-lived, ring-tailed quitters," asserted Tim truculently. "Just got a picture of myself spun into a misses' and infants' ready to-wear store and askin' the lady floor-walker for the latest idea in baby's garments. And, by the way, it isn't a trousseau you get for a baby; it's a layette."

For the third time they wrangled, but this was a question, reckless gamblers that they were, they were afraid to trust to the cards. Each felt that the other would renig if he lost.

"LISTEN to me, you cowards," demanded Tim at last. "I feel another swell idea comin' on. Do you know what day this is. It's Christmas Eve. Christmas and babies just naturally team up together, and right here we got a ready-made baby what ain't never enjoyed Christmas."

"Now, in honor of young McBride, we got to make this a rip-roarin' celebration. We ought to have a touch of sentiment in it, too. We got to buy a lot of presents. We ain't got no stockin's but we can hang up a pair of Nels's boots. They'll hold a grubboxful of pretties. Then we got to buy a turkey and a bunch of firecrackers.

"We've gone about as far as we can on this baby question. Even us has our limitations as nurses. Young McBride has got to be washed. I just noticed he's clear dirty. He has to have somebody do a nightshift on that bottle. He'll have to have a couple of dozen of them layettes.

"We'll have to take a woman in on this job. Of course I hate to do it. Them feminine women just naturally try to run the ranch, especially when it comes to babies. But I'll leave it to you, it just ain't decent for a baby to have three fathers and not a dad-blamed mother to his name.

"Now there's Ma Higgins. She can just do the necessary work around this infant and get him ready for this Christmas spree. Remember, we got to be polite but firm with her and let her understand she's only an afterthought in this family."

"Every time you let one of them females come hornin' in to a play, she always stampedes the whole bunch," protested Mexicala. "Women ain't got the dignity and poise like us men critters. This is our kid. We found him and we fought for him and he's a wearin' our names this minute."

Protest as he might, the problem of dressing young McBride was more than any of the fathers cared to undertake. Finally Tim was delegated to lay the proposition before the widow Higgins.

Entering the room, she gave one startled look at the baby and leaped to the rescue.

"Ain't you poor fools got any sense," she exclaimed indignantly. "Givin' the little darlin' a gun to blow out his brains with. Oh, Tim, ain't he cute? Look at him pull my hair. Since when did you highbinders go in for kidnappin'?"

Eagerly the story was told. Ma Higgins cuddled the baby in her arms, crooning in the wordless language only women and babies understand.

"It was the will of God sent you there," she said reverently, when the tale was finished. "But what am I doin' wastin' time like this? Mexicala, you beat it down to the drug-store and get a bottle with one of them rubber come-ons and a can of talcum powder. Nels, you go and get a bucket of hot water down-stairs. Tim, you can chase around to the store and get a bottle of milk. Now get out while I fix the darlin' up nice and pretty."

RELUCTANTLY the foster-fathers abdicated and departed on their errands. When Tim returned, he found Mexicala and Nels in solemn argument, standing in the hallway outside the closed door of the widow's room.

"Tim, old Nels and me has come to a conclusion," announced Mexicala. "You see it ain't just proper for this youngster to have the name of McBride when his ma's name is goin' to be Higgins. So we've made up our minds you've got to marry the widow."

"What's that, you coyotes?" yelled the startled Tim. "Tryin' to saw off on me that way. There's mighty few things I wouldn't do for that kid, but I won't marry no boardin'-house."

"But it's your duty," declared Mexicala. "You want to give our boy a proper start, don't you? Me and Nels have settled it, anyway, so just compromise in and propose."

Tim made a gallant fight and at last persuaded his assistant fathers to cut the cards to see who would marry the widow. Luck had deserted him. He won again when he was praying to lose. "Well, if I must, I must," he said resignedly. "I'll try a whack at this here matrimony game if it's goin' to help the kid any. You wait while I go in and try and put my rope on the widow."

In silence Mexicala and Nels stood in the hallway, while Tim entered the room, bashfully twisting his hat. The sound of voices in argument came drifting through the closed door. Suddenly the door was jerked open and Tim was thrust blushing into the hall.

"What do you suppose that fool woman went and did?" he asked indignantly. "She just come right out and refused my hand and heart."

"She's gettin' too ringie," said Mexicala. "We've got to watch her. Next thing she'll be claimin' that kid."

"She's done it already," confided Tim sheepishly. "What's more she swears that that name we fixed up goes into the discard. It don't suit her."

"What's that?" shouted Mexicala. "I'm a man of peace, but right here is where we got to fight. You rabbit, did you let that she catamount put anything like that over on you? Ain't you got no manhood left? That there name goes as it lays."

"No. I'm scared she'll go at us beat before the divvy," replied Tim, his head drooped down as if in surrender. "You can't argue with a woman, anyhow. They always win."

"If you're afraid, I ain't," boasted Mexicala. "That name sticks. I reckon she wants to name him Percy or some Yankee name like that. What was her idea of a name, anyhow?"

"Why," said Tim in sorrow, "she says she kind of fancies Maud, with Pearl as a second choice."

WATCH out for the August issue of PICTORIAL REVIEW. There is a complete novelette in it by Will Payne called "A PACKET OF LETTERS." Every chapter is a thriller!

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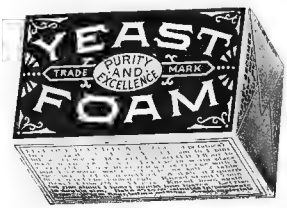

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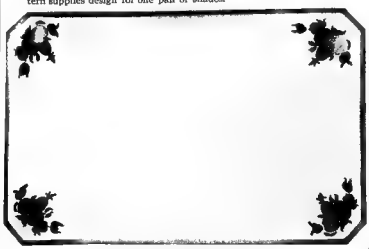
Painted Novelties of Parchment and Oilcloth for the Summer Home

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12521, blue, 15 cents. Electric light wall-sconce with parchment shade. The transfer pattern supplies design for one pair of shades.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12522, blue, 15 cents. A charming parchment shade for a wall-sconce painted with baskets of flowers. The pattern supplies design and border for one pair of shades.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12530, blue, 15 cents. Graceful tulip design for a candle-sconce.

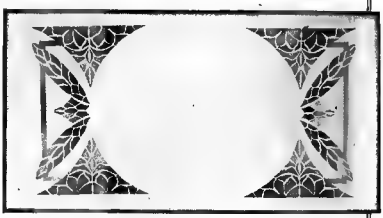
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12518, blue, 15 cents. Tea-wagon tray. Shape and 4 corner designs given.

THESE parchment shades are made on a wire frame, the paper cut out to fit and sewed to the frame. The outline is filled in with oil colors.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12357, blue, 15 cents. To cover the kitchen or pantry shelves oilcloth strips like this are very attractive painted in oil colors. The pattern provides a scalloped edge but a narrow border is painted on instead.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12519, blue or yellow, 20 cents. This is a cunning place-doily for a child, made of white oilcloth and with cunning animal and bird designs painted on in oil colors. The pattern supplies 10 different animal designs with duplicates of each design.

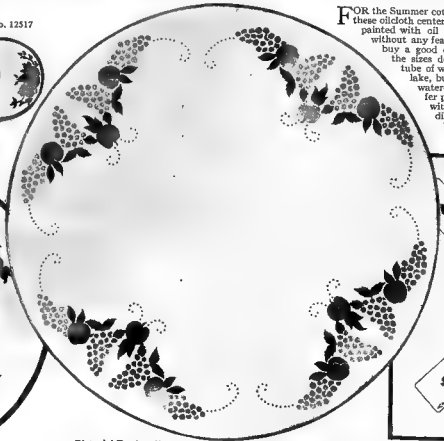
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 11893, blue, 20 cents. An attractive table-runner of white oilcloth, 18 by 54 inches. The design at each end may be painted on with oil colors in any preferred shade. The pattern provides scallops for the ends which are not illustrated.



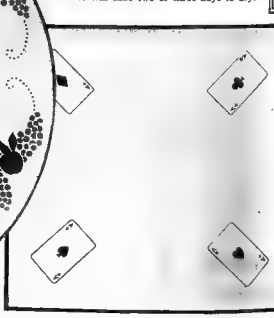
Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12145, blue, 15 cents. The embroidery transfer is 12 by 17½ inches and it is adapted to a table-runner, 20 by 54 inches. The table-runner may be of oilcloth, the design applied in oil paint.

FOR the Summer cottage there is nothing more convenient than these oilcloth center-pieces, doilies, and table-runners which are painted with oil colors, therefore they may be washed off without any fear of the colors running. To make them, buy a good quality of white table oilcloth and cut in the sizes desired. For your colors you will need a tube of white, zinc yellow, permanent blue, crimson lake, burnt sienna, light red, and black. Large water-color brushes are used. Apply your transfer pattern to the doilies, press off, and fill in with the color which may be thinned out by dipping the brushes occasionally in turpentine. These will take two or three days to dry.

Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12513, blue, 15 cents, and 12516 and 12517, 20 cents each, provide a luncheon set of white oilcloth painted with fruit.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12430, blue, 40 cents. Here is a charming center-piece, 54 inches in diameter, to be made of white oilcloth with fruit painted on in natural coloring. There is a half-inch painted border, tho the pattern provides scallops.



Pictorial Review Transfer Pattern 12262, blue, 15 cents. An attractive card-table cover for the bungalow of white oilcloth painted in black and red. Tapes may tie the cloth to the legs of the table. The pattern furnishes one each of the four motifs.

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Ivory Soap Flakes makes it easy to keep baby's nainsooks and flannels, sacques and sweaters, bootees and blankets as fresh and dainty as his own sweet self.

IVORY SOAP FLAKES gives you the time-tried purity and mildness of genuine Ivory Soap in the most convenient form for fine laundering.

Warm water instantly melts Ivory Soap Flakes into the liveliest, thickest, foamiest suds you have ever seen—a lather so rich and soapy that it cleanses thoroughly without rubbing; and so mild that it does not the slightest injury to any color or fabric that water alone will not harm. The work is done *better,* in half the time, and with half the effort.

Little dresses and slips last longer and look whiter when they are washed with Ivory Soap Flakes. And baby is more comfortable in Ivory-washed flannels—fleecy, unshrunken and soft as down against his tender skin.

Use Ivory Soap Flakes for all fine laundering. It is the safe, economical, modern cleanser for silks, satins, Georgettes, chiffons, woolens, linens, laces, muslins and embroideries. Get a package today.

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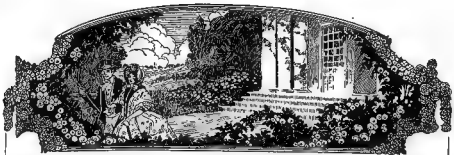

When Baby Reaches the Half-mile Post

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

If, before your doctor arrives, your baby should suffer an alarming collapse, you may give a warm bath, apply hot cloths or hot-water bags to legs and feet, or hold the feet in mild warm mustard-water, and administer a few drops of brandy, given in eight times as much water, at short intervals. This treatment should be used only when the condition of the child is alarming and when the doctor can not reach you. Neither this nor any other emergency treatment suggested in this article should be used as a substitute for medical attention. Remember the 200,000 helpless babies sacrificed every year to "Summer complaint" and send for a doctor at the first stage of the attack.

The patient should be kept quiet and in a room flooded with pure air, or even outdoors in cab or screened bed if the weather is very hot, but always in the shade. As an attack is very weakening, do not allow the little patient to exert himself, try to walk, or sit up. The clothing should consist of diapers and a single garment, preferably a loose nightgown or wrapper of light-weight cotton-and-wool or silk-and-wool. The wool absorbs moisture and prevents chilling. If the skin is sensitive to flannel, a little garment of linen or thin cotton may be worn under the wool wrapper. If the climate has sudden changes of temperature, particularly chilling winds between sundown and sunup, have an extra night garment and keep the patient out of drafts.

BATHING will allay restlessness. Start the tub-bath with water at 100 degrees Fahrenheit, and reduce gradually to 85 or 80 degrees by slipping in pieces of ice. This bath may last on a hot day from five to twenty minutes, according to the strength of the child at the time of the attack. While the baby's body is under the water, rub the flesh gently with the hand. When you lift the patient from the tub, wrap in soft wool blanket or square of Turkish toweling, pat dry, dust with powder, and return to bed immediately. This bath is for a child suffering from a light attack and must not be confused with the warm bath required for the child in a state of collapse.

Change diapers immediately after each movement of the bowels, bathe the affected parts with clear, warm water, dry with soft old linen, and dust with high-grade talcum or a powder made from pulverized starch and boric acid. If the parts become badly chafed, use stearate of zinc, a healing powder which can be purchased at any drug-store.

When the attack has subsided, great care must be exercised in feeding and building up the patient's system. Fresh, cool air and protection from sun by day and chill by night are important, and a gradual return to normal diet essential. Do not give a baby the full strength of breast-milk or bottle formula to which he was accustomed before the attack. This might cause a relapse. From boiled water, change to barley water, to which you can add, gradually, milk pumped from the breast or boiled milk for the bottle-fed baby. Then, as gradually, you can change from boiled milk to fresh.

SO LARGE a share of the month's talk has been devoted to "Summer complaint" because it is now uppermost in the minds of mothers whose babies are three years or less.

Now we will turn to the more pleasant and encouraging events of Baby's sixth month.

When your baby is six months old he will have rounded out the first half-year of his existence, and if he has gained and thrived normally, his chances of living and "doing you credit" will increase steadily. So let us take stock of his progress.

At six months he should have doubled his birth-weight. If he weighed at birth the average eight pounds, at six months he should weigh sixteen pounds. In height he should measure somewhere between 25 and 26 inches. The circumference of head and chest should be about the same, from 17 to 17½ inches, while the abdomen should be about an inch smaller. The flesh should be plump and firm, not flabby, the skin should be smooth, the lips red, and the cheeks rosy. Mere weight with flabby fat and colorless skin does not mean good health. Neither should the abdomen be large and protuberant, while the legs are thin and spindly. This indicates gas on the bowels or intestinal indigestion.

If convenient, I would certainly suggest that you take your baby to a doctor on the day he is six months old and have him looked over from dimpled foot to shining hair.

And even if the doctor finds nothing wrong, but tells you that yours is a one-hundred-per-cent. baby, you will feel more than repaid for the investment of his fee in the knowledge that you can enter upon hot weather without fear.

It's POSTUM!

Surprisingly like a high-grade coffee in flavor and looks, but wonderfully superior for comfort and health. POSTUM contains no caffeine.

Children may drink it freely.

Eat Vegetables and Keep Cool

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51

Summer Vegetable Salad

1 Cupful Shredded Crisped Cabbage
1 Cupful Diced Cooked String-beans
¾ Cupful Cooked Peas
½ Cupful Grated Raw Carrot
½ Cupful Sliced Radishes
2 Tablespoonfuls Minced Young Onion
½ Cupful Diced Asparagus
Pickled Beets and Salad Green Asparagus Tips

COMBINE the cabbage, string-beans, half of the peas, carrots, radishes, onion, and the asparagus with French dressing to moisten, about one-half cupful. Let stand half an hour in a cold place, then carefully add enough mayonnaise or boiled salad dressing to hold it together. Pile it in a salad-bowl, pyramid shape, spread extra salad dressing over it and arrange a row of the asparagus tips on opposite sides, and a block of peas on the other two sides. Separate the sections with sliced pickled beet, garnish the top with a slice of lemon and a radish rose and wreathe with lettuce or cress or other salad green. The vegetables may be varied and to substantialize the salad still more add some cubed cooked veal, chicken, or bits of cooked bacon or ham, or two or three sliced hard-cooked eggs.

Stuffed Cucumbers with Mushroom Chilli Sauce

2 Good-sized Cucumbers
¾ Cupful Left-over Cooked Cereal
½ Cupful Mushrooms (Chopped)
½ Tablespoonful Minced Onion
1 Tablespoonful Butter or a Substitute
1 Teaspoonful Minced Parsley
1 Chopped Green Pepper
Stewed Tomato to Moisten
Salt and Pepper to Taste

PARE the cucumbers, cut them lengthwise in halves, and scoop out the seeds. Dust the cucumbers with salt and steam them for twenty minutes. In the meantime put the butter in a saucepan, add the onion, pepper, and mushrooms, and cook gently for five minutes. Stir in the cereal and when perfectly smooth add a little stewed tomato, but not enough to make it mushy. Add the parsley, season to taste, and fill the cucumbers with the mixture. Dust over with fine dry bread-crums or cracker-dust which has been mixed with a tablespoonful of butter-substitute, melted, to the half cupful. Place in a baking-pan, pour in a little hot water and bake in a slow oven for thirty minutes. Serve surrounded with mushroom chilli sauce.

Mushroom Chilli Sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls Butter or a Substitute
3 Tablespoonfuls Flour
½ Teaspoonful Salt
Caps from ¼ Lb. Mushrooms
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
1¾ Cupful Milk
½ Cupful Chilli Sauce

COOK the mushrooms in the butter for five minutes. Remove them, add the flour and seasonings. Gradually pour in the milk, and when smooth and boiling add the chilli sauce. Use the caps as a garnish.

Stuffed Tomatoes, Southern Style

6 Medium-sized Tomatoes
1½ Cupful Cooked Creamed Corn
6 Slices Toast
¾ Cupful Chopped Peanut Meats
1 Pint Peanut-Cream Sauce
Whole Peanut Meats

WASH the tomatoes, cut off the tops and scoop out to form cups. Use the pulp for seasoning meat or soup. Dust the tomatoes with salt and pepper and fill with the corn mixed with the chopped peanut meats. Dust with bread-crums or cracker-dust, place in muffin-pans so they will hold their shape when done, and bake about twenty minutes. Pour the sauce over the toast, place a tomato on each slice, and garnish each with whole peanut meats.

Peanut Cream Sauce

2 Tablespoonfuls Peanut Butter
1 Tablespoonful Butter
¼ Teaspoonful Salt
¼ Teaspoonful Pepper
2 Tablespoonfuls Flour
1½ Cupful Milk
½ Cupful Chopped Peanuts

MELT the butter, add the peanut butter and peanuts and cook gently together for two or three minutes. Then stir in the flour and seasonings, gradually pour in the milk, when smooth and boiling use as directed.

This label on a garment is your guarantee of a standard fabric, fast color and high workmanship.

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The Newest Things in Filet Crochet Are Sweaters, Scarfs, and Vests

No. 144

Pictorial Review Filet Crochet Sweater No. 144, 15 cents (at right). The working diagram of this sweater is supplied with the directions for making. This is a handsome sleeveless slip-over sweater, the original of which was fashioned of navy blue crochet wool, altho any preferred color may be used. The front is opened in a deep square.

Back View of Sweater No. 144

No 145

Pictorial Review Filet Crochet Vest No. 145, 15 cents (illustrated at center right). Working diagram and directions supplied in the pattern. There is a perfect craze for these panel vests which fill in so attractively the open front jackets of the season. The very newest are of filet crochet worked out in crochet silk of any harmonizing color

Vest 145 shown as Belt and Neck Straps

Pictorial Review Knitting Directions No. 509, 10 cents. A sleeveless sweater in two shades of brown

Pictorial Review Crochet Directions 1009, 10 cents. A sweater with sleeves.

No 509

No. 1009

No. 146

Pictorial Review Filet Crochet Scarf No. 147, 15 cents. The pattern supplies directions and working diagram. Illustrated below is a very attractive scarf worked in ripple stitch with filet crochet banding. Fine white crochet wool and a bone crochet hook No. 3 are required. These scarfs are particularly convenient adjuncts to the Summer wardrobe as they may be worn over light Summer frocks on cool evenings and they add a picturesque touch

Pictorial Review Filet Crochet and Knitted Sweater No. 146, 15 cents (illustrated at left). A very good-looking slip-over sweater of soft gray wool combined with jonquil yellow vicuna yarn The sweater is crocheted in gray and the collar and cuffs knitted in yellow vicuna. The collar is very novel, featuring the new cowl which is so fashionable

Illustrating the back of Sweater No 146

A charming Scarf of filet crochet—No. 148

No. 147—Scarf in ripple stitch and filet crochet

Pictorial Review Filet Crochet Scarf No. 148, 15 cents. The pattern supplies not alone the directions but a working diagram as well The scarf is illustrated above and the original was fashioned of soft white wool in a dainty rose and leaf design. A softening touch is given by the deep finish of fringe These scarfs of filet crochet are the daintiest things imaginable when worn over light Summer dance frocks, adding just the right touch of warmth.

Pictorial Review Knitted Sweater No. 149, 15 cents. The pattern supplies a working diagram as well as the directions. Novelty is given to this knitted slip-over sweater by the addition of a collar in white filet crochet.

No. 149—Filet crochet forms an interesting trimming on this knitted Sweater

Pictorial Review Filet Crochet Sweater No. 150, 15 cents The pattern supplies a working diagram as well as directions An attractive slip-over sweater for the six year old of rose-color with trimming on the square neck of white

No. 151—Among the most attractive novelties in Sweaters are those of filet crochet

Pictorial Review Filet Crochet Sweater No. 151, 15 cents. This charming sweater is illustrated at the left and in the pattern a working diagram and directions are supplied. There is nothing smarter or more comfortable for sports wear than these sleeveless slip-on sweaters of which this is a very good-looking example The original model was of French blue wool, tho any preferred color may be adopted It is open in front and a crocheted sash encircles the waist . .

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THE INVALID AGED DEPENDENTS THE SCHOOL CHILD THE FEEBLE-MINDED THE ORPHAN

Due to the lack of proper fire safeguards, the chances of a disastrous fire are greater in hospitals, schools, asylums, etc., than in most buildings. In the last six years 219 hospital fires swept away $4,560,000 worth of property. Every school day a fine school building is destroyed.

To save the helpless from fire

WE send thousands of little children into schools, confine thousands of aged and mentally unfit in asylums, and house hundreds of thousands of sick in hospitals with little thought as to their safety from fire. Men and women have been thoughtless while harrowing catastrophes in public buildings have gone on, year after year.

"But our hospitals have fire escapes," one man will say, "and all doors open outward."

"And I, myself, see that absolutely all the rubbish is kept cleared out of the basement in the high school," a woman will exclaim proudly.

"And in our schools we have fire drills," a third will say in tones of patient explanation.

Of course they will say these things, say them because they do not think. *They and you* should not assume that all that is humanly possible has been done to guard against a catastrophe until you have taken the trouble to find out what constitutes adequate up-to-date fire equipment.

Read—"*Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy*"

RECORDS show that schools, hospitals and asylums, due to their lack of proper fire safeguards, are more dangerous than thousands of flour mills, textile plants and other dangerous industrial enterprises.

Hundreds of citizens want to learn the truth about such fire-trap buildings. Any individual, trustee or official will find in "Fire Tragedies and Their Remedy" the unvarnished truth and a path of imperative social service. Write for it today. Address General Fire Extinguisher Company, 278 West Exchange Street, Providence, R. I.

Today we are finding out that everything has not been done, not even the first and simplest thing.

Men have protected some five billion dollars of their business property from fire by the use of automatic sprinklers.

State Industrial Commissions are guarding the lives of factory employees by requiring this same unfailing protection in business property.

The United States Government insisted on war industries being so protected because it knew that no combination of safety measures was at once so economical and so certain as the drenching of a fire at its start by an automatic sprinkler.

Stirred as they now are with the value and sacredness of human life, men and women of this country, are saying and will say insistently:

"Let our little ones, the helpless and the sick, enjoy the benefits of this greatest fire safeguard. Yes, all of them, the orphans, the insane, the old and infirm, the prisoners, over whom we have constituted ourselves guardians, must have it to protect their lives."

GRINNELL
AUTOMATIC SPRINKLER SYSTEM
When the fire starts the water starts

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Dress Your Boy in Corduroy

CROMPTON
All-Weather
CORDUROY

Look for this trade-mark in the next suit you buy, the mark of highest quality in boy suit cloth.

Worry about Falling?

No: *This* boy knows it can't hurt his suit because it's made of the new boy-proof fabric—

CROMPTON
"All-Weather"
CORDUROY

THIS double-duty Corduroy—especially made to stand long wear, by its protection against water damage—is the Corduroy used by the better class manufacturers of boys' suits.

Even after a severe wetting it will not stiffen nor shrink; lose its shape nor lose its color.

The leading boys' clothing stores are now featuring suits made of—

CROMPTON "ALL-WEATHER" CORDUROY

CROMPTON-RICHMOND COMPANY Inc., 31 East 31st Street, New York, N.Y.

Arabella Upon Setebos

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

could not hear what they said. They smoked their pipes in a leisurely way. When the moon rose high, they spread their blankets, and lay down to sleep. Arabella kept vigil until she heard them snore. Then she slipped back to the cottage and, for the first time, since that long ago first night, she put a chair against the door for protection.

Of course she did not sleep. She kept her light burning, and with her trusty gun beside her, she watched the door. Toward morning she decided upon her duty. She must demand the business of those men, and if they refused to explain, she must drive them off. Those were Adam's orders, and Adam thought he had sent a man capable of carrying them out.

In the early morning she made her way toward the quarry, gun in hand, convinced that the primitive woman had "nothing on her." She hid in a clump of dense underbrush which grew to the edge of the blasted wall. She looked over into the stone-walled hollow below. There were signs that they had eaten their breakfast, and departed. But the treasure was still there. She was about to go look for the boat, when she heard their voices. Presently they came into sight, laughing and talking. Under other circumstances she would have rather liked their looks.

"He must be an *early riser*," she heard one of them say.

THEY began to search around for something. They finally discovered a huge lump of rock, which they laboriously rolled to the middle of the space. It had a flat table top. Then they began to unload "the loot." They laid on the stone table a strange assortment of huge bottles of liquid, tubes, scales, and apparatus unknown to Arabella. She was breathless with curiosity, mixed with alarm. The preparations were lengthy and made with infinite care. The men were silent, as if serious affairs were afoot. At last the one who seemed to be in command spoke,

"You two fellows take to the woods. I'll start the fluid running in the tube, and then I'll follow. If the thing explodes, we may land in Melopomene."

Arabella gasped, and knew the truth! They were here to blow up the island. They were Adam's enemies, and this was a plot to destroy his property. She, A. B. Stubbs, was his agent.

"Put up your hands!" she cried, in good melodrama style.

The men below started and looked up. One of them instantly covered the table with a huge rubber blanket.

"Quick, or I'll shoot!" she called, in the deepest voice she could manage.

Their hands went up slowly.

"Who is it? Where are you?" the leader called back.

"Line up, one after the other. Quick!"

They grinned and stood their ground. She promptly fired into the air, and they fairly leaped into line.

"Here—what are you doing?" their leader cried.

"Back toward that open door," she ordered.

They looked at the open door of the brick office where the quarry inspector had been wont to conduct his duties, and toward it they marched, or rather, backed.

"Go in, and shut the door."

"Say, cut out the kidding! What is all this? We came up here to——"

Bang! went the revolver. They went in, and closed the door. Arabella ran along the edge and sat down on guard above them. The door had a catch lock, which worked. She knew because she had shut herself in, by accident, and had to climb out the high window. They were too big for that, but they might try it.

As she sat on guard, she felt some satisfaction with herself, as a primitive woman. But she wondered what she ought to do with them. It would be a long watch until Captain Hunt came on the morrow. Should she feed them, or starve them? After a while a head came cautiously out of the window, and at once she shot into the air. The head had the appearance of having been shot off, or shot in. She had aimed the other way, but she hoped she had not hit him.

After a while she went home, got a book and some lunch, preparatory to a long siege. She put in the day there. Once a head appeared at the window and a voice shouted,

"I say, you——"

She shot again, and there was silence. After dark she managed with great difficulty to get a pail of water and some bread hoisted up on their window-sill. Later she tossed in their blankets. Then she went home to bed and slept soundly.

She woke in the morning with a fine sense of excitement. Not since the first morning on the island had she been so thrilled. To-day she would hand over the prisoners to Captain Hunt, and prove her value to Adam.

She was about to go and inspect her jail, when she saw the unmistakable smudge of the *Minnehaha* against the sky. The captain was coming out early to-day. What luck! She had grown very fond of her only visitor. She would keep him to lunch, and then together they would pack the bombers into the hold of the *Minnehaha*—if she had a hold! She busied herself hurriedly with some domestic duties, because her house had been somewhat neglected since the pirates came.

By some strange misadventure she missed the landing-signal, and when, at a step on the porch, she threw open the door, with a radiant smile and,

"Captain Hunt, dear, I did not hear you whistle!" she faced a tall, broad-shouldered young man, and not the captain at all.

He stared and so did she.

"Who are you?" he demanded.

"Didn't you see my sign on the pier?" she replied sternly.

"Are you the resident owner?"

"I am."

"I suppose you're Mrs. Stubbs?"

"No—Miss."

"Is A. B. Stubbs at home?"

"You are——?" gasped Arabella.

"I am Adam Barber."

She went rather white.

"I am A. B. Stubbs," she said.

"*You are!* Good and gracious Lord!" exclaimed the man. "But I advertised for a man."

"I can't help it. The ad. said there was no work, so I knew I could do it——"

"But I never would have sent you up here, all alone."

"I know you wouldn't. That's why I—misled you. I love it here—at least I did until the criminals came——"

"Criminals?"

"Yes, anarchists. They got everything ready to blow up the island, but I caught them, and shut them up——"

"Shut them up? Who? Where?"

"In the brick house. It has the only lock on the island that works."

"Show me," commanded her employer.

She ran out and down the path, and he followed at her heels. She ran well, like a woods thing. She indicated the office.

"I arrested them yesterday, but I gave them bread and water," she said seriously.

"You arrested them? But how?"

"I had the revolver you gave me. I stood up on the terrace and told them to back in. They objected, but I shot quite a little——"

"And you locked them in yesterday?"

"Yes. The door locks itself, if you shut it."

SUDDENLY and without warning Mr. Adam Barber sat down on a rock and began to laugh. The sound struck the sides of the quarry and rebounded with a deafening roar. A voice inside the prison shouted angrily,

"Stop that laughing, you fool, and let us out."

Adam spied the apparatus on the stone table, made a quick inspection, and smiled at the girl.

"May I have the key?"

"It's hanging to the knob on a string." He tried to work it

"It won't unlock it," he said.

"Oh, yes, it will. It's rusty and it takes time, but I managed it."

He gave it up, and took up a post to break the door down.

"You understand that these are desperate men? I heard them plan to blow up the island," she warned him.

He laughed, nodded, and assaulted the door. There was a din of protest from inside.

"All right, boys, it's Barber," he cried.

The door burst open and three dishevelled, angry men appeared.

"This is a nice mess you've got us into," burst out the leader. "That maniac who lives here——"

"Didn't you deliver the letter I gave you?" interrupted Barber.

"Couldn't find the beggar. Went to his house first thing in the morning. He wasn't there. Looked all over the place——"

"I was right up there," said Arabella, pointing at the ledge.

They all looked at her.

"You were?" said the speaker.

She nodded.

"She locked you up, you know," said Adam.

"*What!*"

"She says she heard you plan to blow up my island."

"I told you it was a woman's voice," said the youngest man.

"For the love of Mike!" said the man who was boss. He sat down suddenly. Adam burst out laughing again, and one by one, a trifle ruefully, they joined him, until the quarry rang with laughter.

Explanations followed. Adam Barber was a chemical engineer and inventor. He was working on an invention which demanded the combination of certain power-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 64

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This Boy Knows

HE keeps his "eye on the ball." He's the kind of boy that eats Kellogg's. He likes the taste, the *realness* of these flakes.

* * *

He wouldn't be satisfied with an imitation. He wants the original—the crisp, rich, golden-glinting Kellogg's with their fresh-from-the-oven flavor, satisfyingly good.

* * *

It's easy to get the *choicest* for your boy and girl, too.

* * *

Ask your grocer for Kellogg's; know it by the signature of W. K. Kellogg on each package.

KELLOGG TOASTED CORN FLAKE CO.
BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

My signature is placed on each package of Kellogg's so that you may know at once that you are getting the original toasted corn flakes whose quality and flavor earned their leadership.

W. K. Kellogg

"Won its favor through its flavor"

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AN ADVERTISEMENT THAT "CAME BACK"—An American soldier in France wrote a message to us on a page he tore from a magazine, and mailed it to us. We reproduce it just as we received it. We are sorry that the boys "over there" cannot get *all* the delicious foods included in our Certified line, but we are glad to know they appreciate the good things they can share with the folks here at home when they come back.

Thos. E. Wilson
President, Wilson & Co.

Luscious!

A partial list of Wilson's Certified Products sold under our "money-back" guarantee

Sweet Corn	Chili Sauce
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Tomatoes	Jams
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Pork and Beans	Mince Meat
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Asparagus Tips	Sardines
California Peaches	Salmon
Pineapple	Ox Tongue
Cherries	Roast Beef
Blue Berries	Ham
Raspberries	Bacon
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RED-RIPE strawberries—preserved by a splendid recipe—under the eyes of master chefs—in model kitchens—so that the lusciousness of the plump, ruddy berry is enhanced and kept for you—this is the secret of our Certified Strawberry Preserves.

Try them—and know them. Especially, enjoy them with tea biscuits made with Wilson's Majestic Lard and spread with Wilson's Clearbrook Butter.

Our Certified Strawberry Preserves are an example of what the Wilson Certified line of food products means for the home. Fruits, vegetables, meats, table specialties—all selected, prepared and handled with the *respect* your own mother would pay anything she prepared for you. And all our Certified canned and packaged foods bear our "money-back" guaranty.

Ask your dealer for "Wilson's Certified" goods. Should he not supply them, please write us and give us his name. We can quickly stock him, for our distribution is national.

"This mark WILSON & CO. your guarantee"
CHICAGO

WILSON & CO. Certified MEATS, FRUITS VEGETABLES

The Wilson Label Protects Your Table

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The First Musical Harvest

By CHARLES D. ISAACSON

AUTHOR OF "FACE TO FACE WITH GREAT MUSICIANS"

I LOVE to see a house enveloped in vines, which cover and caress the walls, remaining beautiful in all seasons. How the leaves creep upward from the little seed, and how the house is made lovely by the flowering veil, a flower in itself.

I love to see a house enveloped in music, which covers and caresses the walls inside and out, blossoming with happiness, shedding a fragrance of joy. How the songs and singers and players grew out of the little seed first planted in the music garden, until all the house is singing and making music, that the neighbor-houses listen to and finally join in the chorus.

The harvest of the music garden is in pleasure and profit, in the finer instincts of the gardener and her family, in the happier days. All of the composers have formed the habit of coming to your place. You have probably made the acquaintance of the happy Mendelssohn, melancholy Chopin, majestic Beethoven, the American MacDowell, the woman composer Chaminade; the composer of women, Massenet; the lyric old country-gentleman composer, Bach, the writer of many operas, Verdi; the singer of negro songs, Stephen Foster; the maker of great oratorios, Handel and Haydn. Perhaps all of these composers and others have been added to your family circle.

Perhaps through the concert-halls, or instruments at home, you have listened to the greatest voices of the day: the birdlike throat of Galli-Curci, the dramatic power of Rosa Raisa, the thrilling art of Barrientos, the nightingale voice of Mabel Garrison, the quiet beautiful music of Florence Macbeth, the ever popular airs of Geraldine Farrar and Alma Gluck, the deep rich voice of Sophie Braslau. And perhaps you have heard the voices of men of renown, John McCormack, the lyric Irishman, to whom President Wilson said, "No, you had better not be a soldier, we need folks at home to keep the fountains of sentiment flowing." Perhaps you have heard Enrico Caruso, the incomparable, whose wonderful voice can thrill with a single note; Stracciari the baritone, whose operatic records seem to tell the whole action of the play. The orchestras have possibly come to your home, playing the great symphonies and imposing marches. You have learned the web in the heart of the violin; the shrill voice of the flute; the melting chords of the harp.

While all this is going on, you have been listening; your children have been listening. In fact, *you've all had a part.*

That's the most important thing I've said so far.

You've all had a part.

What good, dear friends, to sit at the theater to watch or listen—if all you do is sit and look or listen. What's happening inside of you? What has it all done to you, and what have you done because of what you heard?

How Does Music Affect You?

I'VE been to hundreds of concerts and some people might have been stupefied for all the good they were getting. They sat like mummies, cold, self-satisfied, perhaps whispering to their companions—the music brushing off their bodies. Never for once did the beautiful influence work on their hearts, minds, souls, or even on their nerves. They applauded because they had to do it, but really, you know, it was very boring. Style brought them there, and fashion demanded they look interested. But not pleased, that would never do; if they became enthusiastic or seemed to be deeply moved, that would be against all principles of dignity. What a miserable thing is dignity! It censors happiness and puts a ban on smiles. It curtails the gestures of natural joy and puts sunshine in the ice-box. So many people confuse dignity with respect and pose with poise.

While listening to music, a development is taking place inside of you. Notice how salt on your eggs disappears and creates a new taste. So with music. You get a new zest, become sweeter, more alert to the beauties of life. You surely can not be a regular patron of your music garden without undergoing this change.

When people let the music inside of them, it brings out the poetry in their hearts. Music won't create poetry where it doesn't exist, but it unearths it where it does. You may have thought that because you're at home, and some famous woman in outside preaching and singing, you are just ordinary and she is great. Absolutely wrong. The difference is in methods. You may be doing more good. But you never gave vent to your beautiful thoughts. Hence, in your music garden, you'll unlock your fine ideals and poetical dreams. Under the spell of a lovely composition you get the spell of a lovely composition you find yourself dreaming. Ah, it's a wonderful thing to be able to dream. Everything is in the mind!

That imagination of yours will open up, and will set you to thinking poetry. Or, it will give you a clearer vision on your own life. It will help you to decide what is the right thing to do. Isn't it true that sometimes the outlook is like a muddy pool? —you can't see the bottom. Something clears up the mysteries. Music does that for people. It clears the vision. It softens the whole system. "I'm not as I used to be," some women say. "I'm cross and hard and everything, and everybody is trying to take advantage of me." Did you ever see your washing on the line on a frosty day, how stiff and misshapen it gets? And then the sun comes out, and the clothes return to their normal soft state. That's also what the music will do to you.

It is part of you, and when you sing and you play, then you have taken part in it.

The music garden will change you, and your family. It will make the home a better place to live in, the best place to spend the evening.

The Influence of Community Music

A HOME musicale is just the finest event of the week to me. I'd infinitely rather make myself comfortable in your armchair, hearing you sing, than be all dressed up in my best at the Metropolitan Opera House. If your voice is natural, and your song is a sweet melody, the cool breezes of your porch, the soft shadows of your garden will amply compensate for the missing scenery of the opera-stage and the harmonies of the orchestra. If your phonograph is playing, my imagination is sufficiently alert to make your parlor the stage. If your player-piano is reproducing the art of Godowsky, I can see the little superman of pianists bending over the keys. And if, between the music of the Master-artists, your little daughter shall try her newest piece on the violin, that would be excellent.

"Let's sing this next song all together," you might suggest, and whenever we all happened to be sitting, we'd join along. Our voices are not as fine as those at the opera-house—but we can see the little artist sounds so fine we try it again, and we hear the echoes along the road; the trees sing it back to us, the passing stranger hears it and whistles the air all unconsciously. We've all had a part.

Your home, because of the music garden, will become more of a meeting-place for the neighbors. A new influence will grow up around you—your home will assume a new importance. You'll be the most popular individual in the community. People will come, and try to emulate your example. New musical interest will overtake the whole town. Community music will take form. Community choruses will be organized. Everybody will be singing—from the mayor down to the youngest child. Then you will find many new interests in living.

Have you ever thought of the possibilities of a community chorus in your city? No doubt many of my readers are already enjoying the benefits of this fine idea. To community organizers there is little that I can say, except to urge you to make it your personal pride to interest new members and to spread the influence into neighboring communities. Be the apostles of good and better music for your programs.

I take it, however, that most of my readers have not yet joined a community chorus. If there is an existing organization, even of the smallest sort, get acquainted. Find out when it sings and if there isn't anything started, I will try to tell you how to organize one.

Nothing is so infectious at the bubbling good humor of a community sing. I have been present where people were urged to come in, entered with a grouch, and were afraid to open their mouths; but they left with a smile from ear to ear, and they and all around them were happier for it. If you have the blues, or are cranky because of what has happened during the day, if the "Boss" was unreasonable, or the cook packed up and left, nothing will get it out of your system so thoroughly, or so rapidly, as a good community sing.

Just what is a community sing? Well, people get together; a pianist temptingly plays the notes of a melody, and everybody sings. Now, I don't know your neighbors, or just how they'd all look together, but I imagine they're about the same as I have seen in other places. Old men leaning on canes, dapper young fellows in their Sunday best, fat, smiling, good-natured mothers, thin, hard-worked wrinkled-faced maiden sisters, pleasant girls in their teens, the minister with his habitual air, the magistrate, local shopkeepers pleased that the day's work is over, and some mischievous schoolboys. In the group may be the wealthiest citizen, and the one who doesn't know where his next meal is coming from; a mixture of all creeds.

You do want to get these people all together, for reasons I will show you later. What single subject would interest them all? Different politics, literary tastes, whims, and inclinations. If you talked about wheat or income taxes it would start a fight.

But singing is the great equalizer. Now, you may smile at this. You probably have in mind some stiff-backed, hard-as-nails man down the block who would no more think of singing than you would of flying a kite. That's where you're wrong. At a community sing, he's a different individual. He may not come but once there, he can not resist the temptation of good humor.

Of course, there must be a director—not necessarily a wonderful musician, but a leader of men. Some one with a personality full of enthusiasm—red-cheeked rather than pale-faced (ask your nearest druggist to describe the song-leaders they had in France). Let *me* be your song-leader right now. Here's the sort of a speech I would make to start.

"Friends, I think we all need a little medicine. Just open that piano-top. That's where I keep it. Now, all keep your seats, we'll dispense this medicine just where you are. What's wrong with you? A little of that popular complaint, influenza or imaginitis? Shortness of breath or pocket-book? Worried about stocks, the coming harvest, or sugar? Is it harder to smile than when you were in school? This medicine is the greatest tonic in the world—cures everything. If it doesn't, you can get your money back at the box-office. It's been used by millions of people with never a complaint. Read the testimonial advertisements. Sounds like a patent-medicine advertisement, doesn't it? Don't need to shake before using, and every repeat dose makes you want more. The medicine is Singing! Now, don't tell me you can't sing. The less you know about singing the better it sounds. All you do is listen to the piano, and when I give you the signal, open your mouths. Open wide, just as you did when you took sulfur-and-molasses. Let out a sound. Never mind how it sounds to you, let it out. I am the only one who ever sees how you look, and I won't tell. I don't care if you sing like Galli-Curci or Caruso. The more you bring out, the better you will feel. You know you've always wanted to get a chance to yell, to be all alone a little while at the seashore or on a mountain, so that you could get out all the pent-up hammered-down, shut-in state of mind. You've seen youngsters skipping along the street, shouting their heads off—they're getting off steam! Now we're going to let off some steam tonight! Sing!"

Open Your Mouth and Sing

MOST of the folk will respond. The first two or three songs might be weak, most people singing under restraint, but gradually all this wears off. People forget themselves, and then the real spirit starts. That stiff-backed gentleman of yours will come out—especially, if I go right up to him and laugh in his face genially, and yell, "Open your mouth. You can't sing with your mouth shut."

Throw dignity to the winds, the place becomes electrical with the fun of it. Troubles forgotten, the whole audience has become one molten mass of friendliness.

If you want to start, begin at home. If you can be leader, your community will never forget it. If you are a little timid, show this to some one who could "start things." Here are a dozen songs to use:

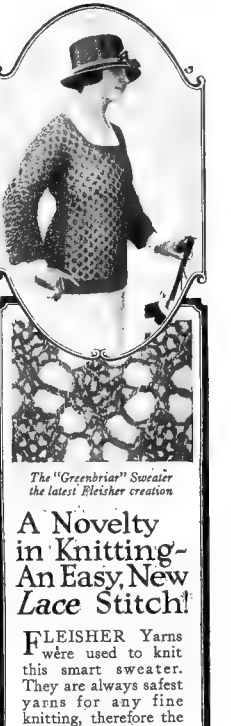
"America," "Keep the Home Fires Burning," "Annie Laurie," "Love's Old Sweet Song," "Old Folks at Home," "Old Kentucky Home," "Old Oaken Bucket," "Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag," "Sailing," "Star Spangled Banner," "There's a Long, Long Trail," "Sweet Genevieve."

You can get the music easily. The Commission on Training-camps, Washington, D. C., will furnish you with copies of words of these songs and others.

Now you can see what I mean when I say that the Harvest of the Music Garden is in yourself, in your home, and in your community.

Let Mr. Isaacson Answer Your Queries

Mr. Isaacson will answer any musical query if you send stamped and self-addressed envelop for reply.



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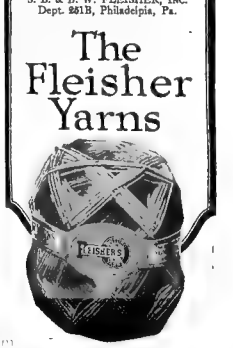

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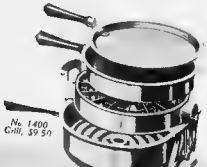

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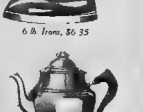
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Arabella Upon Setebos

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60

ful chemicals, which had not before been combined.

He decided that he would complete the experiment in the old quarry, and he and his assistants planned for a journey to the island. At the last moment it was discovered that Adam had to follow them, so he sent them ahead with a letter of explanation to A. B. Stubbs. They found, on arriving at Melpomene, that Captain Hunt had gone off for the day, so they hired a boat and started out for the island all by themselves.

"We spent the night here," said the boss, "made a book for Stubbs—for Miss Stubbs, got the apparatus set up, when she began to shoot at us from ambush——"

"Not at you. I shot up," corrected Arabella.

"Well, we didn't wait to determine the direction. She caught us just as we were ready to make the experiment," he explained.

"Pray go ahead with your experiment," said Arabella.

She felt a little foolish, so she acted with haughtur.

"Thank you," said Adam, smiling. "I think you protected my interests manfully. If you will keep on the far side of the island for half an hour, and in case of a loud explosion ask Captain Hunt to come pick up our pieces——"

She went away quickly, and found Captain Hunt smoking a pipe on her porch.

"Well, howdy?" said he cordially. "Did ye see him?"

"I did."

"I bet he was s'prized when he seen ye, wasn't he?"

"Kind of."

"I never said a word to give it away. Told him ye was a nice little feller."

"Thank you."

She sat down on the step and considered. Finally she confessed about the captives. He laughed immoderately, as her employer had done.

"It's strange that I can not see that it is so funny," she remarked.

SHE constantly listened for the explosion. When she could bear the suspense no longer she urged him to go and see if they were all right. He went off down the path still chuckling. After a bit she saw her employer swing along the path. He walked well, she thought. He came to the porch and sat down beside her.

"It didn't blow up?" she said.

He shook his head, smiling.

"Why did you come up here?" he asked.

"Because I was poor, and discouraged, and sick."

"Were you ever sick?" he said skeptically.

She flushed pinker than ever, and turned the tables on him quickly.

"Why did you send me?"

"I didn't."

"A. B. Stubbs, then."

"It is a longish story. This island belonged to my grandfather. My father inherited it, and he formed a company which quarried the stone. That was when the houses were built. Well, he thought it was worthless, and he didn't pay taxes, or something, anyhow it reverted to the State a year ago I wanted a place to manufacture a new product, and I decided to get it back. The State let me have it for payment of back taxes, but they required six months residence to give me clear title. I was absorbed in my experiment, so I thought I'd send a man to represent me. I've been here often as a boy, and I knew it was not so bad, in Summer——"

"It is a heavenly place!" said Arabella.

"Is it?" he asked. He looked at her a very long time for so new an acquaintance. "I believe it is!" he added presently.

"And what will you do with Setebos when you own it?"

"With what?"

"I call the island Setebos," she explained. He laughed. "Is there a Prospero?"

She capped his laugh with an infectious outburst of her own. "No—he's Adam!"

He lifted inquiring eyebrows at that.

"I refer to the father of our race," she blushed.

"Of course."

HE LOOKED off over the bay for a little, apparently in deep thought. She stole an approving glance at his profile.

"Would it be impertinent to ask if those boys and I stayed on for a while? I'm thinking of doing some special work here in the quarry. It makes a fine laboratory. We would bunk down at the far end, out of your way——"

"Oh, no," she cried, "you live in that little house right over there."

She pointed to Prospero's cottage.

"Shall I? Is it habitable?" he inquired and crossed the road to inspect it.

Arabella sat, her chin on her hunched-up knees. Suddenly she wafted a kiss into the air.

"Good-by, Prospero, your name *is* Adam! It's rather Biblical but it goes with Arabella."

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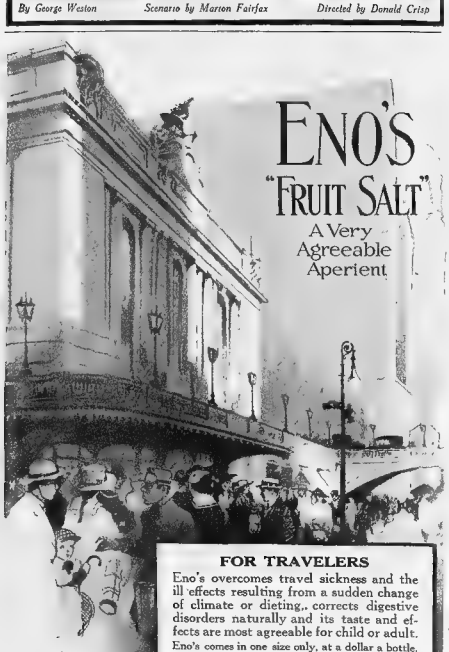

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Food Values Made Easy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 42

are classed as regulating foods. There are two kinds of vitamines—the water-soluble and the fat-soluble.

The foods that are rich in water-soluble vitamines are as follows: milk, legumes, the embryo of cereals, liver, and kidneys. Cream, butter, egg yolk, cod-liver oil, and stem and leaf vegetables contain the fat-soluble vitamines

The section of the exhibit which makes the most direct appeal to the housewife is that which shows the food for a family of five for one week. Wax models of all the food as it comes from the market are grouped and a careful study gives one a good working basis for planning and buying meals.

These foods supply a well-balanced and adequate diet, and the cost, as calculated from food prices in New York City on December first of last year, is approximately twelve dollars. This means that forty-two per cent. of an annual income of $1,500 is spent for food. This, of course, is a low-cost diet, but sufficient to meet the caloric, protein, and mineral requirements of a family consisting of man and wife and three children —a boy of twelve, a girl of ten, and another boy of six.

The daily calorie requirement of this family is as follows:

Father	3000 calories daily
Mother	2600 calories daily
Boy (12 years)	2700 calories daily
Girl (10 years)	1800 calories daily
Boy (6 years)	1500 calories daily

This means that the family needs 11,600 calories a day, or 81,200 calories a week. The food purchased actually supplies 81,404 calories.

The above table speaks in defense of the large appetite of the twelve-year-old boy. Sometimes it is difficult to understand just why he "eats so much, but always remember that he is growing and his food must be sufficient to provide for that

Food for a Family for a Week

THE following table shows that over seventeen per cent. of the calories in the week's dietary are furnished by milk. The table also shows that meat furnishes few calories for the amount of money it costs.

	Amount	Per Cent. of Week's Money	Per Cent. of Week's Calories
Meat and Fish	6¼ lbs.	12.0	5.0
Eggs	13 ozs.	3.7	.7
Nuts and Nut Products	½ lb.	1.3	1.8
Cheese	¼ lb.	3.2	2.4
Milk	21 qts.	27.6	17.6
Grain Products	19½ lbs.	15.5	32.0
Vegetables	22½ lbs.	13.0	10 0
Fruits	8½ lbs	10.6	7.0
Fats	3½ lbs.	10.3	15.0
Sugar	4 lbs.	3.2	8.9

As the "Lady from Jersey" found it helpful to see how the food allowance was apportioned, so should other housewives with similar problems. Column two of the table shows this. The part of the week's calories furnished by the different foods is important. It is significant that a large part of the food allowance is spent for milk, cereals, fruits, and vegetables, and a comparatively small part for meat and fish. The food allowance of families with a comparatively small income and growing children should be so divided

The average American diet would be improved if less money were spent for meat, fish, and sugar, and more for milk, cheese, vegetables, and fruit

Dr. Sherman gives the following guide for the expenditure of the food allowance. "Spend as much for vegetables and fruit as for meat and fish. Spend at least as much for milk as for meat, or as much for milk and cheese as for meat and fish."

When trying to reduce the food allowance the following information may be helpful

The Cheapest Sources of Calories are—Sugar, grain products, fats *Protein*—Gram products, nuts, cheese. *Calcium*—Milk, cheese, green vegetables *Phosphorus*—Cheese, grain products, milk, vegetables. *Iron* -Vegetables, grain products, meat, fruit

There is much material in the exhibit which has not been mentioned, such as the world's chief foods; models of sides of beef, pork, and mutton, showing the location of the various cuts; wax models of low-cost meals laid out in detail and suggestions as to the relative cost of package and bulk goods The waste in the garbage-pail is also given attention.

In the very near future there will be an exhibit of the unused foods of the world. For it is only by way of the kitchen that these foods will ever help in supplying the tables of the country. The feeding of babies will also be given a place.

While it may not be possible for every community to have as extensive an exhibit as the one just described, surely every town could have a food exhibit which would carry much to the people interested in food problems. Where a permanent exhibit is not possible, fresh foods could be used for a temporary exhibit.

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Canning Step by Step

By EDITH M. BARBER

IN THE following schedule the steps in Cold-pack Canning have been reduced to the simplest terms so that these directions may be pasted on a card and hung in the kitchen for ready reference on canning days

Canner

A wash-boiler or large kettle with cover. This must be tall enough so that the water will come at least two inches over the top of the jars.

A rack to fit the kettle or individual wire baskets to hold the jars off the bottom of the canner, so water may circulate under them.

Jars

Any standard brand of jar in good condition. Test for jars—Partly fill with water; adjust rubber and cover; turn upside down and watch for leakage.

Rubbers

New rubbers which will stand tests. Tests—Stretch as far as possible. A good rubber will stand a hard pull. Fold rubber, no crack should show along the fold.

Canning Fork

A lifter which will enable you to handle the jar without burning your fingers.

Other Utensils

Large bowl for cold-dipping unless stationary laundry tub can be used.
Large-mouthed funnel for filling jars.
Quart measure.
Cheese-cloth or wire basket for blanching.
Sharp knives.
Teaspoon.
Silver tablespoon or bamboo paddle for packing products in jars.

Prepare Equipment

Fill the canner with cold water.

Fill the jars three-quarters full of cold water and cover

Place on rack in canner, which should have enough water in it to cover jars.

Bring water to a boil and continue boiling, taking out jars as needed.

Fill tea-kettle and at least one other large kettle with water; bring to a boil and keep filled.

When fruit is to be canned, start sirup on stove while preparing product.

Prepare Products

Select fresh, firm materials. Fruit should not be green or overripe. Vegetables should be young and tender.

Prepare according to material. Wash thoroughly. Pare, scrape, or shell as for cooking.

Do not prepare any more than your canner will hold at one time. It is usually best when one person is working to prepare only as much fruit or vegetables as can be handled easily in one blanching.

Blanch

Place material in wire basket or in a piece of cheese-cloth and plunge into boiling water.

Boil for required number of minutes; do not begin to count time until water is actually boiling again after plunging in the vegetable.

Blanch delicate vegetables, such as peas, Lima beans, and greens, by steam. An ordinary steamer may be used or a colander which fits into a large covered kettle. More flavor and more mineral salts are retained by this method. Remember not to blanch berries or other soft fruits.

Cold Dip

After material has boiled or steamed the required time, remove from boiling water and plunge immediately into cold water for a moment.

Do not let stand in the water, but remove at once and drain before packing.

Pack

Remove jars from canner into pan of hot water.

Pack the material to within one-fourth inch from top. Leave one inch for corn, peas, and Lima beans, as these vegetables swell in processing.

Add one teaspoonful of salt to every quart of vegetables. Fill the jars to within one-fourth inch of top with boiling water or sirup.

Test rubber and dip it into boiling water. Place rubber on neck of jar and half seal.

To half-seal screw-top jar—Tighten cover with thumb and little finger.

To half-seal spring-top jar—Adjust cover and place top half in position.

Process

Place jars in canner on the rack or in the individual wire baskets. Be sure that the water comes one or two inches above the tops of the jars.

Do not begin to count time until the water has boiled. Boil for number of minutes required by material on time tables

Seal and Test

Remove jars from boiler. Finish sealing.

To seal screw-top jar—Tighten cover by screwing down.

To seal spring-top jar—Snap second bail. Test for leakage by turning upside down. If a jar leaks, put on new rubber, half-seal, return to canner, and boil five minutes more, then seal and test again.

Cool, Label, and Store

Cool jars as rapidly as possible, but not in a draft.

When cool, label and store in cool, dry place. Unless storage place is dark, wrap jars to prevent fading of color.

Special Notes

Can vegetables as soon as possible after picking.

Use only tender vegetables. You can get no better product out of a can than you put into it.

Do not allow vegetables to stand in warm place.

In canning corn, peas, beans, and asparagus, it is safer to blanch, cold-dip, and pack one jar at a time.

Time Table for Vegetables

Vegetable	Blanch Minutes	Process Minutes
Asparagus	15	120
Beets	5	90
Beet Tops	15	120
Brussels Sprouts	5 to 10	120
Cabbage	5 to 10	120
Cauliflower	3	60
Carrots	5	90
Corn	5 to 10	180
Lima Beans	5 to 10	180
Mushrooms	5	90
Okra	5 to 10	120
Parsnips	5	90
Peppers	5 to 10	120
Peas	5 to 10	180
Pumpkin	3	120
Salsify	5	90
Sauerkraut	3	120
Spinach	15	120
Squash	3	120
String-beans	5 to 10	120
Sweet Peppers	3	90
Swiss Chard	15	120
Tomatoes	1½	22
Turnips	5	90
Vegetable Combination	5 to 10	120

Time Table for Fruits

Fruits	Blanch Minutes	Process Minutes
Apples	1½	20
Apricots	1 to 2	16
Blackberries	none	16
Blueberries	none	16
Dewberries	none	16
Cherries, sweet	none	16
Cherries, sour	none	16
Currants	none	16
Gooseberries	1 to 2	16
Pears	1½	20
Peaches	1 to 2	16
Plums	none	16
Pineapples	3 to 5	30
Quinces	1½	20
Raspberries	none	16
Rhubarb	1 to 2	20
Strawberries	none	16
Fruits without sugar		30

Time tables to use with water-seal outfits, steam-pressure canners, and pressure cookers will be found in Farmers' Bulletin 839, "Home Canning by the One-period Cold-pack Method." This may be secured free of charge by writing to the Division of Publications, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

This bulletin also gives additional information concerning the preparation of special fruits and vegetables and includes recipes and directions for canning soups, meats, fruit juices, and preserves.

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IN AND OUT OF THE HOME CANNER

Six Main Steps of the Cold-Pack Method

THE cold-pack method of canning described on the opposite page is clearly demonstrated in this series of photographs taken in a community canning center.

PREPARE

Vegetables must be graded for size, color, and degree of ripeness. Fruits must be stemmed, hulled, and cleaned. See that all utensils are clean.

BLANCH

The short blanch in boiling water is given to shrink the product, give it a uniform color, and remove the objectionable acids.

COLD DIP

The temperature of the water used for the cold dip should be as low as possible to set the coloring matter and harden the pulp. A stationary basin with running water is excellent for this important step.

PACK

Shake down and pack material into jar with spoon or paddle. The boiling water for the vegetables, or hot sirup for the fruits, should be ready on the stove so that each jar may be filled up just as soon as the product has been packed into it.

PROCESS

As soon as the jar is filled and the top properly adjusted, it is placed in boiling water in the canner for processing. When all the jars are in, the lid is put securely in place. The water in the canner must be boiling before time is counted.

SEAL AND TEST

Each jar is sealed as it is removed from the canner and then tested to make sure that the rubber is perfect.

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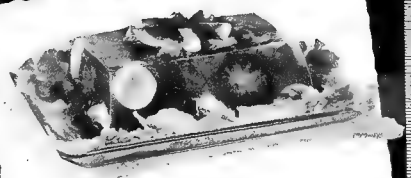

Chilled Tomato Salad

2 tablespoonfuls Knox Sparkling Gelatine
½ cup cold water
3¼ cupfuls tomato juice
1 hard cooked egg
Few grains cayenne
2 cloves
1 tablespoonful tarragon vinegar
1 tablespoonful salt
Few grains salt
2 or 3 whole tomatoes

Soak the gelatine in cold water five minutes. Cook the tomato juice, add the seasonings with the exception of the vinegar and let boil ten minutes. Add the vinegar and soaked gelatine and strain. Cut the egg and tomatoes into rings, dip in gelatine and arrange in bottom and side of wet bread pan or brick shaped pan. Add gelatine slowly, allowing it to set gradually so that egg and tomato slices will not fall out of place. Chill. Garnish with lettuce and serve with mayonnaise or boiled dressing.

This recipe uses only one-half box of Knox Gelatine and makes a full quart mold or twelve individual servings.

Fruited Spanish Cream

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
2 eggs
1 tablespoonful vanilla
1 quart milk
6 tablespoonfuls sugar

Soak gelatine in milk. Put on fire and stir until dissolved. Add yolks of eggs and four tablespoonfuls sugar well beaten. Stir until it comes to the boiling point. Remove from stove and have whites of eggs well beaten with four tablespoonfuls sugar. Add whites, beaten briskly until thoroughly mixed. Flavor and pour into sherbet glasses to become firm.

At serving time, make a deep impression in the centers, and fill the cavity with sweetened raspberries strawberries, or other berries or fruits (fresh or canned). Cover the top with a spoonful of whipped cream, or with the original mixture, concealing the berries or fruits. Decorate with choice berries or pieces of fruit.

Including pure lemon if a box for quick use

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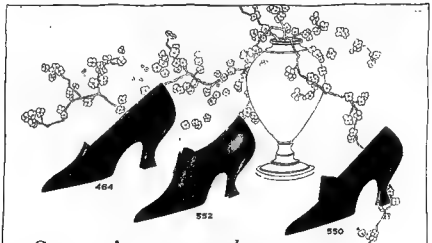

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"I Wish He Was Dead"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

she would have to make amends as best she could. She asked him please not to write, please not to call, but to drop her completely out of his thoughts. "Of course, after this," she concluded, "I shall never dream of marrying again. It would make my guilt unspeakable." Signed, "Yours respectfully, M. Spalding."

On the same day she wrote another letter addressed to George Bilyen, our deputy sheriff, accusing herself of being the cause of her husband's death, and placing herself at his disposal.

GEORGE came to me in a great way. I knowing I had signed Abner's death certificate, and I told him the extent of Myra's guilt. "Poor girl," he said. "I'd better go see her. She's had a hard time of it, Doc, that girl has, ever since I can remember her—a bashful little bare-legged kid who never seemed to have anybody to play with." He went and came back in about an hour, as fine an old fellow as ever stepped, full of years and dignity. "Doc," he said, laying his hand earnestly on my shoulder, "if I was you, I'd drop in, sort of casual, and see Myra this afternoon. We've got to look after that girl, or she'll be taking a trip to Brewster's Neck before long." At Brewster's Neck is the insane asylum for Eastern Connecticut—and you can see from this the sort of a dance that Myra's conscience was leading her. I went around and, fortunately for me, Myra coughed a time or two while we were talking. I gave her a few more green pills, telling her to take one right away, and one every evening. For the next few nights she slept—I can answer for that—and after that the keen edge of her remorse seemed to leave her. I sometimes saw her on the street, and sometimes raking and fixing around the house, and she always seemed to be a little thinner, and a little paler, and a little less interested in life than she was the time before.

Altho the two never spoke, Will Moffitt seemed to be going at about the same gait as Myra. I stopped my car and watched him one night when Krause's Band was giving a concert for the benefit of the M. M. Society, and when he stood up to play a cornet solo, he looked like a ghost rising to wake the dead.

"Confound the New England conscience!" I thought, as I chugged away in the Little Rattler. "It's took Abner; it's taking Myra; and I suppose it'll take Will Moffitt yet. Confound it!" I thought again. "There must be some way out! There's got to be!"

I thought it over till I began to go around with a face as long as Myra's, and curiously enough I found the solution in the *Medical Journal*—or at least I thought it was the solution. I happened to see an article by an enthusiastic homeopathist. "Next to Harvey's discovery," he began, "the principle that *Like Cures Like* was probably the greatest single advance ever made in therapeutics—" At that, I laid the paper down, for an idea had begun to glimmer in my mind, and half an hour later I cranked up the Little Rattler in a desperate hurry and went to see Will Moffitt.

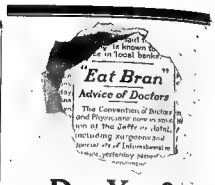
As you will remember he lived right next door to Myra on the Canterbury Road, their houses in sight of each other. I talked to Will for the better part of an hour and when I came away I felt so confident that I winked one eye at the one lone light in Myra's room. "Myra," I thought, "you don't know it, but we're going to try homeopathy on you now. I've never been much of a homeopathist myself, but if this treatment succeeds, I'm going to root for the little round pills till the little round cows come home!"

NEXT night I was coming back from Canterbury about twelve o'clock, when I saw Ginger Smith's car turn into Moffitt's yard.

Ginger is the leading sporting character of Hoxie, and his car was filled with a laughing, shouting chorus. It didn't take me long to see that they were bringing Will Moffitt home—in fact I couldn't help seeing it, because Ginger kept his headlights turned upon the path so that Will could find his way to the door. He staggered up the path in a serpentine course and once when he fell he lay on his back, lifted his legs and took off his shoes in a most ingenious manner. As I have previously mentioned, Will Moffitt took a leading part in our local theatricals. He found the front door at last, and as Ginger swung his head back I saw that he grinned. I thought I caught a movement in Myra's distant window. Of course I might have been mistaken, but I don't think I was.

The next day all Hoxie was talking about Will Moffitt's fall from grace, but he soon stopped that by giving them something else to talk about. He bought a second-hand car and wobbled into Norwich where he was straightway arrested in Franklin Square for driving without a license.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 71



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"I Wish He Was Dead"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70

He also started smoking cigarets, had a keg of beer delivered to his house in broad daylight, entertained "the bunch" there one night, and was seen the next afternoon riding slowly down the Canterbury Road with Miss Eyma Peache, one of the members of the All Star Stock Company which was playing that week at the Hoxie Opera House.

As luck would have it, the car went on strike in front of Myra's house, and it was nearly five minutes before they could get it started again. That evening I went to see Myra, and tho she tried to receive me with a smile, it didn't require a clairvoyant to see that the only color on her face was around her eyes and nose. We talked about nothing at all for a while, according to our custom here in Hoxie when we want to talk about something in particular.

"Well, Myra," I said at last. "Do you think you'll ever change your mind about marrying again?"

She gave me such a pitiful look that it nearly wrecked my plan, but I hardened my heart and shot at it.

"Of course it's for you to say," I said. "You think you've got Abner's death to answer for, tho I've told you many a time that you haven't. But now I'm going to tell you something else. If I were a woman and knew I were sending a good man to the bad, that would be my conscience. I wouldn't want *that* to think about in my old age—no, sir!—not for me!"

"Why, what do you mean?" she asked, tho she knew very well what I meant.

"Haven't you heard the latest?" I demanded.

"N-no! What—what is it?"

"Will Moffitt's going to give up farming and join those actors and actresses—who are playing at the Opera House this week. Of course," I hastened to add, "I don't know whether it's true or not, but I'd hate to say it wasn't. They say his folks are in a terrible way about it. You know the way he's been going with a bill lately—and you know as well as I do, Myra, that it only needs a word from you to pull him up again and keep him here in Hoxie!"

THE next day was Sunday—a typical New England Sunday with a background of white farmhouses set upon green hills and the church bell ringing with its slightly nasal clang. I was watching the people go past when I saw Will Moffit's buggy coming up the hill, his black horse looking its splendor, its red wheels rubbed and polished till they glistened again. Will was driving; by his side sat Myra; and tho she sat very quietly indeed I could see that she had roses in her hat, and roses in her cheeks; and tho she kept her glance fixed on the church at the top of the hill, her eyes raised like that picture of St. Cecilia seated at the keyboard of life, I could see that Myra was all peace with herself, that she had found at last a great acceptable chord.

Five years have passed since then—the happiest five years of Myra's life. She has been worried a little lately by a story which is being whispered around that she was the cause of her first husband's death. I think that some one is even passing around an old jest about Will's accused herself of that very thing. It is, of course, to stop these stories that I am writing this chapter of Hoxie's history.

The only other thing that ever worries Myra is the conduct of her eldest son Jack, who helps along those that children, like dreams, are apt to go by contraries.

Jack is young yet, being only four, but already he is showing signs which give his mother many an anxious thought. I was called in yesterday to treat him for measles, and after I had given him a pill, his mother held out a spoonful of jam.

"Have you swallowed the pill, Jack?" she asked.

"Yeth'm."

I could have sworn that he had; but apparently Myra knew him better than I did.

"Open your mouth and let me see," she said.

He opened his mouth, looking as innocent as you please, but there was no pill in sight.

"Lift your tongue."

He lifted his tongue and, sure enough, there was the pill.

"Jack! Jack!" reproved his mother. "Don't you know what happens to little boys who tell stories? Don't you know that God won't love you, that nobody will love you, and when you die, you won't go to Heaven, but will be sent to that terrible place I told you about the other day?"

But Master Jack, watching his chance, suddenly engulfed the spoonful of jam. "I th'd worry!" he lisped.

"I'm sure I don't know who he takes after," said Myra, after she had punished him.

"One thing sure," I thoughtfully replied, "he hasn't a New England conscience."

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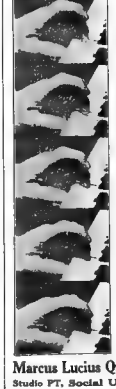

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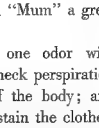

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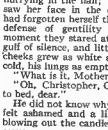

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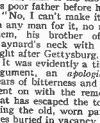

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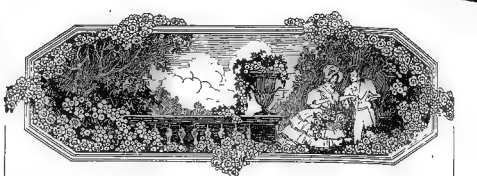

"For They Know not What They Do"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

absurdly overgrown beetle, hidden in a corner, and a violoncello was in it. He had seen such things before, but he had never touched one, and when he lifted it from the case he had a moment of feeling very odd at the pit of his stomach. Sitting in his under-things on the edge of the bed, he held the wine-colored creature in the crook of his arm for a long time, the look in his round eyes, half eagerness, half pain, of one pursuing the shadow of some ghostly and elusive memory.

He touched the C string by-and-by with an adventuring thumb. "I have heard "Ugo" sing, myself, and I know what Christopher meant when he said that the sound did not come out of the instrument, but that it came in to it, sweeping home from all the walls and corners of the chamber, a slow, rich, concentric wind of tone. He felt it about him, murmurous, pulsating, like the sound of surf, borne from some far-off coast.

And then it was like drums, still farther off. And then it was the feet of marching men, massive, dark, grave men with luminous eyes, and the stamp on their faces of an imperishable youth.

He sat there so lost and rapt that he heard nothing of his mother's footsteps hurrying in the hall; knew nothing till he saw her face in the open doorway. She had forgotten herself for long; that fragile defense of gentility was down. For a moment they stared at each other across a gulf of silence, and little by little the boy's cheeks grew as white as hers, his hands as cold, his lungs as empty of breath.

"What is it, Mother?"

"Oh, Christopher, Christopher—— Go to bed, dear."

He did not know why, but of a sudden he felt ashamed and a little frightened, and blowing out the candle, he crept under the covers.

THE afternoon was bright with a rare sun and the world was quiet. Christopher lay full-spread on the turf, listening idly to the "clip-clip" of Nelson's shears as the old man trimmed the hedge.

"And was my father very strong?" he asked with a drowsy pride.

"No, not so very." Nelson stopped clipping and was immediately lost in the past.

"Only when he was *that* way 6've strong men couldn't turn him. I'll say that. No, if they had to get him with a shotgun that day, 'twas nobody's fault nor sin. If Guy Bullard seen Daniel there on the sand with an ax in his hand and foam-like on his lips, and the little ones cornered where he caught them between cliff and water—Guy's own baby amongst them—and knowing the sickness of the Kains as he and everybody else did, why, I'm free and willing to say 'twas his bounden duty to hold a true aim and pull a steady trigger on Daniel, man of his kin 'twas, and man of his poor father before him——"

"No, I can't make it right to lay blame on any one man for it, or more than I can on them, his brother officers, that broke Maynard's neck with their tent-pegs the night after Gettysburg. No, no——"

It was evidently a time-worn theme, an argument, an *apologia*, accepted after years of bitterness and self-scorching. He went on with the remote serenity of age, that has escaped the toils of passion, pursuing the old, weak wash of his mind, his eyes buried in vacancy.

"No, 'twas a mercy to the both of them, father and son, that a man must see it so. 'Twould be better of course if they could have gone easier, same as the *old* Maynard went, thinking himself the Lord our God to walk on the water and calm the West Indy gale. That's better, better for all hands round. But if it had to come so, in violence and fear, then nobody need feel the sin of it on his soul—nobody excepting the old man Bickers, him that told Daniel. For 'twas from that day he began to take it on.

"I saw it myself There was Daniel come home from other parts where his mother had kept him, out of gossip's way, bright as you please and knowing nothing wrong with the blood of the Kains. And so I say the sin lays on the loose-wagging tongue of Bickers, for from the day he let it out to Daniel, Daniel changed. Just like he'd heard his doom, and went to it. Bickers is dead a long time now, but may the Lord God lay eternal damnation on his soul!"

Even then there was no heat; the curse had grown a formula. Having come to the end, the old man's eyes tumbled down painlessly out of the void and discovered the sheaves in his hand.

"Dear me, that's so," he said to himself. One thought was enough at a time. He fell to work again. The gentle "clip-clip" moved off slowly along the hedge. Not once did he remember; not once as the indefatigable worker shuffled himself out of sight around the house did he look back with any stirring of recollection at the boyish figure lying there as still as a shadow cast in the deep grass.

A FAINTLY lop-sided moon swam in the zenith. For three days now that rare clarity had hung in the sky, and for three nights the moon had grown. Its benign, poisonous illumination flowed down steeply through the windows of the dark chamber where Christopher huddled on the bed's edge, three pale, chill islands spread on the polished floor.

Once again the boy brought the bow home across the shivering strings, and, as if ears could be thirsty as a drunkard's throat, he drank his fill of the 'cello's deep, full-membered chord. The air was heavy with the resonance of marching feet, ghostly feet marching and marching down upon him in slow, inexorable crescendo as the tides ebbed later among the sedges on the marsh and the moon grew big. And above the pulse of the march he seemed to hear another cadence, a thin laughter.

He laughed too, giving himself up to that spectral contagion. He saw the fat, iridescent bubble with the Hill in it, the House of dreams, the Beach and the Moor and Willow Wood of fancy, and all the grave, strong, gentle line of Kains to whom he had been made bow down in worship. He saw himself taken in, soul and body, by a thin-plated fraud, a cheap trick of mother's words, as before him, his father had been. And the faint exhalations from the moon-patches on the floor showed his face contorted with a still, set grimace of mirth.

Anger came over him in a white veil, twitching his lips and his toes and bending his fingers in knots Through the veil a sound crept, a sound he knew well by this time, secret footfalls in the hall, faltering, retreating, loitering, returning to lag near the door.

How he hated her! It is curious that not once did his passion turn against his blighted fathers; it was against the woman who had borne him, the babe, and lied to him, the boy—against her, and against that man, that interloper, dying in a room below.

The thought that had been willing to creep out of sight into the back-country of his mind on that first night came out now like a red, devouring cloud. Who was that man?

What was he dying of—or *supposed* to be dying of? What had he been doing that morning in Concord Street? What was he doing here, in the house of the men who had never grown old and of the boy who would never grow old? Why had his mother come down here, where he was, so queerly, so secretly, so frightened?

Christopher would have liked to kill that man He shivered and licked his lips. He would have liked to do something bloody and abominable to that face with the bulbous nose, the sunken gray eyes, and the forehead, high, sallow, and moist. He would have liked to take an ax in his hand and run along the thundering beach and catch that face in a corner somewhere between cliff and water. The desire to do this thing possessed him and blinded him like the kiss of lightning.

He found himself on the floor at the edge of the moonlight, full of weakness and nausea. He felt himself weeping as he crawled back to the bed, his cheeks and neck bathed from a flood of painless tears. He threw himself down, dazed with exhaustion.

It seemed to him that his mother had been calling a long while. "Christopher! What is it? What is it, boy?"

He had heard no footsteps, going or coming: she must have been there all the time, waiting, listening, her ear pressed to the thick, old paneling of the door. The thought was like wine; the torment of her whispering was sweet in his ears.

"Oh, Chris, Chris! You're making yourself sick!"

"YES," he said. He lifted on an elbow and repeated it in a voice which must have sounded strange enough to the listener beyond the door. "Yes!" he said. "Yes!"

"Go away!" he cried of a sudden, making a wide, dim, imperious gesture in the dark.

"No, no," the imploring whisper crept in. "You're making yourself sick—Christopher—all over nothing—nothing in the world. It's so foolish—so foolish! Oh, if I could only tell you, Christopher—if I could tell you——"

"Tell me *what*?" He shuddered with the ecstasy of his own irony "Who that man is! That 'caretaker'? What he's doing here? What you're doing here?——" He began to scream in a high, brittle voice: *"Go away from that door! Go away!"*

This time she obeyed. He heard her retreating, soft-footed and frightened, along

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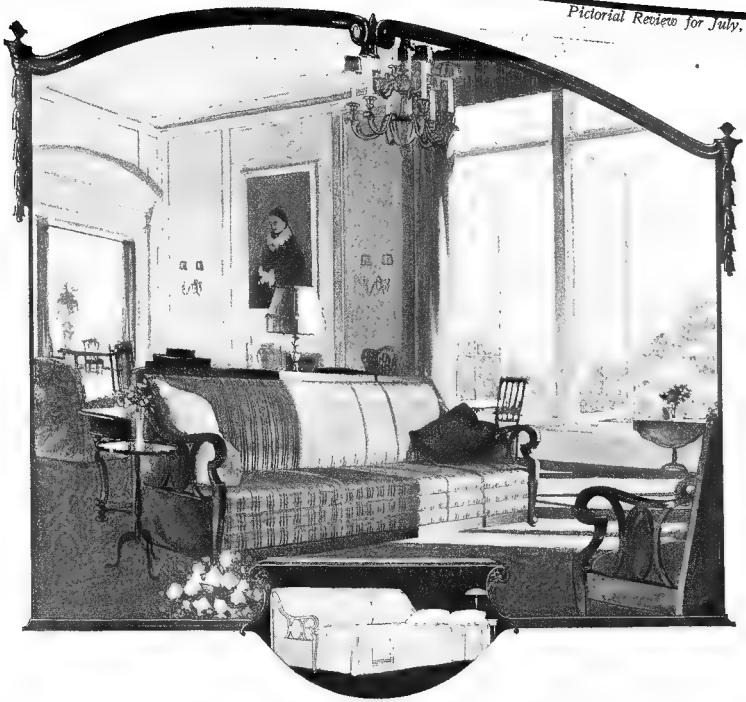

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"For They Know not What They Do"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72

the hall. She was abandoning him without so much as trying the door, just once again, to see if it were still bolted against her.

She did not care. She was sneaking off down the stairs—Oh, yes, he knew where.

His lips began to twitch again and his finger-nails scratched on the bed-clothes. If only he had something, some weapon, an ax, a bread, keen, glittering ax! He would show them! He was strong, incredibly strong! Five men could not have turned him back from what he was going to do—if only he had something

His hand, creeping, groping, closed on the neck of the 'cello leaning by the bed. He laughed.

Oh, yes, he would stop her from going down there: he would hold her just where she was on the dark stair, nerveless, breathless, as long as he liked, if he liked he would bring her back, cringing, begging

He drew the bow, and laughed higher and louder yet to hear the booming discord rocking in upon him from the shadows. Swaying from side to side he lashed the hollow creature to madness. They came in the press of the gale, marching, marching, the wild, dark pageant of his fathers, nearer and nearer through the moon struck night.

"Tell me *what!*" he laughed. "*What!*"

And abruptly he slept, sprawled crosswise on the covers, half-clothed, dishevelled, triumphant.

IT WAS not the same night, but another, whether the next or the next but one, or two, Christopher can not say. But he was out of doors.

He had escaped from the house at dusk, he knew that.

He had run away, through the hedge and down the back side of the hill, torn between the two, the death, warm and red like life, and the birth, pale, chill, and inexorable as death

Most of that daft night-running will always be blank in Christopher's mind, moments, and moments only, like islands of clarity, remain. He brings back one vivid interval when he found himself seated on his father's gravestone among the whispering grasses, staring down into the pallid bowl of the world. And in that moment he knew what Daniel Kain had felt, and Maynard Kain before him; a passionate and contemptuous hatred for all the dullards in the world who never dreamed dreams or saw visions or sang wordless songs or ran naked-hearted in the flood of the full-blown moon. He hated them because they could not by any possibility comprehend his magnificent separation, his starry sanity, his kinship with the god-And he had a new thirst to obliterate the whole creeping race of dust-dwellers with one wide, incomparably-bloody gesture.

It was late when he found himself back again before the house, and an ink-black cloud touched the moon's edge. After the airless evening a wind had sprung up in the east; it thrashed among the lilac-stems as he came through them and across the turf, silent-footed as an Indian. In his right hand he had a bread-knife, held butt to thumb, dagger-wise. Where he had come by the rust-bitten thing no one knows, least of all himself. In the broken light his eyes shown with a curious luminosity of their own, absorbed, introspective

All the windows were dark, and the entrance-hall, when he slipped in between the pillars, but across its floor he saw light thrown in a yellow ribbon from the half-closed door of the drawing-room.

It took his attention, laid hands on his imagination. He began to struggle against it

He would *not* go into that room. He was going to another room. To stay him, he made a picture of the other room in his tumbled mind—the high, bleak walls, the bureau with the three candles burning wanly, the bed, the face of the man on the bed. And when his rebellious feet surrendering him up to the door of that beckoning ribbon, had edged as far as the door, and he had pushed it a little further ajar to get his head in, he saw that the face itself was there in the drawing room

He stood there for some time, his shoulder pressed against the door-jamb his eyes blinking

His slow attention moved from the face to the satin pillows that wedged it in, and then to the woman that must have been his mother, kneeling beside the casket with her arms crooked on the shining cover and her head down between them. And across from her leaned "Ugo," the 'cello, come down from his chamber to stand vigil at the other shoulder of the dead.

The first thing that came into his groping mind was a bitter sense of abandonment The little core of candle-light hanging in the gloom left him out. Its unstirring occupants, the woman, the 'cello, and the clay, seemed sufficient to themselves. His mother had forgotten him. Even "Ugo,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 96

Inflamed gums—a cause of loose teeth

PYORRHEA is undoubtedly a vital danger to both gums and teeth. Tender gums indicate it, and with it come loosening teeth, impaired physical fitness, the gums recede from the enamel, gum boils appear. They inflame. They present many tiny openings for millions of bacteria to attack the unprotected tooth base. Tooth-decay quickly follows. Even if the cavity is filled and the tooth saved, the gums continue to recede. Remember, too, that inflamed and bleeding gums act as so many doorways of disease germs to enter the system, reflecting toxins or ptomaines and other ailments.

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Summer Beauty Helps

By ALICE LANE

THIS is the time of year when the woman over thirty has to be doubly careful in the little things that go toward making her well groomed. The girl in her twenties can let her hair fly wild, she can expose her skin to the winds and sun because youth has many weapons to fight the elements, but once you are thirty, the little things are really more important than the big ones.

Where beauty is concerned, cleanliness is the greatest thing in the world. Never fail to take a daily bath; shampoo your head a little oftener than you do in the Winter and use your creams and lotions many a time and oft.

Perspiration is one of the greatest annoyances we have to encounter once the hot, sultry days are with us. But the point in favor of that is that we can buy a bottle of an astringent lotion that stops all excessive perspiration. I think there are still some women afraid to use these lotions, but such women are back numbers. Properly applied they are wonderful. You apply the lotion under the arms—on the palms of the hands if they perspire, and I knew a woman who used it on her upper lip for years. Many women use it on the back of the neck. In fact this lotion is perfectly safe and efficacious to use on any part of the body where you have excessive perspiration. First apply it, and let it dry for a few minutes; follow with a goodly dusting of talcum, and you will have no trouble. But you must let it dry, else it will play havoc with your dainty Summer underwear. When first you begin to use this lotion, it may be necessary to apply it every day, but after a while you will find two or three applications a week are sufficient.

If you are inclined to have the slightest odor from perspiration, you can absolutely kill it with a lotion, salve, or powder, all manufactured expressly for that purpose.

Manicuring at Home

NOW is the time you are apt to abuse your hands. You are digging in the garden, working over the automobile, and doing all sorts of odd jobs that are fatal to the appearance of the hands unless you take good care of them. Hence you must do a lot of home-manicuring, and do it every day. Ugly, red, and rough hands do not go well with a dainty Summer frock. Keep the nails filed round, following the shape of the finger-tips, but do not use a file under the nail. Orange-sticks must be used for that. Wrap a piece of cotton around the end of the orange-stick and dip in a solution of peroxide or any good nail-bleach and clean the nails in that manner.

Do not be so old-fashioned as to attempt to cut your cuticle. In the first place you can not do it properly yourself, and in the next place it is not necessary, for you can get a bottle of cuticle-remover for a small cost. Use your orange-stick with cotton, dip in the cuticle-remover, and run around the edges of your nails. Let it remain on a few moments, then scrub the nails in soap and water and dry thoroughly, pushing back the cuticle about the base of the nail. Ten minutes a week spent on your nails with the proper kind of a home-manicuring set will keep them in perfect condition.

When you come in from a long automobile ride and your face is dirty, don't rush to the basin and scrub it with soap and water. To be sure, you will succeed in getting it clean, but your skin will be dry, your face will be red, and you will have a burning sensation. Wash the face in witch-hazel, pat it dry, and then apply some cold-cream. This should be wiped off with a soft piece of linen. Then dust with a good face-powder.

I doubt if there is any preparation that will *permanently* remove superfluous hair on the arms, upper lip, etc. But there are any number of harmless preparations that will remove it for a time. Bleaching the hair on the upper lip makes it less conspicuous, and is a perfectly harmless thing to do. Mix equal parts of ordinary household ammonia and peroxide. With one hand hold your nose so you do not breathe the fumes, and with the other rub this mixture on with a piece of absorbent cotton. Let it dry on the lip—do not wipe dry. Do this once a week.

And, finally, how many of you have a piece of pumice-stone on your wash-stand, and how many of you know of its many uses? A lot of women have hair on their legs, and it does not look very pretty showing through thin, white-silk stockings. Every time you take a bath, when the skin is still wet, rub the calves of the leg with the pumice-stone. You will be surprised to know how efficacious this is. If you keep on doing it, and surely the treatment is perfectly harmless. If you have to stand a good deal during the day, and your feet ache, be sure you bathe them every night in hot water in which a sprinkling of washing-soda has been dissolved. Then rub the soles and any callous spots with wet pumice. If your feet perspire excessively, any druggist will sell you a powder which can be dusted into the soles of your shoes to offset that nuisance.

The Petal-Texture of Baby's Skin

An apple-tree in Spring glimmers with pink and white petals that fall in rosy showers or sway in clouds of bloom. There is nothing of fresher, more innocent beauty in the world, except—

Yes, a Baby! That tree might be the Tree of Life. Babies are like those blossoms. Or, think of a rose-garden in the summertime. The tiny hands and feet of a baby are like those silken-soft uncrumpling petals.

But, after all, a Baby is not a fairy, but an intensely sensitive little human organism that demands constant care and protection, needs plenty of healthful sleep, and is subject to tortures of physical irritation during its first years.

Also, there is nothing more helpless in nature. Even flowers are adapted to their environment and can protect themselves from the elements.

The first dictate of common-sense to the mother is care of that delicate, flower-soft baby skin by using constantly a *safe* talcum powder. The rest of the family may take a fancy to baby's talcum. They usually do. But make them buy their own MENNEN'S. And remember that MENNEN'S is the powder you want for Baby. It was the original Borated Talcum and there is nothing just like it for skin-comfort.

MENNEN
TALCUM POWDERS

Mennen Talcums—with the original borated formula—include

Borated Flesh Tint
Violet Cream Tint
Talcum for Men

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

Laboratories: 42 Orange St., Newark, N.J.
Canadian Factory:—Montreal, Quebec.
Sales Agent in Canada:—
HAROLD F. RITCHIE & CO., Ltd.
Toronto, Ont.

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Drink

Coca-Cola

TRADE MARK REGISTERED

DELICIOUS AND REFRESHING

Coca-Cola is a perfect answer to thirst that no imitation can satisfy.

Coca-Cola quality, recorded in the public taste, is what holds it above imitations.

Demand the genuine by full name—nicknames encourage substitution

THE COCA-COLA COMPANY ATLANTA, GA.

Google

Stars that Twinkle Brightly on the Stage and in Filmdom Pose Attractively in These Smart Models

THAT most delightful of plays "Daddies," has brought into public view Belasco's latest find, Jeanne Eagels, who plays the leading feminine rôle. We shall no doubt hear of Miss Eagels as a star very soon

CONSTANCE BINNEY'S clever performance in "39 East" (produced by the Shuberts and written by Rachel Crothers), no less than her own charming personality has made jaded New York theater-goers sit up and take notice. Miss Binney, whose photograph is shown at the right, has made a most emphatic success

KITTY GORDON, whose photograph appears at the upper right of the page, can always be depended upon to display beautiful clothes. The gown in which she poses here is of lovely velvet brocaded chiffon with graceful trailing draperies. Miss Gordon is a highly successful star of The United Picture Theaters of America

JUST above at the right of the page is shown a charming photograph of Dorothy Dalton, the popular and beautiful star of Paramount Pictures. Miss Dalton does not rely upon her good looks alone but is a clever actress as well, and her clothes are noted for their distinction and good taste

HERE is an unusually interesting photograph of Grace Valentine who plays the mannequin in "Lombardi, Ltd.," a very clever and successful comedy depicting life in a high-class dressmaking establishment.

HELEN RAFERTY who is now appearing in "Take It From Me" is posed at the left in a stunning cape which shows many new features—among them the cord girdle looped in front

Google

Paris-Inspired Wraps, Capes, and Suits

8437—Ladies' Wrap. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 5 yards 40-inch tricotet—¾ yard 36-inch satin for trimming—3½ yards 36-inch satin or taffeta for lining. Length at center-back, 49 inches. Gracefully draped and with novel Capuchin collar this wrap is distinctly smart in style and may be worn both afternoon and evening. The wrap is gathered to a yoke which extends down the center-front to form a coat effect belted at the waist-line. The belt has long ends.

8342—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Length at center-back 32 inches. No. 8317—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅓ yard. The suit in medium size requires 4 yards 44-inch tricotine—1 yard sports satin for waistcoat—2½ yards 36-inch satin for jacket lining. The collarless box jacket is very smart in style, open in front to show a braided vest of sports satin. For the braiding, design 12426 may be used. The waist-line of the skirt is raised two inches, and the lower edge is straight. The closing is at left side-front. There are many cool days in Summer when a suit like this would be found very convenient and practical. It is adapted for silk as well as for wool fabrics.

Wrap 8437

Jacket 8342
Braiding 12426
Skirt 8317

Cape 7837
Skirt 8299

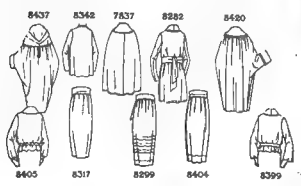
Jacket 8282
Braiding 12506
Skirt 8404

Wrap 8420

8430—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 3 yards 54-inch velours—3 yards 36-inch satin or taffeta for lining. Length at center-back, 45 inches. Picturesque notes in Summer fashions are the capes and wraps, many of which are draped in graceful lines. This model features a large draped collar which is joined to long revers that extend to the lower edge.

8420—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 3¾ yards 54-inch duvetyn—5¼ yards 36-inch satin for lining. This is another attractive type of wrap with kimono sleeves that are cut in one with the back which is gathered to a round yoke. The narrow sash belt is slipped through openings in the side seams and tied in front. Length at center-back, 49 inches. The sleeves are stitched onto the front of the wrap to give the effect of raglan sleeves, finished with turn-back cuffs. The round collar extends down to form revers, tho if preferred, the collar may be worn in scarf style crossed in front. For Summer evenings this wrap would be adorable in blue, rose, beige, or gray taffeta.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92



Wrap 8430

Blouse 8405
Embroidery 12511

Blouse 8399

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ceful in Line and Undeniably Smart

40 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch linen-piece Dress. Designed 36-inch ramie linen—2½ yards light, 2¼ yards dark ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Summer morning frocks are cut on the simplest of lines and show little trimming. Linen is a favored fabric and would make up very attractively in this dress which closes at the left side-front and has a long collar extending into revers.

8207—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 32-inch check gingham—⅞ yard plain gingham for piping. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Giving style to this simple morning frock is a front panel on the waist which is an extension of the front gore. Just below the hips the front gore extends around to the sides forming outstanding pockets.

8361—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4 yards 36-inch tricolet. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Tricolet makes perfectly adorable frocks cut on these simple chemise lines as may be noted from this model which slash, widely flaring cuffs, and floss-stitched sash-belt are all new and attractive features. Wide flowing button-trimmed cuffs finish the long close-fitting sleeves, and matching buttons are used to fasten the slash at the side-front of the blouse. The slash may be piped with a contrasting-color fabric.

Dress 8230

Dress 8207

Dress 8361

Dress 8346

Dress 8204
Braiding 12470

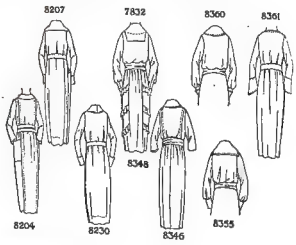
8346—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch satin—1 yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for blouse—⅛ yard white satin for trimming—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Combinations of material and color are still in vogue, and nothing combines more attractively than satin or taffeta with Georgette crêpe. The blouse of this frock is mounted on a front-closing underbody, and over the blouse there is superimposed a front and back panel which fasten on the left shoulder. A deep tuck is formed above the hem of the one-piece gathered skirt which has a straight lower edge. Large patch pockets are applied to the skirt below the hips, which are piped with contrasting satin and trimmed with buttons. Buttons, button loops, and piping trim the pane's and belt.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

Blouse 8360
Embroidery 12184

Blouse 8355
Braiding 12319

Blouse 7832
Skirt 8348



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Straight Lines, Tunics, and Drapery Share Fashion's Favor

8371— Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8404—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¼ yards 36-inch voile—1½ yards filet banding—½ yard 36-inch satin for sash. Charming for Summer afternoon wear in town or country is this frock of voile with the fashionable filet banding as a trimming. The blouse closes at the back and is held in loosely at the waistline by a satin sash.

Dress 8367

Dress 8118

Dress 8400

Tunic Blouse 8371
Skirt 8404

Blouse 8398
Skirt 8286

Dress 8292

Dress 8384
Embroidery 12473

Blouse 8392
Tunic Skirt 8391

Blouse 8414

Blouse 8397

8367—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 36-inch tricolet —¾ yard 27-inch bias satin for collar—2 yards bead banding—2 yards bead fringe. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The dress slips on over the head. Novelty is given by the pendant trimming motifs that dangle from the sides of the skirt. These are of jet beads with jet fringe.

8414—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. Most of the new blouses for soft sheer fabrics are of the slip-on type like this model which is tucked and gathered to a yoke. Distinctly unusual in style is the hemstitched collar which is cut in sections. The sleeves are gathered to deep cuffs finished with pointed turn-back cuff sections.

8397—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch linen—¼ yard white organdy for vestee. A charming variation of the tunic blouse.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 92

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...ng Phases of the Summer Afternoon Gown

...Dress. For 34 to 44 bust, No. 8295—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 3¾ yards 36-inch foulard — 1½ yard 54-inch serge for skirt and trimming band —¼ yard white Georgette crêpe for vest—2¼ yards Georgette crêpe plaiting— 1 yard 36-inch lining for top of skirt. An outstanding feature of this charming frock is the draped pocket at each side. The dress is shortened to form a tunic.

8376—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—½ yard 36-inch satin for girdle —⅜ yard white Georgette for vest. This is one of the new panel blouses, the panel slashed at waistline and embroidered in design 12512.

8374—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 40-inch dotted net—1¾ yard wide, 5 yards narrow filet banding—⅛ yard Georgette for collar—1 yard 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. A charming Summer frock closing at the back.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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Perspiration hurts fabrics

Launder your blouse the moment it gets soiled

YOUR soft taupe crêpe de Chine, your dull yellow chiffon, your palest lilac voile—how promptly the threads grow weak and break when you lay them away without washing them.

If you only knew how to make them last longer!

When you put away a blouse that is even slightly soiled, have you ever stopped to think what happens to it? Perspiration contains acids—acids that attack the fabric and make it "tender." Leaving your blouse even a day like this will damage it.

The moment your blouse gets soiled dip it into pure Lux suds!

Lux comes in dainty white flakes—pure and transparent. They melt instantly in hot water. You whisk them up into the richest, foamiest suds, the most wonderful suds there are for dainty things!

Not a fibre weakened!

You add cold water till lukewarm and dip the fabric through the delicate suds again and again. Then rinse in clear lukewarm water once, twice, three times—and the blouse is as fresh and fair as the day you bought it! Not a color dimmed, not a fibre torn or weakened in any way!

Lux won't hurt anything pure water alone won't injure.

Your grocer, druggist or department store has Lux. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

There is nothing like Lux for fine laundering

LUX

If you are not sure a color is fast

First wash a sample and dry it. If the color runs, try to set it before washing by soaking in half a cupful of vinegar to a gallon of cold water, *first testing sample.* Then rinse before washing. *Lux won't cause any colors to run which pure water alone will not cause to run.*

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Fashion Favors the Separate Blouse and Skirt

8401—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch striped voile—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for cowl collar and turn-back cuffs. The deep U-shaped neck is filled in with an inset shield having a box plait at center-front. It is outlined with a cowl collar buttoned together in front.

8405—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch linen—⅜ yard 36-inch piqué for collar and cuffs. Very smart in style is the pointed collar which finishes the open neck.

Blouse 8405

Blouse 8376
Beading 12504

Blouse 8393
Scallop 11695

Blouse 8290

Blouse 8397

Blouse 8399

Blouse 8401

8290—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch linen. There is nothing smarter to wear with a separate skirt than these tunic blouses, many of which, like this one, slip on over the head.

8376—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—¾ yard Irish picot edging and 2¾ yards grosgrain ribbon for girdle. A charming blouse in panel style, the panel slashed at the waist-line for the passage of the belt. It is beaded in design 12504.

8399—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch voile—⅝ yard dotted voile for vest and collar. The inset vest is outlined by a long rolling collar finished in a square effect in front. The oddly shaped sleeves are new and attractive.

8408—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. The only note of trimming on this blouse is the embroidery which is applied in the form of motifs in design 12508. The blouse slips on over the head.

Blouse 8388
Beading 12460

Blouse 8403
Embroidery 12508

8393 8397 8407 8399 8405 8403 8409 8404 8353 8320

8444 8401 8290 8388 8416 8376 8215 7688 7696

Skirt 7688

Skirt 7696

Skirt 8215
Embroidery 12444

Blouse 8414
Embroidery 12367
Skirt 8416

Blouse 8407
Embroidery 12511
Skirt 8409
Embroidery 12510

Skirt 8404

Skirt 8353

Skirt 8320

8393—Ladies' Blouse Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch linen ⅜ yard contrasting linen for binding scallops. A guide for the scallops will be found in design 11695. If desired the deep turn-back cuffs may be finished with bound scallops to match the collar. The blouse is in kimono style.

8397—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 36-inch ratiné—⅜ yard 36-inch white linen for vest and cowl collar. A trimming-band at the lower edge of this blouse gives the effect of a cuff hem, and the top may be left open to form pockets. The flowing sleeves are in two sections, and a straight belt of self-material encircles the waist-line, holding in the fulness loosely.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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Frocks and Blouses Designed for Practical Service

Blouse 8279

Blouse 8110
Embroidery 12184

8279—Ladies' Tucked Blouse. Designed for 31 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅞ yard plaited Georgette for frill. Ideal for soft fabrics is this tucked blouse closing at the back and with U-shaped neck outlined by a frill of plaited Georgette. Voile, handkerchief linen, and organdy would all make up attractively in this model, which may be worn separately or as part of a dress.

8110 Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch check voile—⅜ yard white voile for collar and cuffs. This simple blouse is gathered on the shoulders in front and has a long rolling collar embroidered in the corners in design 12184. The sleeves are gathered to deep cuffs finished with turn-back cuffs of white voile. The embroidery may be carried out in silk or wool

7728—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 7⅝ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1 yard plain gingham for girdle, and trimming bands—½ yard 27-inch white piqué for collar—2¼ yards lace edging. Width at lower edge about 2 yards Over a surplice blouse is mounted the overblouse which extends down into a button-trimmed tab each side of the center-front and back and closes on the left shoulder. The two-piece gathered skirt is trimmed with straight bands of plain gingham and closes at the left side seam.

8370—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch voile for collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. For Summer house and porch wear this will be found a most attractive little frock fashioned of plaid gingham in any of the dainty Summer colorings and with long rolling collar and vest of white voile to give a smart touch of contrast. The waist closes at left side-front and the two-piece skirt closes at left side-seam.

House-dress 7728

House-dress 8370

House-dress 8389

Blouse 8086

Blouse 8112

8389 Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5¾ yards 36-inch cotton foulard—⅝ yard 40-inch white organdy for surplice vest. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The collar and long revers that extend below the girdle are cut in one and the sleeves are a becoming and comfortable length. A box plait is formed each side of the center-front of the four-piece skirt while the sides and back are gathered. The skirt closes at left side-front under a plait.

8086 —Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch wash satin. With tailored suits blouses of wash satin made like this one with high collar buttoning at center-front are very smart. The blouse is gathered on the shoulders and the collar is arranged to be worn low if preferred. The sleeves are gathered to deep cuffs.

House-dress 7816

Dress 8374
Beading 12469

House-dress 8170

House-dress 8068

House-dress 8336

House-dress 7511

7816—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 5⅛ yards 32-inch check gingham—¼ yard plain gingham for collar. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Here is a practical frock for home wear indoors or afternoons on the porch. It may be fastened in single or double-breasted style, and the open neck is finished with a long shawl collar.

8374—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4⅛ yards 40-inch poplin—¼ yard 36-inch batiste for collar and cuffs—⅝ yard lace edging—1 yard 36-inch lining. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. A simple little afternoon home frock of poplin to which a slight touch of elaboration is given by the beading which is applied to the belt. For this beading, design 12469 may be used. The closing is at the back, and the deep tuck gives a short tunic effect. The armholes of the waist are finished with a piping or they may be bound. The sleeves are set into the armholes of the underbody. A small collar finishes the neck.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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New Lingerie and Negligées For Summer Time

8412—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch lonsdale cambric. This consists of a surplice brassiere and open drawers. The brassiere is daintily embroidered in design 12428.

8415—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch washable satin. The Brassiere is embroidered in design 11729.

8127 Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—6½ yards ribbon. The nightgown is gathered to a yoke band.

8172—Ladies' Nightgown. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 5 yards 27-inch cotton crêpe. The shoulders are embroidered in dainty trailing sprays in design 11741.

8139—Ladies' Brassiere Combination. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch batiste—1⅛ yard filet banding. For the embroidery, design 12182 may be used.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

TRADE NONSPI MARK

An antiseptic liquid

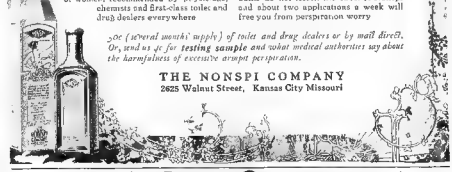
Keeps the Underarms Normally Dry and Absolutely Odorless

NO WOMAN can radiate that atmosphere of freshness and sweetness, which is her greatest charm, so long as she is annoyed by excessive perspiration. Neither can she avoid ruined gowns and continuous embarrassment. For her, summer is a dreaded season, her poise and self assurance are always menaced. If you are such a sufferer, by all means

Use Reliable Time Tried Nonspi

NONSPI is a positively dependable remedy which harmlessly diverts moisture from the underarm to other portions of the body. It has a record of many years of honorable service, is used by millions of women, recommended by physicians, chemists and first-class toilet and drug dealers everywhere.

NONSPI is unscented and contains no artificial coloring matter whatever. It is not intended to appeal to sight or smell, but consists in its entirety of antiseptic and other beneficial ingredients. Daily baths do not lessen the effect of **Nonspi** and about two applications a week will free you from perspiration worry.



50c (several months' supply) of toilet and drug dealers or by mail direct. Or, send us 5c for testing sample and what medical authorities say about the harmfulness of excessive armpit perspiration.

THE NONSPI COMPANY
2625 Walnut Street, Kansas City Missouri

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Heavy Sentence Imposed on Manufacturer of Tablets.

(ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH)

NEW YORK, December 31.—Accused of having manufactured and sold to influenza sufferers thousands of boxes of aspirin tablets, principally composed of talcum powder, Joseph M. Turkey, head of the Verandah Chemical company, of Brooklyn, was found guilty yesterday of violation of the sanitary code and sentenced to three years in prison with a fine of $600. The sentence was the most severe ever imposed in the country for such an offense.

Therefore Insist Upon Genuine

Bayer-Tablets of Aspirin

Look for "Bayer Cross" on Tablets.

20 cent Bayer packages. Also larger Bayer packages.

BAYER

The Safety "Bayer Cross" on Tablets.

Made and Owned by Americans!

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

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KAZOO
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A Support for Pants and Hose
Ages 4 to 18

NO more underwaists to mend, buttons to sew on, or tubbing to be done.

No more binding or chafing of belts and round garters; they are harmful to boy's health.

Just comfort, neatness, healthful ease, and endless durability.

At Boys' Clothing and Furnishing Depts., or write us. 75c and $1.00 (In Canada 20c more)

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HOLDS HOSE

Send for our "reason why" booklet 2 "For Real" Boys

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So q... "Why should I try everything new when LABLACHE fulfills every requirement? My old-time favorite, a wonderful ... daintily fragrant and ... complexion smooth ... velvet. I have never found its equal"

Reject Substitutes
They may be cheap ... Fresh, White, Perfect ... Send 10 cents ... for a sample box

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the dainty, white, odorless, antiseptic cream — under the arms, anywhere neutralizes all bodily odors.

25c and 50c a Jar

EVERSWEET COMPANY
562 CLIFF STREET :: NEW YORK

New Notes in Summer Fashions for the Miss

8430—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 3⅛ yards 50-inch serge—4¼ yards braid for binding—2⅛ yards 36-inch satin or taffeta for lining. Perhaps the most graceful of the Summer fashions are these charming wraps to be worn with the Summer frocks. They may be fashioned of serge, Poiret twill, satin, or taffeta. The large collar is joined to revers which extend to the lower edge of the wrap.

8341—Misses' One-piece Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch ramie linen—1 yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Young girls look particularly well in these frocks that are bloused at low waist-line. Linen in canary yellow, orchid, or French blue would make up attractively with the square neck and the pocket outlined by soutache braid in design 12147. The dress closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front.

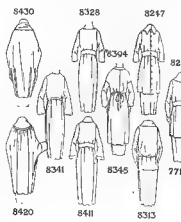
Cape 8430 · Dress 8341 Braiding 12147

8394—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch satin—⅛ yard white satin for vest and pocket lining—1⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Here we have the new draped reticule pockets which give such distinction and chic to an otherwise simple frock. The dress has a tunic blouse in kimono style with the fashionable short sleeves and shows the new silhouette with full tunic above a long tight underskirt. Added interest is given by the beaded vest, the beading in design 12320.

Blouse 8280 Embroidery 12445 · Skirt 7714

8247—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 5 yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 36-inch white voile for vest and collar—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. For Summer sports wear gingham is an ideal fabric, and it is especially attractive made up in the new long tunic blouses. A note of contrast is given by the cowl collar, and the closing is at the back. The vest is braided in design 11809.

8280—Misses' Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 7714—Misses' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅛ yards 36-inch linen. The combination of this slip-on blouse and gathered skirt makes an attractive sports dress. The pockets of the blouse are embroidered in design 12445. The fronts have small revers joined to a deep round collar, and the belt has long ends looped in front. The skirt has three-inch raised waist line.



Dress 8328 · Dress 8394 Beading 12320 · Dress 8247 Braiding 11809

8328—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4 yards 32-inch plaid gingham—⅜ yard organdy plaiting—3½ yards black velvet ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard. Nothing is so becoming to the slenderness of youth as these oval collarless neck lines softened by a plaited frill of Georgette crêpe or organdy. The waist closes in front and over this is adjusted a shaped panel.

Cape 8420 · Dress 8411 Embroidery 12511 · Jacket 8345 Skirt 8313

8420—Ladies' and Misses' Wrap. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch black satin—4¾ yards 36-inch satin or taffeta for lining. Length at center-back 49 inches. Over light Summer frocks there is nothing more attractive than a cape or wrap of black satin. In this model the back and sleeves are cut in one, and the back is gathered below a round yoke. Taffeta, too, fashions very charming Summer afternoon and evening wraps in black and such colors as French blue, jade green, mist gray, rose, and biscuit color.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 94

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Dainty Summer Frocks for Town and Country

Dress 8372
Embroidery 12507

Dress 8406

8372—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 32-inch check gingham—¾ yard 36-inch white voile for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Simplicity marks most of the new gingham frocks, tho in this model a touch of embroidery is applied to the collar in design 12507.

8406—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3 yards 32-inch plaid gingham—3¼ yards 27-inch chambray for skirt—⅞ yard 40-inch white organdy for collar and vest. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. One of the charming new sports blouses of plaid gingham is combined here with a skirt of plain chambray forming a very good-looking Summer utility frock.

8411—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch cotton rep—⅜ yard contrasting linen for trimming. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. A panel effect is formed on the front of this simple but effective dress and bands of contrasting material are stitched to the skirt at the sides to give the effect of outstanding pockets. These bands as well as the collar are finished with buttonhole scallops in design 11854. Motifs of embroidery worked out in worsted or mercerized cotton give a smart touch to the panel. The design is 12509.

Dress 8411
Embroidery 12509
Scallop 11854

Dress 8378

Dress 8380
Embroidery 12503

Dress 8394

8388—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch linen—¾ yard organdy plaiting—1½ yard velvet ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Outstanding embroidered pockets give style to this dress with slip-on blouse and two-piece gathered skirt. The embroidery is worked out in design 12512.

8390—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 1⅛ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—4¼ yards 36-inch satin—⅝ yard plain Georgette for vest—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. An odd feature of this charming Summer frock is the beading in design 12504, which is applied to the Georgette blouse in such a way as to give the effect of an all-over beaded fabric. The kimono blouse which closes at the back is mounted on a sleeveless underbody. The blouse is attached to a two-piece tunic skirt, the tunic finished with circular ruffles.

Blouse 8280
Embroidery 12402
Skirt 7714

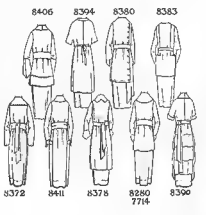
Dress 8383
Embroidery 12512

Dress 8390
Beading 12504

8280—Misses' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 7714—Misses' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. Size 16 requires for the dress 2⅛ yards 27-inch plain chambray—3½ yards 32-inch plaid gingham. The smart tunic blouse which slips on over the head may be embroidered along the slash that marks the closing in design 12462.

8394—Misses' Dress. Designed for 16 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards 40-inch dotted organdy—¼ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe for vest—⅝ yards Georgette crêpe plaiting—1¾ yard velvet ribbon for girdle—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Unusual style is given by the draped pockets.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 94



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Smartly Practical Styles for Vacation Days

8311—Girls' One-piece Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards 27-inch chambray—⅝ yard contrasting chambray for trimming—⅝ yard plaited organdy for neck frills. A charming Summer frock for chambray or linen, the oval neck outlined by a frill of plaited organdy. The dress is slashed at the sides with the lower edges gathered to a band which gives the effect of a belt. Motifs are embroidered in colored wool just above the belt in design 12510.

8304—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2¾ yards 40-inch organdy—1¼ yard extra for plaitings. A charming model for Summer afternoon or party wear to be fashioned of white, orchid, or canary yellow organdy and trimmed with plaitings of self-material. The closing is arranged on the left shoulder and the sleeves are attached at drop-shoulder line. Narrow plaitings of organdy trim the two-piece gathered skirt.

8375—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch rep. Simple but attractive is this suit for the little man, and it would make up well in rep, piqué, or linen. The blouse closes invisibly in front and is embroidered in cross-stitch design 12094.

8308—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch check gingham. These simple little straight-line frocks are ideal for Summer wear. This is gathered to a round yoke and is slashed at the side-front for the fastening.

8309—Child's Cape. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1½ yard 54-inch serge—1¾ yard 36-inch satin or taffeta for lining. Even the very little girl must have her cape this Summer, and the most attractive ones are fashioned of blue or sand-color serge with lining of apple-green or rose-color satin. This cape is gathered to a three-piece yoke overlaid with a large gathered collar.

8413 -Infants' Set. Designed for one size. The petticoat of the set is illustrated requiring 1¾ yard 27-inch cambric or flannel.

7767—Infants' Long Coat. Designed for one size and requiring 1⅞ yard 44-inch poplin. The cape, the round collar, and turn-back cuffs are finished with buttonholed scallops in design 11979.

8085—Infants' Set. Designed for one size. The nightgown of the set which is illustrated requires 1¼ yard 36-inch longcloth. The nightgown buttons in front and may be loose at the bottom or it may be drawn in with tape. A frill of fine, narrow lace may be used to finish the neck and sleeves Only the softest of materials should be used for making baby's clothes.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 93

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Summertime Styles for the Younger Generation

8381—Child's One-piece Dress. Designed for 4 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch linen—½ yard contrasting linen for collar, cuffs, and trimming—2¾ yards ribbon for sash. Worsted embroidery on the collar and cuffs would give a very attractive touch to this frock. The design is 12175.

8339—Girls' One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 6 to 12 years. Size 10 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch chambray—½ yard 27-inch piqué for trimming and cuffs—1⅜ yard ribbon. The round neck is outlined by a scalloped band which extends into a tab at the side-front. The scallop is design 11661.

8354—Child's One-piece Kimono Dress. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 30-inch piqué—1¾ yard ribbon. For the scallops that finish the neck and sleeves use design 11659. The dress slips on over the head and fastens on the shoulders.

Child's Dress 8354
Scallop 11659

Child's Coat 7808
Embroidery 11339
Scallop 12454

Child's Coat 8168
Scallop 11659

Child's Dress 8333

Child's Dress 8381
Embroidery 12175

Girls' Dress 8339
Scallop 11661

7808—Child's Coat. Designed for ½ to 3 years. Size 3 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine. A charming little Summer coat for crêpe de Chine or silk poplin plaited front and back below a square yoke. The large collar that covers the yoke is embroidered in design 11339, and for the scalloped edge, design 12454 may be used.

8168—Child's Coat. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 2½ yards 27-inch piqué. White piqué would make up very attractively in this simple coat which is untrimmed save for buttonholed scallops that finish the collar, cuffs, and front. For the scallop design 11659 is used.

Infants' and Child's Kimono 7368
Scallop 11979

Infants' Kimono 8402
Embroidery 12429

Infants' Dress 7356
Embroidery 12367

Child's Dress 8419
Embroidery 12377

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8373

Child's and Girls' Cape 7419
Embroidery 12510

Girls' and Juniors' Dress 8359
Cross-stitch 12094

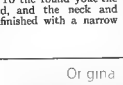
Boys' Suit 8417
Embroidery 12509

7368—Infants' and Child's Kimono. Designed for infants to 4 years. The infants' size requires 2⅞ yards 27-inch flannel. A cunning kimono for the baby gathered in front and with scalloped collar and trimming bands. For the scallops design 11979 may be used.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

8354 7808 8168 8333 8381

8339 8402 7356 7368 8419



8373 7419 8359 8417

8333—Child's Dress. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch dotted swiss. Dotted swiss is among the favored fabrics for Summer frocks in all white or white with a colored dot. The dress is gathered to an oddly shaped yoke.

8402—Infants' Kimono. Designed for one size only, requiring 1⅜ yard 36-inch cashmere. Cunning little bunnies are embroidered on the front of this kimono in design 12429.

7356—Infants' Dress. Designed for one size only, requiring 2⅜ yards 36-inch batiste. For the embroidery on the yoke design 12367 would be very dainty and attractive. To the round yoke the dress is gathered, and the neck and sleeves may be finished with a narrow lace frill.

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8310—Ladies' Bathing Suit. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards 54-inch wool Jersey—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Two views of this attractive bathing suit are shown here. The dress may be slipped on over the head, or close on the left shoulder and at left side front. It is worn over bloomers attached to a front-closing underbody, and is held in loosely at the waist line by a girdle

7766—Ladies' Bathing Suit, Cap, and Bag. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 36-inch plain taffeta—⅝ yard 36-inch check taffeta—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The waist and skirt of this bathing suit are cut in one and it may be closed at center-front or slipped on over the head. The bloomers are attached to the underbody. The collar, tie, and girdle with butterfly bow of check taffeta add style

7340—Ladies' Bathing Suit and Cap. Designed for 34 to 42 bust. Size 36 requires 3⅝ yards 54-inch beige wool Jersey—⅝ yard 54-inch brown wool Jersey for collar and trimming—⅛ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. The long-waisted dress of this bathing suit may close at center-front or on the left shoulder and under the left arm.

DESCRIPTIONS CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

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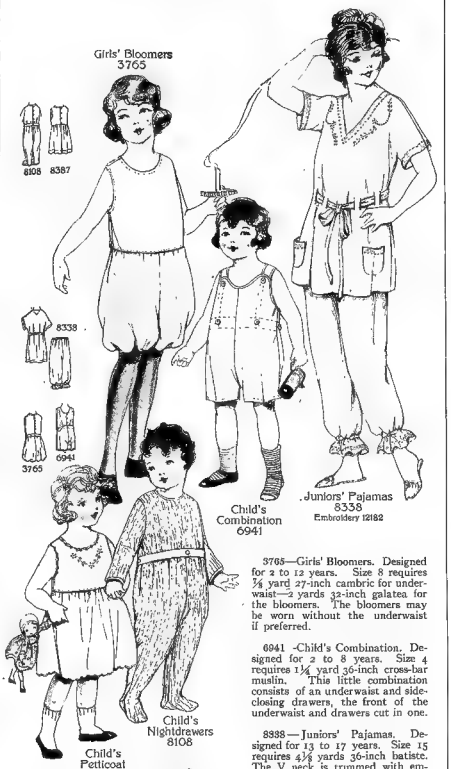
For the Kiddies' Rest Hours



3765—Girls' Bloomers. Designed for 2 to 12 years. Size 8 requires ⅞ yard 27-inch cambric for underwaist—2 yards 32-inch galatea for the bloomers. The bloomers may be worn without the underwaist if preferred.

6941—Child's Combination. Designed for 2 to 8 years. Size 4 requires 1¼ yard 36-inch cross-bar muslin. This little combination consists of an underwaist and side-closing drawers, the front of the underwaist and drawers cut in one.

8338—Juniors' Pajamas. Designed for 13 to 17 years. Size 15 requires 4⅛ yards 36-inch batiste. The V neck is trimmed with embroidery in design 12182.

8387—Child's Petticoat. Designed for ½ to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1⅛ yard 36-inch batiste. The waist is embroidered in design 11751 and the edges are scalloped in design 11661.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 95

Regatta Cloth

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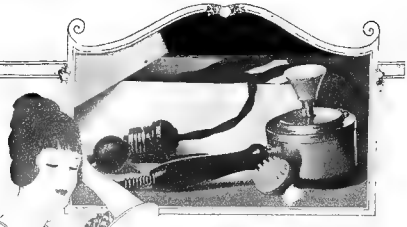

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 78

7897—Ladies' and Misses' Cape. Designed for small, medium, and large. Medium size requires 2¾ yards 54-inch plaid velours—½ yard 54-inch plain velours for revers—3⅜ yards 36-inch taffeta for lining. No. 8289—Ladies' One-piece Tucked Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3 yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

8289—Ladies' Jacket. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Length at center-back 33¾ inches. No. 8804—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 22 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 5½ yards 44-inch check material—⅝ yard 36-inch tricolet for vest. The rolling collar of the jacket of this suit extends into long revers turned back from an inset vest of tricolet braided in design 12506.

8405—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards 40-inch crêpe de Chine A large collar finishes the open neck of this practical blouse which shows some cold embroidery on the fronts worked out in design 12511.

8899—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch dotted voile—1¾ yard net plaiting, —¼ yard plain voile for vest. Many of the new Summer blouses slip on over the head like this model.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 79

8204—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch voile. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Soutache braiding in an attractive braiding design gives a decorative touch to this Summer frock, and for the braiding design 12470 may be selected. The dress closes on the left shoulder and at left side-front under a plait.

7892—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8848—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5 yards 40-inch organdy—3 yards velvet ribbon. This is a delightful frock for the sheer Summer fabrics like organdy, Georgette crêpe, and voile. The blouse is gathered on the shoulders, and the collar is folded to long tucked revers finished with a picot-edge frill.

8360—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards 36-inch chiffon voile. A long collar rolls back from the inset vest and the corners of the collar are embroidered in very attractive motifs which may be worked out in silk or mercerized floss in design 12184. The closing is at left side-front.

8355—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—½ yard 36-inch satin for collar and cuffs. Here is one of the popular slip-over the head blouses with front panel braided in a most fascinating design in cotton soutache. For the braiding, design 12319 may be selected.

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8118—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 54-inch tricotine. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. This simple but smart frock features the very newest trimming touch—separate ornaments that may take the form of fancy tassels, beaded or crochet motifs, or pendants of soutache.

8400—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch black satin—½ yard white satin for vest—2¾ yards rose-color grosgrain ribbon for girdle. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The dress slips on over the head.

8398—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No 8286—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2¾ yards 36-inch printed foulard -2½ yards 44-inch serge—⅜ yard 27-inch satin for collar—⅝ yard 36-inch lining for top of skirt. One of the newest combinations is that of serge and foulard and a particularly smart combination is carried out in this design Under the panel the blouse closes in front.

8892—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 30-inch voile—¾ yard white Georgette crêpe for collar, vest, and cuffs—5 yards velvet ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. Bretelles extending down onto the skirt are an attractive feature of this frock.

8384—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 3 yards 54-inch wool jersey—1⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. The tunic blouse which is an outstanding feature of this frock shows the fashionable irreguar lower outline. The closing is on the left shoulder and at left side-front, and the side-front closing is emphasized by embroidery in design 12473. Lower-edge width 1⅜ yard.

8892—Ladies' Kimono Blouse Designed for 34 to 42 bust. No. 8891—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The costume in medium size requires 5⅜ yards 36-inch printed foulard —1⅜ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—1⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt—3½ yards ribbon for girdle.

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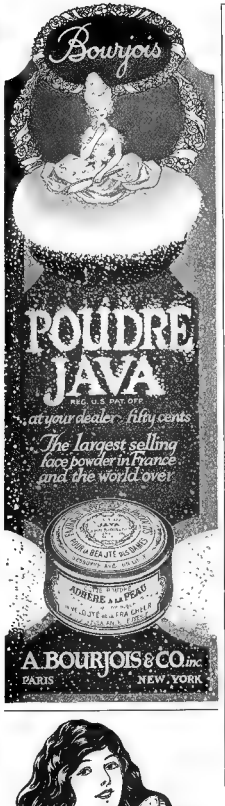
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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81

8368—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 8875—Ladies' Tunic Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 2 yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe—4½ yards 36-inch satin. The dress is beaded in design 12595.

8803—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. No. 7922—Ladies' Two-piece Tunic Skirt. Designed for 22 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1½ yard. The costume in medium size requires 7¼ yards 36-inch foulard—1¼ yard 36-inch satin

8388—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8864—Ladies' Draped Skirt. Designed for 24 to 32 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¼ yards 36-inch foulard—⅝ yard 36-inch messaline—1½ yard 36-inch lining for top of skirt. The draped front and the lower part of the skirt are cut in one.

8401—Ladies' Slip-on Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar and cuffs—⅓ yard white Georgette for vest. The blouse closes at left side-front and is embroidered in beaded motif in design 12503.

8882—Ladies' Kimono Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. No. 8157—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt in Tunic Effect. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 4¾ yards 36-inch tricolet—7½ yards jet banding—1⅝ yard jet fringe—⅓ yard 36-inch satin for girdle —⅝ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

8879—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8816—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 38 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¼ yards 36-inch satin—⅞ yard bead fringe—1¾ yard 6-inch brocaded ribbon for vest facing—⅝ yard Georgette for vest—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. Just the thing for church, luncheons, or teas is this frock. The fringe is made of strings of beads doubled, and the pendant ornaments are also made of beads.

8888—Ladies' Tunic Blouse. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. No. 8895—Ladies' Two-piece Dart-fitted Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard. The costume in medium size requires 6¼ yards 36-inch satin—1¾ yard 40-inch princesse Georgette crêpe—4¾ yards 36-inch satin—1¼ yard lace for surplice vestee—⅞ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

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8888—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 40-inch Georgette crêpe—⅝ yard 36-inch satin for collar and sleeve bands. This is a dainty blouse for dressy wear with an attractive design of beading in design 12460.

7699—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch tricolet. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard.

7688—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 44-inch serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The waist-line of the skirt is raised three inches and the closing is at left side seam.

8816—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch sports satin. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The double inserted pockets at each side give a touch of novelty to the skirt. A charmingly effective note is given by the embroidery which may be carried out in wool or silk in design 12444.

8414—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards 40-inch Georgette crêpe. For the embroidery on the collar design 12367 may be selected. No. 8414—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. Size 26 requires 2⅛ yards 40-inch serge. The inserted pockets of the skirt have tab extensions which button onto the belt.

8407—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 44 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch voile—1¼ yard plaiting of Georgette crêpe for collar and cuffs. The fronts of blouse are embroidered in design 12511. No. 8409—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Size 26 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch serge. The panels at the sides are embroidered with worsted in design 12510.

8404—Ladies' Two-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 22 to 30 waist. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 44-inch check serge. Width at lower edge about 1⅝ yard.

8353—Ladies' Two-piece Skirt. Designed for 24 to 34 waist. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 44-inch gabardine—6 yards braid. Width at lower edge about 1⅜ yard. The cleverly designed front panel of this skirt extends around to the sides below a hip yoke to form outstanding pockets. A wide panel is formed at the back.

8390—Ladies' One-piece Gathered Skirt. Designed for 24 to 36 waist. Size 26 requires 1⅝ yard 54-inch wool Jersey. Width at lower edge about 1⅛ yard.

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FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 84

8112—Ladies' Blouse. Designed for 34 to 46 bust. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards 36-inch crêpe de Chine—2¾ yards organdy edging for trimming. From an inset vest a long collar rolls back.

8170—Ladies' One-piece Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch rep—⅝ yard 32-inch gingham for collar and trimming. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. An outstanding feature of this Summer frock is the square yoke that descends into a full-length panel at center-front where the dress closes. A shawl collar finishes the neck.

8083—Ladies' House-dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 4½ yards 32-inch plaid gingham—1¼ yard 27-inch chambray for revers, vest, and cuffs. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The yoke and front of this attractive frock is filled in with a vest straight at the top from which roll back revers of chambray like the vest and trimmed with tabs of the plaid gingham. The two-piece gathered skirt closes at left side seam.

8336—Ladies' Slip-on House-dress. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 4⅝ yards 27-inch chambray—⅝ yard 32-inch gingham for collar and trimming—⅜ yard white piqué for vest. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The easiest thing in the world to make is this slip-on dress which requires no buttons or buttonholes.

7611—Ladies' Dress. Designed for 34 to 48 bust. Size 36 requires 5 yards 32-inch check gingham—⅝ yard 27-inch piqué for collar and cuffs. Width at lower edge about 2 yards. Simplicity is the outstanding feature of this frock, the waist of which closes at center-front and is finished with a large collar of white piqué. Under the belt of self-material it is joined to a two-piece gathered skirt that closes at the left side seam.

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8125—Ladies' Combination. Designed for 34 to 50 bust. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yard 36-inch crêpe de Chine—1⅛ yard wide, ⅞ yard narrow banding—1⅞ yard lace edging—2 yards ribbon. Like most of the new combinations this displays a touch of hand embroidery for which design 11339 is suggested.

8377—Ladies' Kimono. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 4½ yards 27-inch figured cotton crêpe —1½ yard plain crêpe for cuffs and trimming. A charming negligée that is very easy to make. It is slipped on over the head and fastens on the shoulders.

7741—Ladies' Empire Negligée. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires 7 yards 27-inch cotton crêpe—1 yard wide, 3 yards narrow banding. The skirt section of the negligée is gathered to a short-waisted body section and over this is arranged a graceful cape that extends over the shoulders to form short sleeves. The corners of the cape are embroidered in design 12029.

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8411—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 36-inch tricolet—2½ yards velvet ribbon. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The waist of this simple frock closes at left side-front under a plait and a large collar finishes the square neck to which an embroidered motif is applied in design 12511. At one-inch raised waist-line the four-piece gathered skirt is attached.

8345—Misses' Blouse Jacket. Designed for 14 to 20 years. No. 8313—Misses' One-piece Skirt. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. The suit in medium size requires 3 yards 54-inch Poiret twill—1 yard 36-inch tricolet for collar and vest—2¾ yards 36-inch satin for jacket lining. This suit features one of the new blouse jackets that are so smart, and the fronts turn back in revers to discloses the fashionable waistcoat.

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8378—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 32-inch striped taffeta—¾ yard 40-inch organdy for collar—1½ yard moire ribbon—2¼ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1⅞ yard. The long tunic blouse is cut out in front to well below the hips to show an inserted vest. The skirt is a two-piece model gathered in front and laid in soft plaits at the back. It is attached to an underbody of lining.

8880—Misses' Dress. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¼ yards 36-inch linen—1¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody and top of skirt. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. An attractive feature of this smart linen frock is the uneven lower edge of the tunic blouse which closes at left side-front and on the left shoulder. It is worn over a two-piece skirt closing at the left side seam and attached to a front-closing underbody. Large colored dots form an attractive finish for the sleeves and the tunic. For these design 12503 is suitable. The dots may be padded if desired so as to give them a raised effect, and by contrasting color they are especially good-looking. Brown on a yellow dress is smart.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

tation preparation of merit.
Helps to eradicate dandruff.
For Restoring Color and Beauty to Gray and Faded Hair.
50c and $1.00 at druggists.

FASHIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

8418—Child's Dress. Designed for 1½ to 3 years. Size 2 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch dimity. A simple little gathered frock closing at the back and finished with a turn-down collar embroidered in design 12509.

8410—Child's One-piece Dress. Designed for 1½ to 3 years. Size 2 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch batiste. Simplicity is the keynote of styles for kiddies and this is a charming example of the style with square neck and gathered front and back to a straight band embroidered in design 12175.

8381—Child's One-piece Dress. Designed for 4 to 8 years. Size 8 requires 3¾ yards 27-inch chambray—¼ yard 27-inch piqué for collar and cuffs—2¾ yards grosgrain ribbon.

8383—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2⅝ yards 32-inch gingham for dress—1⅝ yard 36-inch dimity for guimpe—2 yards velvet ribbon. Gingham fashions many of the smartest Summer frocks for little as well as big girls. It is combined in this model with a white dimity guimpe feather-stitched in color. For the feather-stitch, design 12363 may be used.

8319—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 2 yards 32-inch gingham—1¼ yard 36-inch voile. A smart feature of the Summer fashions is the combination of sheer and heavier weight fabrics.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 89

8410—Child's Dress. Designed for 1½ to 3 years. Size 3 requires 2 yards 36-inch dimity. Dimity makes very cunning frocks for the little folks and it is particularly effective in this model which is box-plaited front and back. Between the box plaits the dress is shirred in front. It is embroidered in design 12977.

8373—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 1¼ yard 32-inch plain gingham—2½ yards 32-inch check gingham.

7419—Child's and Girls' Circular Cape. Designed for 4 to 14 years. Size 10 requires 3⅝ yards 44-inch serge. The collar is rolled with the fronts to form revers and a narrow string belt holds in the coat front at the waist-line. The collar and pockets are braided in design 12510.

8369—Girls' and Juniors' Dress. Designed for 6 to 14 years. Size 12 requires 4 yards 32-inch plaid gingham. For the Summer frock nothing is quite so practical as gingham either in plain colors or in checks and plaids. Cross-stitch in design 12004 gives a smart touch to this frock which closes at the left side-front.

8417—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 6 requires 3½ yards 36-inch galatea. A slip-on blouse and side-closing trousers form this cute Summer suit. The collar of the blouse is embroidered in design 12509.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

8257—Ladies' Dress Sleeves. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires for the first sleeve ⅝ yard 36-inch material; for the second sleeve 1⅛ yard 36-inch material; for the third or fourth sleeve 1¼ yard 36-inch material.

8290—Ladies' Dress Sleeves. Designed for small, medium, and large. Small size requires for the first sleeve 1¾ yard 36-inch material; for the second, third, and fourth sleeve 1 yard 36- or 40-inch material.

8301—Misses' Bathing Suit. Designed for 14 to 20 years. Two views of the bathing suit are illustrated on the page, the one at the extreme left requiring for size 16, 4 yards 44-inch mohair—1 yard 36-inch taffeta for collar and trimming—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody. For the model at the right, size 16 requires 4⅝ yards 36-inch mohair—5½ yards braid—¾ yard 36-inch lining for underbody.

8331—Set of Vestees in Five Styles. Designed for one size only. For the first vestee 1¼ yard 36- or 40-inch satin or tricolet will be required, and for the other vestee 1 yard 36-inch linen or poplin.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 91

8108—Child's Nightdrawers. Designed for 1 to 4 years. Size 4 requires 3¼ yards 27-inch cotton crêpe. While the night-drawers with feet are splendid for cold weather, during the warm season the feet may be cut off.

8397—Child's Petticoats. Designed for 1½ to 4 years. Size 2 requires 1⅝ yards 36-inch lonsdale cambric—2 yards embroidery for flounce—1⅝ yards edging. This is the second illustration on the page of this petticoat, the other shown above at the left. This model is in Gertrude style cut in one from the neck to the lower edge. It is embroidered in front in design 11339.

8091—Girls' and Juniors' One-piece Pajamas. Designed for 6 to 16 years. Size 14 requires 3⅝ yards 36-inch dotted swiss —2 yards ribbon. These are known as the "Billie Burke" pajamas and are in one piece from the neck to the lower edge.

7659—Boys' Suit. Designed for 2 to 6 years. Size 3 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch linen. The collar, pockets, and cuffs of this attractive little suit are worked in cross-stitch in design 12004.

8231—Child's Rompers. Designed for 1 to 6 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 32-inch gingham. For the embroidery on these rompers design 12429 is suitable.

Sani-Flush

Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

Sani-Flush has made one of the tasks you used to dread simple and easy. It cleans the closet-bowl—and does it without any drudgery on your part.

By following directions, and using a little *Sani-Flush* regularly, you will keep the closet-bowl clean—and odorless.

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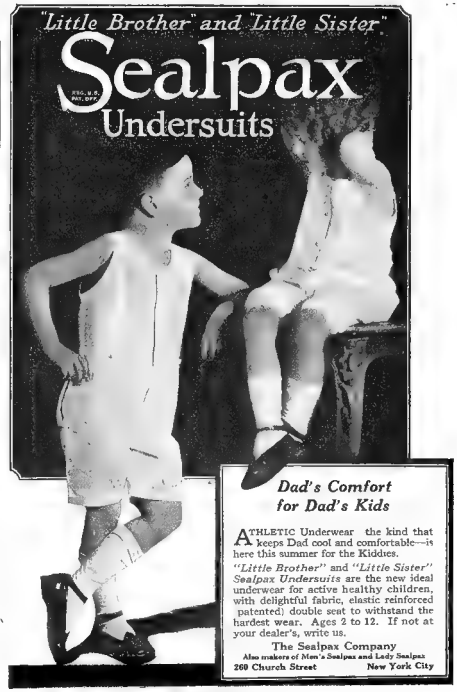

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ATHLETIC Underwear the kind that keeps Dad cool and comfortable—is here this summer for the Kiddies.

"Little Brother" and *"Little Sister" Sealpax Undersuits* are the new ideal underwear for active healthy children, with delightful fabric, elastic reinforced patented double seat to withstand the hardest wear. Ages 2 to 12. If not at your dealer's, write us.

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If You Brush Teeth
Brush Them Well

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Don't Leave the Film

Millions of people who brush teeth daily leave a tooth-destroying film. They find in time that teeth discolor and decay. Tartar forms on them, perhaps pyorrhea starts. And they wonder why.

The reason lies in a film—a slimy, clinging film. You can feel it with your tongue. It gets into crevices, hardens and stays. There the tooth brush can't remove it, and the ordinary dentifrice cannot dissolve it.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Dentists call it "bacterial plaque," because millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to that film.

Dental science has for years sought a way to end that film. The tooth brush had proved inadequate. Tooth troubles constantly increased. And the reason clearly lay in that film.

A new discovery has now solved this greatest of tooth problems. That film can now be efficiently combated. Able authorities have proved the facts by scientific tests. Leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

Now this method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to let all people prove it quickly we are offering a free ten-day test.

See the Difference

Ask us for this trial tube, then see for yourself the difference between old methods and the new. It will be a revelation.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

Pepsin alone is inert. It must be activated, and the usual method is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed barred. But now a harmless activating method has been found. Five governments have already granted patents. It is that method, used in Pepsodent, which opens up this new teeth cleaning era.

Dentists and scientists are now using Pepsodent—many thousands of them. At least a million careful people have adopted it already. It is time that you knew what it means to you and what it means to yours.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Use it like any tooth paste. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Watch the results for ten days. Read the reasons in the book we send. Then decide for yourself about this new way of teeth cleaning.

Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste based on activated pepsin. An efficient film combatant, now endorsed by dentists everywhere and sold by druggists in large tubes. (188)

Ten-Day Tube Free

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Mail Ten-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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There are no finer Linens made than the Genuine Irish Linens that you get when you ask for
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yet they cost no more than ordinary Linens and the service they give for years makes it an economy to buy them.
"How To Set the Table for Every Occasion" is a beautiful hand bound book on the correct table setting for Guests, for Holidays and all Special Occasions.
You can obtain this $1.50 book for 50 cents (the cost of printing) from the Exclusive Derryvale Agency in your city or if you cannot locate the Derryvale Agency, write direct to us enclosing 50 cents, mentioning your Dealers name and the book will be forwarded prepaid.
Derryvale Linen Co., Inc.
25 East 22nd Street, New York City
Mills: Belfast, Ireland

"For They Know not What They Do"

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 74

that had grown part and parcel of his madness, had forgotten him.

Bruised, sullen, moved by some deeply lying instinct of the clan, his eyes left them and sought the wall beyond, where there were those who would not forget him, come what might, blood of his blood and mind of his own queer mind. And there among the shadowed faces he searched for one in vain. As if that candle-lit tableau, somehow holy and somehow abominable, were not for the eyes of one of them, the face of Daniel, the wedded husband, had been turned to the wall.

Here was something definite, something Christopher could take hold of, and something that he would not have.

His mother seemed not to have known he was near till he swung the door back and came stalking into the light with the rusty bread-knife in his hand. One would not have imagined there were blood enough left in her wasted heart, but her face went crimson when she lifted it and saw him.

It brought him up short—both the blush, where he had looked for fright. It shocked him, and, shocking him, more than by a thousand labored words of explanation, it opened a window in his disordered brain. He stood gawking with the effort of thought, hardly conscious of his mother's cry.

"Christopher, I never meant you to know!"

HE KEPT on staring at the ashen face between the pillows, long (as his own was long), sensitive, worn; and at the 'cello keeping incorruptible vigil over its dead. And then slowly his eyes went down to his own left hand, to which that same old wine-brown creature had crept home from the first with a curious sense of fitness and authority and right.

"Who is this man?"

"Don't look at me so! Don't, Chris!"

But he did look at her. Pre-occupied as he was, he was appalled at sight of the damage the half-dozen of days had done. She had been so much the lady, so perfectly the gentlewoman. To no one had the outward gesture and symbol of purity been more precious. No whisper had ever breathed against her. If there had been secrets behind her, they had been dead; if a skeleton, the closet had been closed. And now, looking down on her, he was not only appalled, he was a little sickened, as one might be to find squalor and decay creeping into a familiar and once immaculate room.

"Who is this man?" he repeated.

"He grew up with me." She half raised herself on her knees in the eagerness of her appeal. "We were boy and girl together at home in Maryland. We were meant for each other, Chris. We were always to marry—always. Chris, and when I went away, and when I married your—when I married Daniel Kain, *he* hunted and he searched and he found me here. He was with me, he stood by me through that awful year—and—that was how it happened. I tell you, Christopher, darling, we were meant for each other, John Sanderson and I. He loved me more than poor Daniel ever did or could, loved me enough to throw away a life of promise, just to hang on here after every one else was gone, alone with the 'cello and his one little memory. And I loved him enough to—to—*Christopher, don't look at me so!*"

His eyes did not waver. You must remember his age, the immaculate, ruthless, mid-Victorian teens; and you must remember his bringing-up.

"And so this was my father," he said. And then he went on without waiting, his voice breaking into falsetto with the fierceness of his charge. "And you would have kept on lying to me! If I hadn't happened, just happened, to find you here, now, you would have gone on keeping me in the dark! You would have stood by and seen me—well—*go crazy!* Yes, go crazy, thinking I was—well, thinking I was meant for it! And all to save your precious—"

She was down on the floor again, what was left of the gentlewoman, wailing.

"But you don't know what it means to a woman, Chris! You don't know what it means to a woman!"

A wave of rebellion brought her up and she strained toward him across the coffin.

"Isn't it something, then, that I gave you a father with a *mind*? And if you think you've been sinned against, think of *me!* Sin! You call it *sin!* Well, isn't it *anything at all* that by my 'sin' my son's blood came down to him *clean*? Tell me that!"

He shook himself, and his flame turned to sullenness.

"It's not so," he glowered.

All the girl in him, the poet, the hero-worshipping boy, rebelled. His harassed eyes went to the wall beyond and the faces there, the ghosts of the doomed, glorious, youth-ridden line, priceless possessions of his dreams. He would not lose them: he refused to be robbed of a tragic birthright. He wanted some gesture puissant enough to turn back and blot out all that had been told him.

"It's not his!" he cried. And reaching out fiercely he dragged the 'cello away from the coffin's side. He stood for an instant at bay, bitter, defiant.

"It's not his! It's mine! It's—it's—*ours!*"

And then he fled out into the dark of the entrance-hall and up the black stairs. In his room there was no moonlight now, for the cloud ran over the sky and the rain had come.

"It isn't so, it isn't so!" It was like a sob in his throat.

He struck on the full strings. And listening breathless through the dying discord he heard the liquid whispers of the rain, nothing more. He lashed with a wild bow, time and again. But something was broken, something was lost: out of the surf of sound he could no longer fashion the measure of marching feet. The mad Kains had found him out, and cast him out. No longer could he dream them in dreams or run naked-hearted with them in the flood of the moon, for he was no blood of theirs, and they were gone. And huddling down on the edge of the bed, he wept.

The tears washed his eyes and falling down bathed his strengthless hands. And beyond the fantom windows, over the marsh and the moor and the hill that were not his, the graves of strangers and the lost Willow Wood, lay the healing rain. He heard it in gurgling rivulets along the gutters overhead. He heard the soft impact, like a kiss, brushing the reedy cheeks of the marsh, the showery shouldering of branches, the aspiration of myriad drinking grasses, the far whisper of waters coming home to the waters of the sea—the long, low melody of the rain.

And he and only he found it was "Ugo," the 'cello, and he was playing.

They went home the following afternoon, he and his mother. Or rather, she went home, and he with her as far as the Junction, where he changed for school.

They had not much to say to each other through the journey. The boy had to be given time. Five years younger, or fifteen years older, it would have been easier for him to look at his mother. You must remember what his mother had meant to him, and what, bound up still in the fierce and somber battle of adolescence, she must mean to him now.

As for Agnes Kain, she did not look at him, either. Through the changing hours her eyes rested on the transparent hands lying crossed in her lap. She seemed very tired and very white. Her hair was not done as tidily, her lace cuffs were less fresh than they had used to be. About her whole presence there was a troubling hint of let-down, something obscurely slovenly, a kind of awkward and unlovely nakedness.

She really spoke to him for the first time at the Junction, when he stood before her, slim and uncouth under the huge burden of "Ugo," tumbling through his hair-taking.

"Christopher," she said. "Try not to think of me—always—as—as—well, when you're older, Christopher, you'll know what I mean."

That was the last time he ever heard her speak. He saw her once again, but the telegram was delayed and his train was late, and when he came beside her bed she said nothing. She looked into his eyes searchingly, for a long, a while, and then,

THAT space stands for the interval of silence that fell after Christopher had told me the story. I thought he had quite finished. He sat motionless, his shoulders fallen forward, his eyes fixed in the heart of the incandescent globe over the dressing-table, his long fingers wrapped around the neck of the 'cello.

"And so she got me through those years," he said. "Those nip-and-tuck years that followed. By her lie."

"Insanity is a queer thing," he went on, still brooding into the light. "There's more of it about than we're apt to think. It works in so many ways. In hobbies, arts, philosophies. Music is a kind of insanity. I know. I've got mine penned up in the music now, and I think I can keep it there now, and save my soul."

"Young?"

"Yes, mine. I know now—now that it's safe for me to know. I was down at that village by the beach a year or so ago. I'm a Kain, of course, one of the crazy Kains, after all. John Sanderson was born in the village and lived there till his death. Only once that folks could remember had he been away, and that was when he took some papers to the city for Mrs. Kain to sign. He was caretaker at the old 'Kain place' the last ten years of his life, and deaf, they said, since his tenth year—deaf as a post. And they told me something else. They said there was a story that before my father, Daniel, married her, my mother had been an actress. An actress! You'll understand that I needed no one to tell me *that!*"

"They told me that they had heard a story that she was a *great* actress. Dear God, if they could only know! When I think of that night and that setting, that scene! It killed her, and it got me over the wall—

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Filet Crochet for Luncheon or Tea-Table

No. 90—Tea or Luncheon Set.

WORKING Diagrams and directions for making this luncheon or tea set, No. 90, sent upon receipt of 15 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop.

DIRECTIONS for making this monogrammed luncheon or tea set No. 88, illustrated at the center of the page below, at the right, sent for 15 cents and a stamped, self-addressed envelop. It is distinctly charming and easily made.

No. 90—Detail of Luncheon Cloth Corner.

No. 88—Detail of Luncheon Set.

No. 88—Monogrammed Tea or Luncheon Set.

Luncheon Set No. 91

THE oblong crochet medallions inserted in each of the four sides of this luncheon cloth have a dainty floral design matching the medallion in the napkin. A single row of open mesh with a picot edge finishes the cloth and napkin.

Luncheon Set No. 91—Cloth 36 inches square with Four Filet Crochet Inserts.

Napkins 14 inches square with One Crochet Medallion in each.

Directions for this cloth and napkin sent upon receipt of 15 cents. Send to the Embroidery Department, the PICTORIAL REVIEW CO., 220-226 West 39th St., New York, enclosing a stamped and self-addressed envelop.

Girls! Beautify Your Hair with "Danderine"

35 Cents a Bottle! Freshen Your Scalp! Stop Falling Hair! Remove Dandruff! Have Lots of Wavy, Glossy, Beautiful Hair—You Can!

If you care for heavy hair, that glistens with beauty and is radiant with life; has an incomparable softness and is fluffy and lustrous, try Danderine.

Just one application doubles the beauty of your hair, besides it eradicates every particle of dandruff; you can not have nice, heavy, healthy hair if you have dandruff. This destructive scurf robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life, and if not overcome it produces a feverishness and itching of the scalp, the hair roots famish, loosen and die; then the hair falls out fast.

If your hair has been neglected and is thin, faded, dry, scraggy or too oily, get a bottle of Knowlton's Danderine; apply a little as directed, and ten minutes after you will say this was the best investment you ever made.

We sincerely believe, regardless of everything else advertised, that if you desire soft, lustrous, beautiful hair and lots of it—no dandruff—no itching scalp and no more falling hair—you must use Knowlton's Danderine. If eventually—why not now?

35 Cent Bottles—All Drug Stores and Toilet Counters

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RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
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Everybody likes the flavor of Colgate's

AND everybody—man, woman and child—gets real benefit from the twice-a-day brushing with this *safe* dentifrice.

The delicious flavor is only one point in favor of Colgate's. Besides enjoying that, you can be sure that you are not using harsh grit on your teeth, or taking possibly harmful acids into your mouth.

Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream cleans the teeth as they should be cleaned—thoroughly, pleasantly, *safely*.

Colgate's is preferred by more dentists than any other dentifrice.

COLGATE & CO., 199 Fulton St., NEW YORK
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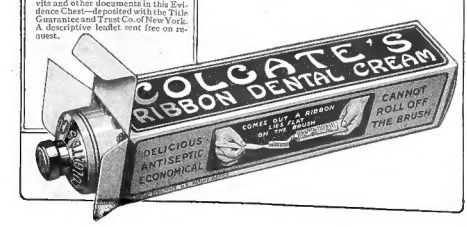
The Chest of Evidences

Evidence that Colgate's is preferred by dentists is contained in the affidavits and other documents in this Evidence Chest—deposited with the Title Guarantee and Trust Co. of New York. A descriptive leaflet sent free on request.

A generous trial tube sent on receipt of 2 cents in stamps


COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COMES OUT IN A RIBBON ON THE BRUSH
CANNOT ROLL OFF THE BRUSH
DELICIOUS ANTISEPTIC ECONOMICAL

Daughters of the Golden Treasure

Do You Have Any Time for Yourself?

DO YOU know what the difference is between leisure and idleness? No, that is not a conundrum. It is a fair, straightforward question prompted by a letter received the other day from a woman in Georgia. This particular lady has been one of my Daughters for a little over six months. When she first applied to be enrolled as a Daughter of the Golden Treasure, she said that she had never made a cent of money in her life, but that she had so much time on her hands she wanted to try and do something with it. That was six short months ago. Now let her tell her own story:

"DEAR MISS SCOTT:

"I simply have to write to you. The check for $6.35 came this morning and, as I looked at it, I kept wondering if it could really be for me. That check means more than $6.35 to me, and I'll tell you why, altho I am almost ashamed to make the confession. I have always been frightfully lazy, but kept myself from acknowledging it by making myself believe that I need lots of leisure.

"I now see that I was wallowing in idleness, and that what I thought was passing time pleasantly was merely wasting it. Since I have known you and the Treasure Chest, I have learned that there's a great deal of difference between leisure and idleness; and, thanks to you, dear Peggy, I now make use of my time, and have more fun with it than I ever had in my life before.

"L. C. D——."

NOW, do you see what I meant when I asked if you knew the difference between leisure and idleness? Too many of us get mixed up over these two words. When you finish reading Miss D——'s letter, go and look at yourself in the mirror and ask yourself if you have been doing just what she did without knowing it. Aren't there *some* hours in your life that could be turned into dollars if you only knew how to go about making good use of them? Haven't you *some* spare time that you are at present not really making use of? If so, write to me, and I will tell you the secret that Miss D—— has so profitably learned.

They Were Shown

HERE are some extracts from a batch of letters on my desk which prove very clearly that those who take the first step succeed. Read this one from a married Daughter in the State of Washington.

"DEAR MISS SCOTT:

"The lovely gifts you sent me arrived a few days ago, and I can't tell you which one I like best, for they are all so useful. The silk stockings are such a fine, heavy weight. The stationery and pen, all my own, will be friends for a long time. Thank you so much for making it possible for me to get such lovely things.

"MRS. A. P. R——."

Then read this extract from a most enthusiastic letter from Mississippi.

"DEAR MISS PEGGY:

"I have now got the club pin, and it is a beauty: Now, I'm going to get that lovely pearl ring. A thousand thanks for showing me the way to earn my own pin-money and beautiful gifts besides.

"MRS. H. L. L——."

Read this bubbling little note from a "new" Daughter in Florida.

"DEAREST PEGGY:

"Luck to you and your wonderful club—just think of my earning $1.50 in half an hour.

"F. B——."

Also one from a Texas Daughter who became a member very recently.

"DEAR MISS PEGGY:

"My club pin came this morning and oh, how glad I was! It is just simply lovely, and to get it for such little work; but I can hardly call it work, for it is just pleasure for me. I surely do thank you for telling me about your club and thanks after thanks for that pretty little pin. Lovingly,

"HAZEL K——."

Do not overlook this friendly little appreciation from a successful beginner in Canada.

"DEAR MISS SCOTT:

"The check for $4.50 came to-day, making $35 so far for March. Everybody here is most enthusiastic over the club, and I see no limit to my earnings. Please send me a new set of supplies. Sincerely,

"JESSIE F. D——."

These extracts are just from a bare handful taken from my files. I have similar letters in hundreds from grateful Daughters all over the country. In fact, I may say all over the world, for some of them live in Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii, Belgium, France, England, and Italy, as well as from Maine to California, and from Windsor to Vancouver.

Mental Muscles

AN ENGLISH big-game hunter was once being entertained at the country home of a successful Chicago business man. The business man, whom we will call Mr. Smedley, had started life with very little education, and no money, but, by sheer pluck and industry, had become a millionaire. He told the English traveler the story of his life, and recounted his early struggles most interestingly. He told him that in his younger days he had been an advertising man, and that on one occasion he designed and wrote a series of ads. for a big food concern. He tried to see the president of the company time after time, but was never allowed to. One night Mr. Smedley found out that this President of the Food Company was going to his club, so he put on his dress clothes and visited him there. When this man heard Mr. Smedley's story of his repeated attempts to see him and found out *why* he had been so persistent, he purchased Mr. Smedley's entire series of ads. and took him into his company.

When the Englishman heard this story, he said he thought it was wonderful and frankly confessed that he never would have had the courage to do what Mr. Smedley had done. Mr. Smedley laughed at this, because his English guest had risked his life time and again when he was shooting tigers. "You could have done it," he said, "and I guess I could have shot your tigers, too. It all depends on how you develop your mental muscles. If you train your mind to make your body obey, you can achieve anything. Success comes through confidence."

How are *your* mental muscles? Are they being developed as an athlete develops his body muscles? Do you *think* you can succeed? If you think you can, that's all there is to it. The Englishman knew he need not fear the tigers, and Mr. Smedley knew he need not fear to meet the big business man. Both did what they set out to do because of confidence in their ability to achieve results. There's a big lesson in this for you.

You Can Do the Same

NOW when you get this far, ask yourself if you want to be independent, if you want to make money and receive gifts. If you do, write to me and ask me how to begin doing it. Don't let yourself be prevented. Don't let anything delay you. Just make up your mind to write to me and then do it. Know that I wouldn't be wasting my time writing like this if I didn't know you can succeed. I have sixteen thousand money-making Daughters to-day. If they can succeed, you can. If others can write me letters like those on this page, you can. Now, sit down and write to me. Just say, "How can I make money for myself? Then mail it and see what you get back from

Peggy Key Scott

President, Daughters of the Golden Treasure.
THE PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING,
NEW YORK, N. Y.

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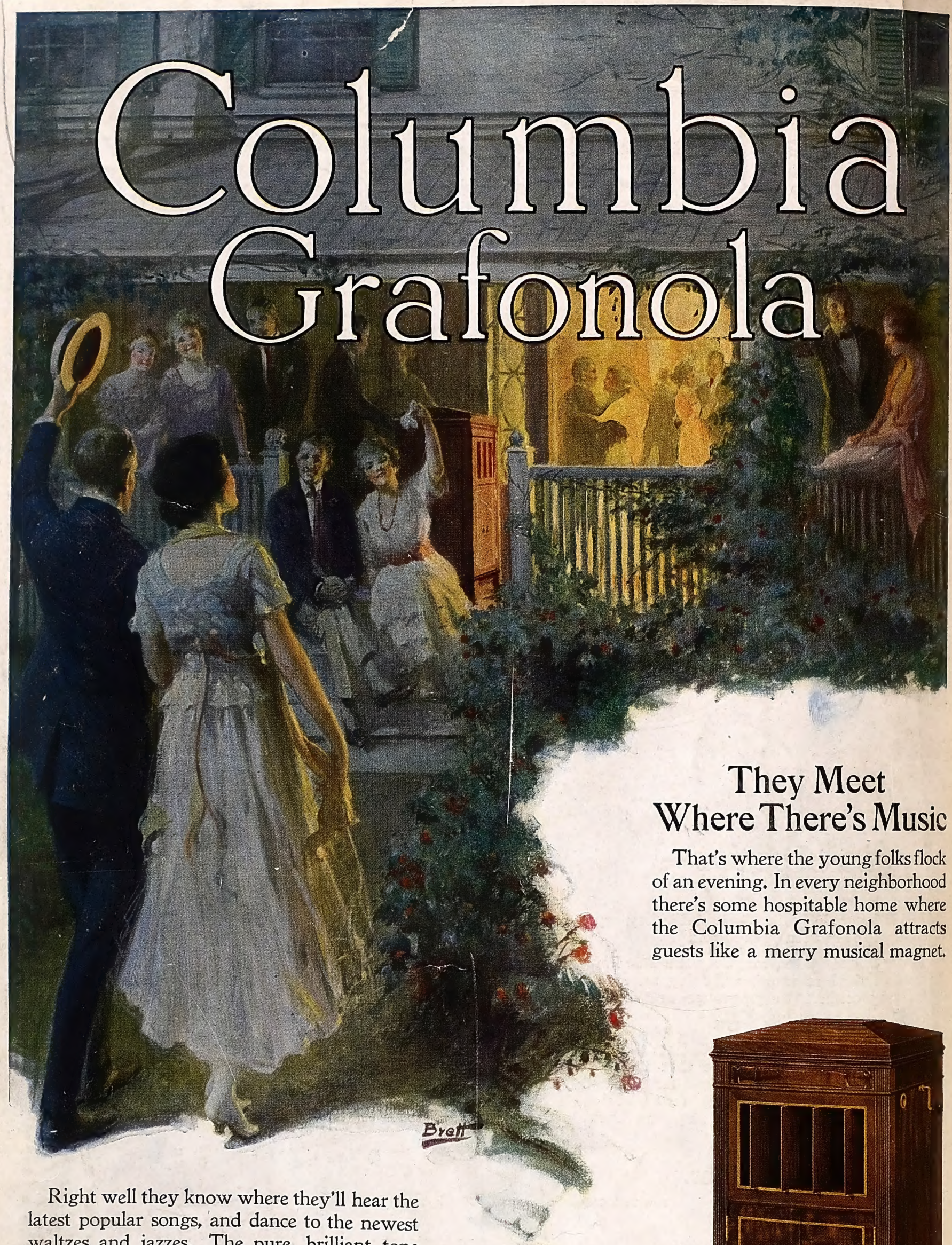
Columbia Grafonola



They Meet Where There's Music

That's where the young folks flock of an evening. In every neighborhood there's some hospitable home where the Columbia Grafonola attracts guests like a merry musical magnet.

Right well they know where they'll hear the latest popular songs, and dance to the newest waltzes and jazzes. The pure, brilliant tone of the Grafonola makes it the ideal instrument for the informal dance or party. The best music, the best fun, and the best dancing are always waiting to welcome guests in happy homes made musical by the Columbia Grafonola.

To make a good record great, play it on the Columbia Grafonola

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